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To My FRIENDS—  
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FREDERICK G. POTTER.









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VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1857.

[NO. 1.]

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# MAGAZINE OF TRAVEL;

A WORK DEVOTED TO

## Original Travels,

IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES,

BOTH OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

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WARREN ISHAM,  
W. PARSONS ISHAM, } CONDUCTORS.

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DETROIT:

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## PREFATORY.

It was a great mistake of ours to suffer the words, "And Casket of Literature and Science," to slide into our Prospectus, in small letters, underneath the general head. When we adopted the general title, "Magazine of Travels," we supposed we had selected one which would, of course, be understood as indicating the character of the work, and when, to give it a little more dignity, we inscribed the above words underneath, we intended them more as a commentary upon it, than as an addition to it. Travels, to be good for anything, must be literary, and, indeed, they constitute one of the principal departments in the literature of the day. And they certainly cannot be of a very high order, without being, at the same time, to some extent, scientific. He must be a very superficial traveler, who should never undertake to classify and explain the new and strange facts which obtrude themselves upon his observation; but, as far as he does this, he becomes scientific.

That is all—and yet we hear of those who have taken alarm at these words, and consider themselves excluded from the list of our subscribers, because they are not literary and scientific persons. Pshaw! These are the very ones we are depending upon to make up the mass of our subscribers—the very ones to appreciate, and be interested in—just such a work—the very class of persons, who so nobly sustained us as editor and publisher of the Michigan Farmer, a work far more scientific than this is proposed to be, its numerous subscribers and readers being the intelligent farmers of our State, their wives, their sons and their daughters.

Talk not to us of the cities and large towns as the appropriate field for such enterprises. We are not insensible of their claims to consideration, and hope not to overlook them, or be overlooked by them. We expect a ready support from the more highly educated and professional few, as well as from the intelligent tradesmen, mechanics, &c., congregated in these commercial centres. But we say no more than they themselves know as well as we, in expressing it as our well-

weighed conviction, that there are ten in the country, who have an appreciating taste for a work like this, where there is one in the city—yes, *ten where there is one.*

And what is it, after all, but miscellaneous reading, level to the commonest capacity, and adapted, above all other, to the popular mind? True, we added a fourth head to our prospectus, using the same unfortunate words, but it was thrown in merely to meet a contingency. Any one can see, that we had made pretty full provision for filling up the pages of our Magazine independently of it, and that, at most, but a very small space, if any at all, would be left for any such use. To remove every stumbling-block then, and throw the door wide open to all, let the offensive words henceforth be stricken from our prospectus.

Not that we have any cause of discouragement, as matters have hitherto stood. Contrariwise, the proposition we have sent out, has been most kindly received, and cheering words have come back to us from nearly every portion of the State, while many sections seem to be all astir with clubs and clubbing. Few publications have made their *debut* under more favorable auspices. But a single obstacle seemed to lie in the way of a general circulation among all classes of our population, and now, that that single obstacle is removed, we see no reason why our subscription list may not rise to a figure, which has no parallel in the annals of the West.

The very low price at which the work is published, makes a large circulation, and strictly advance payment, indispensable to success. And for all this we rely, in the first instance, upon those tried friends who have so gallantly stood by us in days that are past. Their name is legion. These, with the many new auxiliaries already enlisting, have placed us, even at this early stage, above the contingency of failure. The permanence of our work has thus become a *fixed fact*, and, in view of it, we name the first of May next as the time for the distribution of the liberal premiums we offer. All subscribers will be supplied with back numbers. See prospectus on last page of cover.

If any one shall discover, in some of the first numbers, a few things which have strayed from us into the newspapers of the day, he will not regret to see them repeated in the form in which we give them here. These few things, (which not even one of our readers may have seen), are so connected with the main material of the work, and are of such a character, that no one would wish them excluded. We entertain no fears of complaint on that score. Much more cause for complaint would there be, should we decline, for that reason, to give them their appropriate place in the work.

## INTRODUCTORY.

What, another Magazine afloat upon the great sea of adventure? Yes, another, and it must take its chance. And yet, tho' it be another, it certainly does not exhibit any very striking family resemblance.

To our disparagement as a people, it has been said, that a Magazine, to be sustained among us, must be light and frothy — must swim full with those beautiful creations which bubble up in the brain of the dreaming sentimentalist. It may be so, but we have taken the liberty to raise a question on this subject, believing as we do, that there is truth enough in the world, practical and real, tragic and comic, to stir the sleepest mind, to entertain the listliest, instruct the dullest, and even to amuse the silliest, without resort to those sentimental trickeries, which constitute, to a great extent, the current literature of the day. We should be sorry to believe, that our subscribers desire us to play the peacock for them—we have a higher appreciation of Michigan mind.

This Magazine, has, we trust, a higher mission than that. Its pages are consecrated to lessons of instruction drawn from common sense views of men and things, from new and strange phases of human character and human enterprise, as witnessed in various and distant quarters of the globe. Its design is to bring home to the hearthstones of its readers the advantages of foreign travel, as truly as tho' they had crossed oceans and continents to secure them—to give them for a few shillings what it would cost them thousands of dollars to go abroad and accumulate for themselves—in a word, to do for them what would be almost equivalent to escorting them, at our own expense, thro' far distant countries, and making them welcome to share with us in the pleasures and advantages so dearly purchased.

We have been emboldened to this step by the calls which have been made upon us for the results of our travels in the East—calls which have been numerous and persistent, and some of them from quarters entitled to much consideration. Our notes would probably soon have been in the hands of a book publisher, had we not concluded to send



them out in this form. The portion of them, far the most interesting to us, has never yet been published, but will be given in this work.

We congratulate ourselves and our subscribers on the accession to our columns of the travels of the Rev. Dr. Duffield. No little disappointment was felt by their failure to appear as announced some time since. This disappointment will now be repaired, and, at the same time, our columns enriched. The reputation of the author for habits of close and accurate observation, sound judgment, and ripe scholarship, will stamp with much importance his contributions to the stock of Foreign Travels.

The sketches of Western border life will add, we trust, a pleasing variety.

We have been prompted to this enterprise, to some extent, we own, by an irrepressible desire for something to do, and, at the same time to be of some use to somebody. No man is safe, none can tell what he will come to, who has no useful employment upon his hands. In the absence of such employment, we have absolutely been in danger of taking to politics, and we know not thro' what dark labyrinths we may have been led, or into what turbid waters we may have been plunged, had not this open path to honorable usefulness, lain before us.

The truth is, we have been ill at ease from the time we laid down the editorial pen, and in taking it up again, we feel very much like one who has been astray. Far away, truly, have we wandered, but a kind providence has been over us, and around about us, and has brought us back to tell what our eyes have seen and our ears have heard. Joyfully shall we make our monthly visits to our subscribers, to commune with them, at their own firesides, during these long winter evenings, upon what we have witnessed in countries far away, endeavoring, in all fidelity, to transfer to their minds, warm and glowing, the impressions we received, as we passed from object to object, and from scene to scene, in traversing the most interesting portion of the globe—impressions which are still as vivid in our own mind, as though but of yesterday.

# Magazine of Travels.

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## NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, D. D.

### CHAPTER I.

*Embarkation and leave-taking of Country,—Sea-sickness,—Fellow Passengers,—The Boat, its Order, Bill of Fare, &c.,—Tory Island,—Giant's Causeway, Arrival,—Overhauled by Custom House Officers,—Hotel in Liverpool,—Attending Church, &c.*

EUROPA, 24 HOURS SAIL EAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND, }  
AUGUST. 16th, 1852. }

Latitude 48 50 North, Longitude 47 19 West, Detroit time,  $\frac{1}{4}$  past 12, ship's time,  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 3 P. M.  
1366 $\frac{1}{4}$  miles from New York.

Half way, nearly, across the ocean, pushing our way in this mighty steamer, under a full press of sail, and with a powerful head of steam, at the rate of twelve and a half miles per hour, I turn aside to transfer to a letter sheet from my journal some of the thoughts I have penned more immediately for your sake and the dear ones with you. I give you the simple detail in the simplest form, presuming it will be therefore the most acceptable to you. My days of fancied scenes, of visions of the imagination, have long since vanished before the sober realities of life; nor has an ocean's boundless surface, spreading out illimitably before me, and the novel scene of this little moving world afloat upon the waters, awakened any desire to substitute the creations of the mind for the realities surrounding and transpiring within me. Reflections with me are realities, and you shall have them as they rise and mingle with the events and scenes I shall attempt to describe, if perchance I may aid you in taking a survey of my path-way across the deep.

On my way across the North River a gentleman in a hack, drawn up on the ferry boat near that in which I was, when we had passed more than half way across the river, suddenly thrust out his head with some impatience, and cried out, "driver, when is that boat going to take us across?" I smiled and answered, "we are nearly two thirds of our way across the river." "I did na' know it," said the Scotchman,

"it seemed so still and quiet." I found a couple of days afterward that my Scotch friend was a Presbyterian minister from Quebec, pastor of the established church there, and a very pleasant and agreeable man ; but I have not yet been able to learn his name.

Just as the hour of one arrived, the "Europa" moved from her moorings, and having been saluted by the Collins steamer lying at the foot of Canal street, on the city side, with two heavy guns, as she rounded into the stream and set her face towards the ocean, two thundering cannon boomed forth from her bow, and the detonations were repeated in course of a few minutes. I thought of home ; and a thousand swelling reminiscences came rushing up as I began fairly, for the first time, to realize the fact, that I was on my way from my native land and destined to be a wanderer for months to come ! My reverie was interrupted by the remark of Mr. W. at my side, "well, Doctor, it is too late to change our minds, even if we wished it ;" and so on my waking up, I soon realized the truth of this remark. The numerous towns and villages that stud the shore of the noble bay of New York, spread themselves before our view. The day was bright, the clouds of the morning had dispersed ; the sun shone propitiously ; all surrounding nature seemed to teem with fresh life and gladness, and I stood and gazed with wonder on the scene, as our steady vessel moved majestically forward on her way to the ocean. No less than nine noble ships, and one from China passed us by, ere we reached the further end of Coney Island. Soon after, the bustling movements on the quarter deck indicated the preparation for the departure of the pilot. A small boat approached the steamer ; the captain gave command to the engineer to stop ; and in a few moments the pilot retreated over the side of our vessel into his own little skiff, within a short distance of his cruising vessel. And as the steward took leave of him, he clapped into his hand a bottle of wine, or perhaps some stronger stuff, and the last link that bound us to our native shores seemed then to have been severed, and we were, in good earnest, on our way across the mighty deep.

The rolling waves soon began to tell upon the motions of the vessel ; but unexpectedly I was not disturbed, and partook of an excellent and hearty dinner and subsequently of a cup of tea. Mr. W. had to take his berth forthwith ; and one after another of the ladies and other passengers disappeared, and yielded themselves to the distressing sensations of sea-sickness. That night I slept but little, my mind was too busy to admit of the entrance or entertainment of sleep. It would have been better for me however had I been able to have refreshed my nervous system with repose. The next morning, I was ready for

breakfast, and supposed I should escape marvellously, when about ten o'clock I found it needful to retire to my berth. Soon after I found the bile stirred up rather copiously within me; but by keeping quiet and eating nothing through the day, on the next morning I felt relieved, and ready for breakfast; and have since been in no wise disturbed by sea-sickness, but on the contrary, surprised to find how wonderfully my system has adapted itself to its new condition, and how totally the threatenings of disease against which I had to guard myself so carefully, before leaving New York, by medicines and other means, have disappeared. Even that unpleasant affection of my head and throat, from which I have suffered so much for months, seems to have suddenly left. The Ocean air is cool—the sultry heat of New York is gone, and I could not have believed, how quickly the transit can be made, from oppressive sweltering heat, to a fine bracing and delightful atmosphere. It has been but a succession of agreeable changes since we started. Our motion has been quickened by fair winds, since the first day, and we are now nearly half way across the Atlantic. With the exception of seeing occasionally a vessel or two in the distance, some fishing smacks off Sable Island, the steamer Canada on her way to Boston, and occasionally a school of porpoises or a spouting whale, there has been but little outside the ship to hold the attention for any time. Within, we have all the comforts and luxuries that could be desired. Our passengers are sufficient in number to give abundant society, and not too many to make it disagreeable. They are from different nations and parts of the world, Germans, Spaniards, Cubans, English, Scotch, Brazilian, Swede, and Russian, with half a dozen Americans. At our section of the table, the variety is nearly as great as in the whole assortment. A sketch of their characters may be of interest to you. Our table in the main cabin is to the left of the door as you enter; on the other side a longer table stretches half the extent of the cabin, at the head of which the Captain, a very gentlemanly unobtrusive man presides. At the head of ours is seated a regular clever John Bull, an elderly gentleman with white hair, called the "Admiralty Agent," and ranking as lieutenant in the British Navy. He has charge of the mail and immediately on his arrival at Liverpool will proceed with it to London and take his turn (three weeks thereafter) in conducting another mail on some subsequent steamer then to leave Liverpool. He is a very agreeable and companionable man to whom I have taken quite a liking; he is also Chaplain of the vessel. It is his duty every Sabbath, as he informs me, to assemble all of the passengers and crew that are willing to attend, and read to them the English service, which on the last Sabbath he did with all becoming

reverence, and even greater propriety than I have sometimes heard the Liturgy read. I found him decidedly an evangelical man, Calvinistic in his views, and an experienced christian, quite well read in Theology and a thorough millenarian. He is reading Cumming's on the Revelation, and says he will hand it to me in a day or so, desiring very much that I also should read it. "I am in no ways bigoted," said he to the Scotch minister, on asking him to preach, "but it is made my duty to read the service, otherwise I should be pleased if you would conduct all the exercises in your own way."

On the left of the Lieutenant is seated at the table a Swedish Captain, who for three years past has been sailing from California to Peru and Chili, and is now returning from San Francisco to his own country. He is about from thirty to thirty-five years of age, speaks the English and Spanish languages, and is as modest, simple-hearted, humble and consistent a christian as I ever met. It is delightful to witness his modesty, and feel the influence of his simple unaffected piety. Next to him is the late Brazilian Consul, resident at New York, a Roman Catholic, going with his family to Europe, who also is a very intelligent and agreeable companion. Immediately opposite is a Spaniard, who occasionally makes an effort to pronounce a word or two in English, and beside him a Scotchman, for some years a resident of Cuba, who has become Spaniard all over; and having drawn a prize of \$100,000 in a lottery, is likewise on his way to his native land with his family to visit it after sixteen years absence. Next to him is a regular Cockney, who has not yet opened his mouth to speak, but abundantly and regularly to consume the viands, soups, fruits, &c., and especially the wines, which he is supplied with by the waiters. On the right of our Lieutenant is seated a Louisianian from New Orleans, a pleasant old bachelor who seems to love and live wholly for good eating and drinking and plenty of both. Mr. W. and myself occupy the intermediate space, and the other end of the table is surmounted by a Russian, who speaks our language very well, and has much less of affection for, and studied effort to secure abundance of the good things around, is much more pleasant and good natured, but devotes himself as regularly and as deeply to the wine, as the one immediately opposite him. It is really very surprising to hear the constant call for Claret, Madeira, Sherry, Brown Stout, Ale, Cider and Brandy around us. How much they drink! Yet without any appearance of intoxication. The Swede, Mr. W. and myself are the only representatives of temperance principles at the table, yet withal the conversation is often instructing and always pleasant.

I am perfectly surprised at the table arrangements on board. Five

times a day the passengers assemble to eat. Breakfast at half-past eight, lunch at twelve, dinner at four, tea at half-past seven, supper at ten. Three ordinary meals and occasionally a piece of cheese or a plate of soup suffice Mr. W. and myself. The dinner ranges through an hour and a half to accomplish its courses. Soup, Fish, Roast Meats and Fowls of land and water, and various French dishes, abundance of all sorts of vegetables, salads, lobsters, oysters, fruits of different kinds, and all paraded on plated dishes in a style, and all equal to the studied entertainments of gentlemen of fortune. I had no idea of the abundance of comforts, and the excessive attentions paid to multiply them, which are to be had on these steamers. Indeed it seems as if the whole time of the waiters was occupied in ministering not only to the wants, but the whims and caprices of those who find their only enjoyment in eating and drinking; but they too often forget the goodness of God, who throws around the protecting wing of His providence and dispenses so richly of His bounties.

AUGUST 17.—Our motion through the water increases every day in rapidity as, by thirty tons per diem of coal consumed, we lighten the burden of the vessel. The last 24 hours, we made 295 miles, the preceding 289½, the preceding 278, and have already accomplished full one-half of the distance of our voyage. Our Latitude at 12 A. M. this day, was 51° 11 min. North, and Longitude 40° 27 min. West. Our 12 o'clock comes more than two hours earlier than yours. The wind continues strong. Our vessel rocks more than for several days; clouds are thickening, indications of rain approaching, and the spray dashes occasionally over the vessel's sides. The wind is cool and damp, but none are complaining yet of sea-sickness. Our vessel affords a fine extent for walking, and the distance from bow to stern and back ten times, exceeds a mile, which for exercise I accomplish twice or thrice a day.

AUGUST 21. Cape Clear is in view, and the sight of land gladdens every passenger. He that "holds the winds in his fist," has kept their rage allayed, and given them just the direction and force appropriate to render our voyage one uninterrupted, rapid and direct flight across the mighty ocean. A north wind prevailed for nearly seven out of the ten days, varying but little occasionally to the east or west, as we have sailed over an extent of two thousand miles,\* our mighty vessel pursuing her way, with ceaseless impulse from both wind and steam. Except when the pilot left her off Sandy Hook, her paddle wheels

\*I perceived after reaching London, that an aeronaut, who had ascended from that city some days before my arrival, said, after his descent, that he had encountered a southern wind in the higher regions of the atmosphere over London, and added that its prevalence must have been very extensive.



have never intermitted a single stroke. A more pleasant and prosperous voyage thus far across the ocean, the captain informs his passengers, his ship *Europa* has never made during a period of eight years, and but one only in a few hours less time. By twelve o'clock we were abreast of Torey Island, a rugged cluster of rocky cliffs rising in the Irish channel, which, according to the ancient Irish tales, were once the favorite resort of a wild and predatory tribe, who bore the name which, in modern times, has been used to designate those in English politics who loved violence and oppression, treachery and blood, and in our country, the party during our revolutionary struggle whose name and memory every patriot must ever abhor.

The *Europa* is one of the Cunard steamers, and though not equal in sailing speed to "the Collins" vessels, is remarkably strong and firmly built. Her length is two hundred and ninety-two feet, and her bow twenty-five in thickness, a heavy, solid mass of wood. Before she sails the admiralty authority regulates the amount of steam pressure she shall have to propel her, and locks up the weight imposed; so that beyond it neither engineer nor captain can have access to it, to give her more force. From ten and a half to twelve and a half miles per hour, night and day, she has pressed her way; and for three days successively, when the wind was directly on her beam and blowing strong, she varied but one mile during twenty-four hours in the distances she run, although the ocean rolled its mighty waves with sufficient force and height to make us feel, that she is but a feeble thing compared with His Omnipotence who holds its waters in the hollow of His hand.

As she approached the coast and pursued her way up "by the North end," "the giant's causeway" appeared in sight. We passed so near as to afford us a perfect view of that wondrous basaltic mass of headland; and leaving Rathlin Island on the left, as she rounded into the channel between "the Emerald Isle" and the "muffs" of Islay and of Cantyre—headlands on the coast of Scotland,—it seemed as if the wind varied to maintain its position on our beam as the noble vessel changed her course.

During the voyage I have obtained daily the latitude and longitude, which were determined at twelve o'clock. The captain politely asked me into his office to inspect his charts, and understand the coast as we came round Ireland. We made our voyage as follows:

Date.	Deg.	Min.	N.	Deg.	Min.	W.	Miles.	Date	Deg.	Min.	N.	Deg.	Min.	W.	Miles.
Aug. 13,	Lat.	40,	38,	Long.	69,	25,	Dist. 281	Aug. 18,	Lat.	53,	00,	Long.	83,	00,	Dist. 296
" 13,	"	42,	19,	"	64,	44,	" 233	" 19,	"	54,	00,	"	25,	02,	" 295
" 14,	"	44,	41,	"	59,	34,	" 267	" 20,	"	54,	47,	"	16,	35,	" 301½
" 15,	"	46,	27,	"	58,	25,	" 273	" 21,	abreast of Torey Island,						289
" 16,	"	48,	50,	"	47,	12,	" 289½	to Liverpool,						268	
" 17,	"	51,	11,	"	40,	27,	" 295							1449½	
							1598½							1598½	
							Whole distance from New York.							3,048	

As the night came on, and we passed various vessels in the channel, signals were exchanged by rockets.

22. By daybreak we had passed the Isle of Man. Approaching the mouth of the Mersey, we encountered the fogs of England. It was not until the sun was well up, before they dispersed sufficiently, to enable us to discern numerous sail and steam vessels, and to take a pilot. The Dublin steamboat came near to us as we entered the river, and tried to race with us; but after an hour's effort fell back. The pilot entered at eight in the morning, and by a quarter past nine we had anchored in the channel between Liverpool and Birkenhead. The guns which were fired from the "Europa" and the "Arctic," one of the Collins steamers, echoed with great grandeur from the heights of Birkenhead and the hills on which Liverpool stands.

The voyage has been accomplished from casting off chains to casting anchor, allowing for time gained, in ten days and eighteen hours, and from pilot to pilot in ten days and thirteen and a half hours. In every respect it has been prosperous—much less sickness than I had expected; pleasant company; nothing disagreeable in passengers or officers; vessel well governed, as much regularity as in a garrison; bells striking every half hour, in numbers from one to eight, when watch was changed, and meals served with punctuality. My heart rejoiced in the kindness and care of God, whose gracious providence has prospered us on our way. I thought of beloved ones at home, and vainly wished to look in upon them, that I might see how they were, and tell them of my safety.

While indulging in such thoughts, and hoping to have got ashore in time for morning worship, a small steamer came along side, and having taken off the mails and Lieut. Scriven, the admiralty agent, put on the "Europa" three custom-house officers. These dignitaries brought their boards and benches, scales and other paraphernalia, with them. They notified us that we must have our trunks examined, after which we should be passed aboard the steamer and landed. Accordingly everything was bustle—servants carrying up trunks and arranging them on deck, and passengers all busy to prepare for their being examined. The passage on one side of the vessel, from the companion way of the cabin to the place of debarking on the side of the ship, was soon blocked up by a fence erected by Queen Victoria's revenue collectors. In due season each passenger's name was called in the order of the number of his berth, when he and his trunks were marshaled for examination. The first one or two were severely scrutinized. A gentleman from Jamaica—a Scotchman, the gentleman who had recently drawn, by lottery, a prize of one hundred thousand dollars,

and was returning to his native land on a visit with his wife and children, and others in his care—had some thirty trunks and packages. The scrutiny was chiefly for segars and books. He had to pay heavily for a quantity of the former, all over half a pound being charged duty at the rate of nine shillings and sixpence per pound. A number of Harper's magazine was confiscated. His plate was also seized, and he had to give bonds and let it go to London, where he must make his representations, pay duties, and get it released. My number being fifty, it was some time before I had to appear. When called, I unlocked my trunk at the direction of the officers, who had it paraded on a bench. Three subordinates and one overseer were at work inspecting. The latter put me in mind of Dickens' "Department Gentleman," described in a late number of the Bleak House. When asked if I had any contraband articles in my trunk, I replied that I believed not, and opened my trunk for their inspection. "Any sealed letters." I replied I had none. While looking over my books, they seized Ollendorf's Italian grammar, printed and published in New York, alleging that its redemption would be an invasion of the copy-right—no redemption for it was allowed. All else passed. The official eagerly seized one or two articles of medicine, and a couple of small boxes covered with yellow paper, asking if they were watches. On hearing that they were medicines, &c., he dropped his prize, felt in the top of my trunk a little, and passing it with the stamp attached, I was ordered to take my departure. On descending into the boat "along side," another official stood there to examine the overcoat pockets. On being asked whether mine contained anything contraband, I replied that I believed not, not knowing exactly what they did contain, but he might examine for himself. He accordingly felt the pockets, but did not turn out their contents. I supposed they contained newspapers only, but on getting to my hotel, found in one of them the same (August) number of Harper, which had been confiscated for Mr. Orr. On reaching shore our baggage was taken charge of by a porter, who delivered it to the driver of what they called a "van," belonging to the hotel we named. The Adelphi was that generally selected by the passengers. We were told all would be safe, and directed to take seats in an omnibus awaiting us on the street at the head of St. George's pier. The assurances were all confided in and fully verified, and at about eleven in the forenoon we were quartered in our hotel. The room assigned me was a small one, with one window, two beds, low ceilings, and up three pair of stairs. Upon complaining about it, we were told it was the "Assizes," and the Chancellor's court was in session, and the house being full there were but few rooms to spare,—so we had to make the

best of it. This hotel, though much lauded and resorted to also by Americans, is far from being a pleasant or even a comfortable abode, and contrasts very disadvantageously with those in the United States. The entries on the lower floor are all crowded with trunks at one end, and filled up with offices at the other. There is not a seat to sit down upon, and the only room into which a person can withdraw, (unless he visits his own private parlor), is the eating room filled with tables of dimensions, for the accommodation of from one to six or eight persons. The eating saloon is immediately on the left hand as you enter the house from the front of Ranleigh Place. It is nearly always occupied with some hungry visitants, like the refectories in New York, coming and going continually; for, from the time breakfast ends with some, the hours ranging from nine till twelve, not more than an hour or so intervenes, till others want their dinner, which continues till seven o'clock and after, and supper from nine till midnight. The waiting is not prompt when there are several tables to be served. Each person, if alone, or each separate party, has to call for their meal, and designate of the soups and fish, and joints or meats, and fowls and tarts—the dishes they will have, which, after waiting from fifteen to twenty minutes, are served up in course—different courses being provided at different hours. I was surprised to see the quantity of wine, ale and porter that was drank. There was scarcely any one who did not call for strong wines, of which sherry seemed to be the favorite, and used plentifully, never less than a bottle being called for, and some ordered sherry, champagne, and port, all together. We practiced upon our American principles of temperance, and, after the first day, partook our meals alone. For several hours on the Sabbath I remained in my room, and found when I came down, that the passengers of the "Europa" had arranged it to have a "table d'hôte," for a superb dinner expressly prepared. The room, however, was not large enough to admit the ladies, and they were served in one adjoining. Wine-drinking guests, by such arrangements, tax the friends of temperance pretty dearly, when, as in our case, ignorant of the usages. English cooking is good, and the supply abundant; but it seems to me that the chief thought and care are for eating and drinking, regardless almost of every thing else. The expenses of living here are high, footing up rapidly by reason of every thing being separately charged; bed 2s 6d per night; a very moderate breakfast, 2s 6d; lunch and dinner, 3s 6d; tea, 1s 6d, and supper, 2s 6d—55 cents, 77 cents, 33 cents, with servants' wages added; making, altogether, about \$3.50 per day. It struck me with surprise to see a fine looking female keeping the books of the hotel and assigning the rooms for lodgings. Female waiters

also attend upon the chambers, and do the errands in answer to the bell.

In the evening, Dr. Cook and myself took a carriage and rode to hear Dr. Hugh McNeille preach in St. Paul's church, which is on the Aigburth road, more than a mile distant. I was very much pleased with his discourse, and was rejoiced to see so large and serious-looking an audience, attentively listening to the gospel preached with great plainness and force. He read the Scriptures admirably, but left the reading of prayers to the curate, prayed extemporaneously before commencing his discourse, and after he had concluded it. There was no singing at the close. All the congregation joined in the chanting of the Psalter. The house, though very large, was filled; benches, in wide spaces, were occupied by plainer looking people, who had their prayer books and their bibles, and accompanied the reading of the service; some silently, some aloud. Many of them were young men, and not a few young women and children. The congregation generally appeared to be of the middling and lower class of society. The church is of the Gothic style of architecture, consisting of a simple nave with choir at the end of it—the pulpit standing out in front of the chancel, and on a line with the transept. I observed no attempt at the imitation of an altar, but only a simple table for the communion. The transept has galleries on each side of the pulpit, and so conveniently situated as to be fully in view of the pulpit, but not of the congregation in the nave, the fronts being even with the walls of the latter.

The twilight here is long, and the services, which were commenced by daylight, were concluded by the aid of gas-light, gradually increased as the darkness approached.

The church stands on the end of an extensive and beautiful park, near to which is the rector's house. The grounds around are tastefully laid out, and adorned with shrubbery and grass, walks and flowers; the ivy spreads itself thickly abroad in places over the sides of the building. We entered at the door of one of the transepts, and were immediately met (the evening service had commenced) by a man in a large flowing worsted black gown, who, in connection with another similarly clad, on the opposite side, during the whole time before the commencement of the discourse, was looking out and walking around to discern vacant seats, and escort strangers to them. Our position was assigned us near the reading desk, in front of the pulpit. Sitting on the left hand of the speaker, and near to him, we had a fair opportunity both to hear his voice and see his countenance. The organ, at the end of the nave and opposite the pulpit, was played softly and

sweetly, without interludes and symphonies. The voices of the choir, while perfectly audible, did not sound loudly above those of the congregation. At the close of the services, when the congregation rose to leave the house, the organ did not burst loudly forth with thundering peals, but commenced softly and tenderly, gradually swelling into deep and solemn tones. The hymn being first announced, while the people were turning to it in the books, the organ played the tune. After that, the hymn was read, and thereupon the organ and choir commenced, and the congregation generally united in the singing. The discourse was from Rom. xiii. 7: "Honor to whom honor," &c. It was a plain, well digested, practical enforcement of duty, after a brief explanation of the nature of the honor required, well calculated to do good, teaching the spirit of the gospel and betraying an anxiety to instruct as well as to affect. There were conciseness of thought and diction, precision of language, gracefulness of manner, nothing affected or offensive, free from egotistical vanity. As a specimen of elocution, his delivery, in respect of voice, was melodious and powerful, and of natural variations of tone adapted to the varying sentiment and feeling, calculated admirably to hold the attention of the hearers.

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## CHAPTER II.

*Birkenhead, its old Abby, its St. Mary's Church, its rapid growth and future prospects,—Chester, its Cathedral and its dead King,—Liverpool, its rise and the cause of it, its Public Buildings and Charitable Institutions, its Docks and Commercial greatness, its Gridiron and Observatory,—Progress towards Scotland,—Iron Foundries,—Agricultural Scenes.*

AUGUST 23—After looking round some of the principal streets in Liverpool, I crossed to Birkenhead, a flourishing town on the opposite side of the Mersey, where I visited St. Mary's Church, and the ruins of the old Abbey adjoining, now carefully preserved in the parts that remain, and which are closed, being attached to the end of the Rector's house. His servant man, for a small pecuniary compensation, produced the written history of the place in the possession of the Rector's family, and gave us all the information he himself possessed, and led us through the grounds, expressing his pleasure in waiting on Americans. The hall is the chief part remaining, in which are growing a beech and other very large trees more than two centuries old. It was founded A. D. 1190, and has been in ruins for 300 years. To the east side of the hall is the crypt which is covered by the Rector's garden, and part of it was converted into a stable for his horse and cow. The court space or quadrangle is about 70 feet, on the east side



of which stands the Chapter House, now used for a Sabbath school, the lower story for boys and the upper for girls. Its arches are elliptical and one assumes the shape of a horse shoe. In the lower part are the armorial bearings of the family of Price.

St. Mary's Church is a handsome structure in the gothic style of architecture. Its tower contains a chime of six bells, and its lofty spire contributes much to the picturesque aspect of the town. It is one of the objects that arrest and interest the attention as you cross the river. The building is about thirty years old, was erected by F. R. Price, Esq., the Lord of the Manor, and has been enlarged by the addition of two transepts.

The town of Birkenhead has advanced with a rapidity far exceeding that of Liverpool. In 1818, it contained but six dwellings, and about fifty inhabitants. Such has been its rapid increase since, that now it is thought the day is not far distant when it will number 100,000. The din of the hammer, the saw, the chisel and the trowel, resounds in the ear at every turn. Extensive docks are projected that will surpass those of Liverpool itself.

"The Village of but yesterday is raised  
To be a populous city! a rich mart!  
A system's center, and its beating heart."

From Birkenhead we rode to Chester to see its ancient Cathedral. Happening to be there at the time of the afternoon daily service, which is observed in all the Cathedral churches, we were ushered into the choir, where we were shown to seats in the stalls, ranging along the wall and immediately adjoining one of the officiating priests or deacons. Whether we took our seats there by mistake or not, we were not molested, but I observed one of the surpliced gentlemen smile, notwithstanding his devotions, as he looked toward us, and the one that read, cast his eyes askance during the responses, to catch a view of the strangers. The Cathedral is in a process of repair, but the chief tokens of individual generosity of late, have been in restoring the stained windows. The crypt of this building is very ancient, and over it is the garden also, as at Birkenhead. It does not seem to have been cleared out, but there is a mass of earth and rubbish quite thick overlaying the floor. In the south aisle of the choir are several ancient tombs and entablatures, and a dark stone sarcophagus and tombs of antiquity, said to contain the remains of an ancient Danish or German King, which were sent over for preservation against the maraudings of the barbarous tribes that were waging war against his country. How vain and worthless seemed to be the pomp in which poor mortals wish and attempt that their remains shall lie!

AUGUST 24.—Took a ride to-day around Liverpool, and got a sight of some of the splendid abodes of the titled nobility and merchant princes which stretch along the fine high grounds, or inland culminating of the hill on the slope of which Liverpool is built. The history of the rise and prosperity of Liverpool more resembles that of many of our American commercial centres, than any other in England. Since the beginning of the 18th century, it has increased its population from five to upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand. The origin of its name is involved in the obscurity of fable, but from a small fishing town, it has risen to a greater importance than any other town, next to London, in the kingdom. It is not yet one century since the first stage coach began to run, and that only once a week between London and Liverpool. Carriages, were then, very rare, and somewhat after the style of the Irish in perpetrating "bulls," it is gravely related that there was but one *gentleman's* in all the town, and *that* was kept by a *lady* of the name of Clayton. The African slave trade, the warehouse system, the East India Company's monopoly, are said to be among the principal causes of its prosperity.

It lies on the east bank of the Mersey, in latitude 53 deg. 24 min. North, and 2 deg. 59 min. West longitude of Greenwich. Its length is about two and a half miles, and its breadth one and three quarters. It contains many very costly and splendid buildings, as the Exchange, the Town Hall, the Railway Station, St. John's Market, &c., but the city generally has a dirty disagreeable aspect. Many of its streets throng with Irish and other laborers going and returning from various manufactories and places of employment, whose appearance offends the eye of an American, accustomed, as we are to witness a more cleanly and decent apparel generally worn by our diligent and thrifty operatives and mechanics. There is a large amount of religion in this city, and its educational and benovolent institutions are numerous and of great value. The Colleges, and Mechanics' Institution, the church and school for the blind, its infirmary and lunatic asylum, and its botanical and zoological gardens, display, advantageously, the public spirit of its inhabitants. Its docks now form the most striking feature of the place. They are numerous and costly, constructed of stone masonry, in connection with a system of lockage, by means of which large vessels pass, at certain times of the tide, from the channel of the river, into safe quarters, for discharging and receiving their cargoes, and where they are not subjected to the dangers and expense they would be, if compelled to load and unload in the stream, whose extreme variations of high and low water are so great. The docks vary in their size, and present an array of shipping quite amazing to landsmen.

That called the Prince dock is five hundred yards long and two hundred and six broad, with two locks, and covers more than eleven acres. Sheds have been erected along each side for the protection of merchandise. A dwelling-house at one end, with appropriate offices, affords accommodations for the dock-masters. From this dock there is a passage into a basin, at the southeast corner of which is what is called the *Gridiron*, a sort of platform on which vessels requiring trifling repairs can be placed at high water, and, when the tide recedes, the necessary examination, &c., can be made. On the diagonal corner is a plain structure called the observatory, which serves the important use of determining meridional time. At one invariable moment of each day, a large ball is let fall from the top of a mast, the descent of which can be noted by all within its view. It is let fall precisely at the moment of one o'clock in the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, which differs from that of Liverpool by the amount of its western longitude, being twelve minutes within a small portion of a second. Thus vessels going to sea are enabled to regulate their time, and adjust the errors of their chronometers. Different docks are designated by the names of Wellington, Victoria, Trafalgar, Clarence, &c. Although very extensive, they are not found sufficient for the purpose of its commerce, and preparations are made for the construction of some forty-four acres of dockage in addition.

*August 25th.* Came yesterday from Liverpool to Glasgow, by the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, as far as Preston Junction, then turned north and passed through Wigan, a town full of foundries and tall smoking chimneys, indicating industry in the manufacture of iron in various forms. The road runs through a wide valley, formed by high ranges of hills stretching from southwest to northeast, and the country is rolling. The morning was rainy and foggy, but about half past one o'clock, P. M., it cleared up delightfully, and the sun shone brighter than I had yet seen it in this region of fogs and clouds. The farmers were in the midst of harvest; the fields were filled with wheat and oats, beans, potatoes, and turneps, showing great care and skill in cultivation. Passed through various small towns, and at some distance from Kendal, where the tourists for Lake Windermere, one of the fine lakes of the north, branch off. Near Preston there is a splendid viaduct.

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THE heart is kept whole, rejuvenated, by bathing in the sweet influences of home. Outside, the rough world, sea tosses, bleak winds whistle: home is the Ark in which we ride: warm it well with all loving care—feed its heart-fires with generous fuel of tenderness.—*Rev. H. D. Kittell.*

## LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS.

BY WARREN ISHAM.

## CHAPTER I.

*Alexandria—Scenes in the Harbor—On Shore—Bible Illustration  
Scene at the Custom House—First Donkey Ride—Imposing Reception  
—Tested as a Gentleman and Found Wanting—Outwitted by the  
Donkey Man.*

A rough passage of four days, from Malta, brought us to the land of the Pharaohs. Coming to anchor in the roads of Alexandria, two miles distant from the shore, we were soon boarded by half-naked Egyptians, in quest of passengers and luggage, fiercely clambering up the sides of the steamer, as though they were going to take us by storm. But they were promptly met and beaten back with clubs, and, in the encounter, one poor fellow was pitched headlong into the sea. I looked anxiously after him, and began to scream for help, but was soon cured of that, for the rest were all laughing at the sport, and, sure enough, he soon rose to the surface, and sprang into his boat, without seeming to have been at all disturbed. And now they all seated themselves serenely in their places, each quietly waiting his turn.

Rowed to the shore, we made our way through crowds of Egyptian Arabs, men, women and children, loading their camels and donkeys with skins of water from the sea. Thus, scarcely had I set foot upon the shore, when I was made to feel, that I was in one of the "Lands of the Bible." One of the skins they were filling, being old, and having been out of use for some time, was dry and hard, and, upon being distended with water, burst, spilling its contents upon the ground. How much more liable, thought I, would one of these "old bottles" be to "burst," if they were filled with "new wine" to undergo the process of fermentation?

Through this crowd we were hurried on to the custom house. The formalities of inspection were soon dispatched, when my luggage was laid hold of by as many Arab porters as could gather around it, in full fight, upon which, the inspector, (a Turk of course), seized a club, and

by a series of well-directed blows, knocking one this way, and another that, succeeded in putting an end to the *melee*, and the prize was left alone, with a ring of them encircling it, having the fear of the cudgel before their eyes, and its marks upon their persons.

This deliverance having been wrought out for me, I selected one of their number to take my luggage to the hotel, and from another I accepted a donkey on which to ride. Having mounted the little creature, if mounting it could be called, I was not a little surprised, that he should start off with me so nimbly, and apparently in a glee, educated as I had been to regard the ass a very stupid animal. I was not long however, in learning the secret, for, hearing strange noises rear-ward, I soon discovered, that the poor creature was only making an effort to get his posteriors out of reach of a huge shillalah, which his master, who was in full chase, bore in his right hand.

Onward he flew, winding this way and that, according to his own fancy, through narrow, dirty streets, strewn, on either hand, with fragments of ancient magnificence, dodging here and there to avoid the camels, and compelling me to do the same, or be brushed off by their projecting loads, and anon making his way right through crowds of people, without slackening his speed, leaving a track somewhat in the shape of the letter S, (having dodged through the open places), and finally, at the end of a mile, bringing me up safe at the hotel—with his master after him. There being a slight depression where he stood, with the ground somewhat elevated upon each side, I stood on tiptoe, and he passed out from under me, leaving me unhorsed.

And who are these, decked in gaudy costume, and moving about with an air of consequence surpassing that of a general of an army? Are they the Pachas, the dignitaries of the land, assembled to welcome me to Egypt? As they approached, I felt as though perhaps I ought to be struck with awe. At length one of them, drawing near, opened his mouth and spake. His words were in broken English. He congratulated me on my safe arrival in the country, proffered his kind offices to me as a stranger just arrived in Egypt, and liable to be imposed upon, assuring me that he would be my friend, and winding up with an offer to take me up the Nile.

*Take me up the Nile!* What could that mean? Was it one of the princes of the land, who was meditating so signal an honor? By this time, however, the others had come up, and formed a ring around me, each one contending that he was the best man, and would carry me cheaper and safer than any of the rest. The romance of the thing was all spoiled now, being reduced to a mere matter of dollars and cents between myself and an Egyptian dragoman.

For *how much*? said I. A hundred and fifty pounds (\$750) to the first cataract, said one. And do none go for less? Oh! yes, he rejoined, putting on airs, but no *gentleman* ever does. Assuring them I was not a *gentleman*, I turned upon my heel, and, as I directed my steps to the hotel, the bids came thick and fast upon my ears, dropping, however, a peg lower at every bid.

*No gentleman ever does!* Wonderful is the talismanic power of these words, from the mouth of an Egyptian dragoman, upon most of our plain, republican travellers. A whip of scorpions would scarcely be more stinging, while to be called a *gentleman* here, seems to set their heads to turning round like a top. I could mention instances which verge upon the ludicrous.

Duly to appreciate the mysterious influence, however, one must be familiar with the import of the term as used in England, and reflect, that these people have taken their lessons, in the first instance, from English travellers. They have thus learned to associate the high breeding, and high qualities of a gentleman, with bags of gold, and these again with a certain style of outfit and expenditure, and to fall below this standard, is to sink to a very low place in their esteem. It does, I confess, put republican virtue to a rather severe test to be thus branded, and, it must be owned, that, not a few of our people, lest they should be suspected of a taunt of plebianism, go to such lengths here in their expenditures, as to leave even the English aristocrats far in the background.

One instance of special note occurs to me, that of a young man, who set no bounds to his extravagance, and who emphasized his contempt of those who were less prodigal, by a curl of the lip and a toss of the head, but who, upon his return home, found his father a bankrupt, and in prison, for having obtained, upon false pretences, the very money he had spent—so I was credibly informed.

And yet, I have met a Russian prince here, traveling in disguise, whose plain dress and fare subjected him to neglect and contumely, but who “laughed in his sleeve.” And, as being all kings in America, does it not become us to throw ourselves equally upon our dignity?

After all, it must be conceded, that a certain degree of conformity, is necessary to the ends a traveller has in view, and it is matter of expediency to yield it, to a certain extent, even if it is done with a protest, for that is the only passport which will avail anything with the class of travellers one is likely to fall in with.

But I had forgotten the donkey man, and here he comes yelling out for his pay. We had agreed upon the price before leaving the custom house, but he refuses to take it, and demands double, bawling out for

it so as to be heard all over the public square. The cunning rascal sees numbers of Europeans and Americans sauntering about, and his object is to excite their attention, and thereby shame me to terms, rightly judging, that I would sooner submit to the extortion, than to such a public demonstration of the affair. And so, to stop the fellow's mouth at once I pay his demand, when he turns round and very coolly laughs in my face.

## CHAPTER II.

*Wonderful Muscular Strength,—A Paradox,—Scene at the Canal Basin,—Ludicrous Entanglement,—The poor Dondey's life in Egypt,—All Oppressed and all Oppressors in turn,—All Crushed, yet all Laugh and make merry,—A Flax-Dressing Scene,—A peep at a Moslem School.*

I was on my way to the canal basin; to my right was a vacant lot, where lay a pile of earth which was in process of removal. Two able-bodied men were very leisurely scraping it into baskets. These baskets, which were about two feet long, one foot wide, and half a foot deep, when filled, were placed upon the backs of little boys and girls, eight or ten years of age, extending from the neck to the hips, being kept in their places by a strap which passed around the forehead; and thus, with their heads bowed toward the centre of the earth, (to preserve the centre of gravity), the poor creatures reeled along under the burden of at least three pecks of the world. And they were kept incessantly going backwards and forwards from morning till night, while the men at the heap were half the time standing idle. A little further on, I saw children, not more than five or six years old, carrying baskets of earth up a steep plank out of a cellar, while the easier task of filling them was performed by an athletic man at the bottom.

But I had not proceeded far before I had evidence enough, that the full grown men themselves were subjected to equal hardships by those who had them equally in their power. Four men were carrying a stone across the common, which I judged would weigh not far from a ton, the two large, seasoned bearers, from which it was suspended, bending as though they would break.

Wondering at such prodigies of strength, I mentioned the circumstance to the agent of the English Transit Company, who remarked, that it was nothing very uncommon, and added, that, but a day or two before, a man brought a box upon his back a considerable distance to the Company's warehouse, the weight of which he found to be four hundred and seventy-five pounds, for which service he accepted two pennies as a very liberal reward.

Paradoxes, truly! That a people so physically athletic and powerful, should be so morally imbecile as to submit to the cruel treatment I have described, lying passively down under the blows of the oppressor, and crying for mercy with the helplessness of a child! And then again, how is this prodigious muscular power, to be reconciled with the fact, that it has been developed under what is commonly regarded as an *enervating* climate, and upon very spare diet, mostly vegetable—or does this last consideration furnish, to some extent, a key to the mystery?

And here is the canal basin, and here are the piles of boxes, bags and bales, of dates, peas, beans, maize, wheat, cotton, flax, &c., &c., from the up country, thrown promiscuously on shore, and mixed up *helter skelter* with men, women and children, camels, mules, donkeys and dogs, talking, bawling, yelling, braying, barking and howling.

They are engaged in transporting the above articles hence a short distance to the harbor on the Mediterranean. And now see that meek and docile creature, that “ship of the desert,” the camel, settling upon his haunches to receive his burden, to consist of five bales of cotton, weighing not far from half a ton. By the aid of two men, one lifting at each side, he is able to rise, and, as he moves slowly along, the very picture of distress, he seems to say, “O, pity me!” and your sympathies are kindled in his behalf. Three or four are led by one man.

Next come the donkeys. These little creatures are driven in droves without saddle or bridle, with a huge sack each (containing seven bushels of wheat) thrown across the bare back. A drove of twenty or thirty of them thus loaded, were started off, by a single driver seated upon a mule, in the direction of the harbor, completely blocking up the narrow way. At the same time, I observed a funeral procession advancing to meet them, and looked to see them turn aside to let the donkeys pass, but onward they came, raising louder and louder their hideous wail, until brought to a full stop in the midst of the terrified and floundering quadrupeds. To crown the scene, the asses set to braying, in sublime chorus, and such music as went up from that congregation, is not often heard in this upper world.

Such a mixing up of the elements, beastly and divine, mortal and immortal, erect and prone, few mortal eyes, I fancy, had ever seen before. It was not natural affinity—it was a mechanical necessity, a high-way collision, the propelling forces being the lash on the one hand, and that blind fatalism, which is so characteristic a feature of the Moslem faith, on the other.

After a long struggle, the procession emerged from its thralldom, and proceeded on their way, as though nothing had happened, leaving many



of their long-eared associates prostrate beneath their burdens, and unable to stir.

*How* to get them up, was a question, the solution of which turned out to be the richest part of the affair. There they lay, meekly awaiting their deliverance, looking up evidently in a state of humble expectancy. And, sure enough, forth came the driver, and taking his position directly in front of each one of them in turn, as he lay helpless beneath the enormous sack, (the ends of which rested upon the ground on each side of him), seized him by his capacious ears, and drew him out from under it, when the miniature beast very complacently arose upon his feet. With additional help, the burden was replaced, and they moved on to their destination. And, no sooner are they disburdened of their loads at the harbor, than they start, at the crack of the driver's whip, and scamper away back again, like a flock of sheep—and he after them.

As I turned my steps to return, I noticed a poor little donkey, with two pieces of timber lashed, one upon each side of him, of considerable size, and at least twenty-five feet long, their rear ends dragging upon the ground. He could go but a few paces without stopping, and was only kept from reeling out of his centre of gravity, and sinking beneath his burden, by the hand of his master, which rested upon his shoulder for the purpose.

Passing along, I observed a boy beating the donkey on which he rode most cruelly with a club, apparently for the luxury it afforded him. To my special gratification, the projecting load of a camel interposed and brushed him off; and now, burning with rage, he fixed his teeth in the animal's nostrils with a terrible grip, and thus holding him fast, smote him until his anger was appeased.

Mounting again, he had scarcely time to resume the application of the cudgel, when he was brushed off a second time by a donkey load of wood. Again he hung like a viper from the poor animal's snout, plying the cudgel with renewed vigor, as though he would reduce him to a jelly. And, to crown the scene, he narrowly escaped being brushed off a third time, and I was heartily glad of it, by this time, for the poor donkey's sake.

A little further on, I met a man leading a live donkey, with a dead one lying across his back.

The donkey is a little creature, but it makes a large figure in Egypt, which may almost be said to stand upon the legs of the donkey and the camel. It looms up also in sacred story. Balaam was honored as the only human being whom it ever condescended to address, and

the Saviour of the world lost none of his dignity, entering Jerusalem "meek and lowly, riding upon an ass."

And thus it is, that those who are the most oppressed, are themselves the greatest oppressors in turn, all the world over, as though it were a cordial to the crushed spirit, to avenge itself upon something, though it be but the poor beast.

But, with all their oppressions, kicked, cuffed and beaten as they are, I have never seen more vivacity and buoyancy of spirit among any people. The most down-trodden of them all, are far more sprightly and mirthful, than their full-fed and burly oppressors. In a recent excursion, I met with an instance which amazed me. A full grown young man was being beaten by a Frank, (European) apparently for no cause, and, as he was retreating backwards before the blows, crying and bawling like a child, he stumbled and fell, and there he lay roaring most piteously under the inflictions of the cudgel, until it pleased his assailant to desist, when he hopped up, brushed away his tears with his sleeve, joined in a merry laugh, and appeared to be brimful of enjoyment.

These people are perfect non-resistants, and "no government" men, that is, none except what is inflicted upon them. When smitten on the one cheek, they not only turn the other, but resign themselves bodily to the scourge. But this, so far from interfering with, only seems to enhance their enjoyment, the law of contrast operating to make them quite jubilant when it is over with.

Though robbed of their earnings, they are always merry at their tasks. In the excursion above alluded to, as I was passing along a retired way, I heard what seemed the voice of mirth, and directing my steps to the building whence it proceeded, I looked in at the open door, and, behold, there sat squat all around the interior of the building, men, women and children, busily engaged in dressing flax; and, as they wrought, they were making merry over the tales which each, in turn, had to tell. As I presented myself, they looked up and laughed, and, observing my curiosity, one of them asked if I had never seen people dress flax before, and if we had no flax in my country. I replied in the affirmative, (through my guide) and undertook to show them how our people dress flax—at which they laughed right heartily, and said their way was a great deal the best. And yet it was so primitive, that it was probably the first method ever thought of by the sons of men, consisting simply in taking a handful of flax in one hand, beating it with a round stick held in the other, and alternately shaking and combing it.

And yet, these light-hearted and funny beings, so happy at their

task, were pounded and robbed at the pleasure of their oppressors, receiving only the nominal sum of two or three piasters, (eight to twelve cents,) for toiling the live-long day, a large portion of which pittance is wrenched from them by the Government.

Passing along, my attention was arrested by a jargon of voices proceeding from a hut over the way. My curiosity was again on tiptoe, and approaching the interesting locality, I screwed my courage up, and looked in—it was a Moslem School. There sat teacher and scholars, the former squat upon a divan, and the latter upon benches, with little bits of boards in their hands, on which were inscribed as many passages of the Koran, each one repeating his own passage at the top of his voice, not in concert with the others, but “on his own hook,” there being as many separate, independant rehearsals, as there were scholars, and all rocking their bodies backwards and forwards incessantly. The rocking notion, I was told, was to assist the memory. It is practised by adults in reading from a book. The body bends forward to an angle of about forty-five degrees, and back to its upright position, by an easy swing. The urchins laughed as I looked in, but did not intermit either voice or motion.

### CHAPTER III.

*Everything New and Odd,—Funny looking Goats,—An encounter with Jackal Dogs,—Sea Swallows,—The Date Palm,—The Tamarisk,—The Acacias,—The Egyptian Sparrow.*

There is nothing in Egypt like anything I had ever seen before. I have already given an inkling of a curious kind of human nature they have here. The pattern after which their animals are formed, is equally unique.

The first flock of goats I met with, looked so queer, that I almost laughed in their faces, and yet so dignified, as well nigh to command my reverence, having ears flapping down like hounds' ears, only longer, dragging upon the ground as they fed, while the pate, from the eyes downward, curved at least an inch and a half out of a right line, giving them the appearance of having the Roman nose to the very tip of the order. And, as if nature delighted in setting off one ludicrous extreme against another, the next flock I met had little bits of ears like cat's ears, and standing erect in a similar manner. But neither were adorned with the long, silken, glossy hair, which constitutes the flowing, graceful costume of the Malta goat. The kids, two or three to a dam, whether flap or prick-eared, are beautiful little oddities.

In the same excursion, I descended into a cemetery, sate myself down upon a Moslem tomb, and began to make marks with my pencil, when, all of a sudden, I found myself surrounded by jackal dogs, a ferocious species of dog common here, resembling the jackal, and said to be bred from that animal. I kept on making marks, and they kept up their hideous bow-wow, drawing nearer and nearer, and forming a ring around me, while the Arabs, men, women and children, stood outside their huts, a little way off, looking on, being evidently on a good understanding with my troublesome assailants.

Being so closely pressed, I began to think it was time the seige was raised, and so, picking up some stones, fragments of the dillapidated tomb, I soon sent them yelping to their dens. I have since learned, that these people regard it as a profanation of their cemeteries for an infidel to enter them.

Returning from my long and weary excursion, I halted by the way, beneath the shade of a beautiful grove of the date palm, which was all alive with chattering sea-swallows, and through which played the grateful breeze of mid-December. These swallows are so named from the habit they have of dipping into the sea, as also into the Nile, in their flight.

The groves of date palm about Alexandria present a most fascinating rural aspect. After a sea voyage, and in the midst of so many disagreeable objects, they have all the refreshing beauty of an oasis in the desert. And then there are the tamarisk, and the acacias. I had seen them all, in a dwarfed state, under glass, before, and in the South of Europe in the open air, but, as thrown up here, in full luxuriance, beneath their native skies, I seem to have seen them for the first time.

The date palm, being an *endogenous* tree, shoots out of the ground its full size at once, and is built up, story upon story, from year to year, until its scaly trunk lifts itself up, all the way of a size, and without bark or limb, to the height of forty or fifty feet, surmounted by a tuft of living green, spreading out its flexile branches with all the grace and beauty of ostrich feathers, the fruit hanging in clusters from their midst. The latter is used for food, and is quite an article of commerce.

The tamarisk too, (*Tamarix Indica*), is a very beautiful tree. It may well be conceived how great must be the beauty of a tree, rising to the height of forty or fifty feet, with well spread branches, and crowned with a foilage like that of the asparagus, so dense as to shut out the rays of the sun.

The acacias also attain to a size, and develope beauties, such as I have

never seen them in more ungenial climes. Such objects win the more upon your regards from the fact that there are so few things here to divide with them the empire of the heart.

But there are some things which do ; for instance, nothing can exceed the pretty little familiarities of the Egyptian sparrow, and here it is welcoming me back with demonstrations of joy to my hotel. Go where you will, in doors or out, this little creature is always chirping about you. In the street, it is ever fluttering at your feet, and, as you enter your quarters, in it comes at the window, and is all over and everywhere, making as free as though all were its own, and you cannot help feeling, that its little heart is fluttering with sympathetic emotion.

#### CHAPTER IV.

*Antiquities,—Pompey's Pillar, &c.,—The Ancient City ; its extent and grandeur ; its growth at the expense of Tyre ; its Rise and Fall,—Not the place for genuine Egyptian Antiquities,—Fifty thousand destroyed by an Earthquake,—The tower of Pharoa Cleopatra's Needle ; the Calacombs,—Fragmentary Remains,—Famed for Schools of Philosophy, and Institutions of Christianity,*

I was standing upon the rising ground, in the rear of the modern town of Alexandria, where towers the finest pillar perhaps in the world, consisting of a single shaft of solid porphyry, (the hardest rock in the world), twenty-seven feet in circumference, and ninety feet high, elevated upon a pedestal twelve, and surmounted by a capital ten feet in height, making the entire altitude one hundred and twelve feet. It has been misnamed Pompey's pillar from the inscription it bears, which has been found to be simply that of a scribe of the same name, and not of the great general. It has also been denominated Dioclesian's pillar, for the same reason, but manifestly upon insufficient grounds, when it is considered, that it was common for emperors and generals to inscribe their names upon monuments found in a conquered country. It doubtless had an earlier origin.

There I was standing, near that noble object, lifting itself up, in lonely magnificence, in the midst of surrounding desolation, upon the very spot where centered the trade of ancient Alexandria, with its six hundred thousand inhabitants, its twelve thousand shops, four thousand palaces, as many baths, and especially its subterranean aqueducts which conveyed the filtered water of the Nile (brought near fifty miles) under every part of the city ; and near the spot where I stood, crossed at right angles the two most magnificent streets that ever adorned a city, each of them being more than a quarter of a mile in width, and

beautified with all the affluence of taste which Grecian refinement could bestow.

And, as I stood there, wrapt in reveries of the past, cities and empires, rising and falling, passed in review before me. There was Tyre, which had been the great centre of commerce for centuries, and which had risen to such a height of wealth and greatness, as to withstand even the power of Alexander, outliving siege and storm, but quietly yielding up her supremacy in obedience to the laws of trade, which that sagacious monarch brought to bear upon her destiny, when he selected this spot, the key to three continents, for the site of a great rival city, to be built up at her expense by the caravan trade of the East and of the South; a city in whose bazaars were to be displayed the gold, the ivory, and the ostrich feathers of Ethiopia, the spices of Arabia, the silks of India, and the wines of Europe, all brought hither by the hungry nations to be exchanged for corn.

No great commercial city could ever arise at either of the mud-choked mouths of the Nile, while here was a fine harbor upon the coast, and less than fifty miles of inland navigation would connect it with that noble river and its fertile valley. Alexander was a statesman as well as a general; he not only "came, saw, and conquered," but he willed it, and Alexandria arose the capital of a world at his feet, drawing away the very life-blood of Tyre, which languished and declined beneath its shadow, until, in the lapse of centuries, it became, in the language of prophecy, "a place for the spreading of nets."

And this great city too, mistress of the world as she was, was doomed to fall by the operation of the same laws which had lifted her up, and which had lifted up and cast down, not only her great rival before her, but numerous other great cities in the East, whose ruins tell of a magnificence unknown in modern times.

And, as though the operation of these diverting causes were too tardy, the elements conspired to hasten the catastrophe which awaited this proud city. Her palaces were thrown down, and fifty thousand of her people destroyed by an earthquake at one time. It is not improbable, that that wonderful structure, the tower of Pharos, surmounted by a mirror, in which, it was said, vessels could be seen a hundred miles at sea, was shaken down at the same time.

As this was rather a Grecian than an Egyptian city, having been founded by Grecian rulers—built in the Grecian style, and by Grecian artists, after the power of the Pharaohs had passed away, (about 330 years B. C.) it would be preposterous to look for genuine Egyptian antiquities among its ruins.

There is, to be sure, the beautiful obelisk, called "Cleopatra's needle," of rose-colored granite, covered with hieroglyphs exquisitely wrought, a single quadrilateral shaft, sixty or seventy feet in height, which dates back to the palmy days of the Pharaohs, probably to that Pharaoh who was cotemporary with Moses; but it was transported hither to adorn the city of the Ptolemies, as other similar ones have been transported across the sea to grace the modern capitals of Europe.

The catacombs, which at present open only from the sea shore, are quite extensive, but they are manifestly of Grecian or Roman origin. No mummies, or embalmed bodies, have ever been found in their subterranean chambers, a circumstance which quite precludes the idea of Egyptian origin. On the contrary, urns for containing the ashes of the dead, according to the customs of both Greece and Rome, are often found in them, while there is an entire absence of hieroglyphic inscriptions, and of paintings upon the walls, representing the domestic and rural life of the ancient Egyptians, such as are invariably found in their tombs.

The ancient city is only to be seen in fragmentary remains, here and there, as they have been thrown up in making excavations, from time to time, consisting of broken columns, capitals, &c., save that a venerable ruin called "The Roman Tower," still stands.

But it is quite another class of associations which endears Alexandria to the memory, associations which connect it with schools of philosophy, and the institutions of christianity. It was here that the first Ptolemy gathered around him the most learned men of all countries, himself being the greatest ornament among them of the learning he was so ready to encourage; here that he collected the famous library, whose seven hundred thousand volumes lit up the dark night of the previous ages, as with so many suns and stars, but which, a thousand years afterwards, was burned to ashes by the barbarous Saracens, and thus lost to the world, with nothing to supply its place; and here, too, that the Hebrew Scriptures were translated into Greek by seventy learned men, who executed the difficult task with great credit, under the auspices of Ptolemy himself.

It was here, that christianity was early introduced, probably by Mark himself; here that some of the most distinguished of the christian fathers lived, and that one of the most renowned schools of theology in christendom flourished; here that christian churches were established, and that missionary enterprises were projected, which disseminated the light of the gospel to the remotest parts of Egypt.

## CHAPTER V.

*Embark for Cairo—A Memorable Spot—The Great Canal—A Specimen—Village Sites—House, and Inmates Swept away by the Overflowing Waters—First View of the Nile, its Magnitude, its Power of Annual Overflow, Effects of it, Causes of it.*

It was on a delightful December day, that we embarked upon a small steamer for Grand Cairo, by way of the ship canal and the Nile. For the first twelve or fifteen miles, as I should judge, we were borne along upon a narrow ridge, which separates lakes Etko on the left, from the great artificial lake Mereotis on the right, which latter sweeps along back of Alexandria, and is in full view from Pompey's pillar. So narrow is the intervening space, along which the canal runs, and so close the proximity of the water on either hand, that it was almost like being upon a highway thrown up in mid-ocean.

It was through this dividing ridge, or Isthmus, that, in the year 1800, the British commander cut a sluiceway, to circumvent the army of Napoleon, and gain the mastery in Egypt. The water in lake Mereotis was six feet lower than the surface of lake Etko, which latter was connected with the sea. As a stroke of military tactics, a communication was opened, and the waters of the Mediterranean set to flowing through the breach, with the impetus of such a fall. What fearful consequences would follow no mortal could tell. The shores of lake Mereotis were low, and beyond it stretched a vast extent of low, level country, and by some it was apprehended, that Alexandria itself would be submerged. It flowed on a full month, when the flood tide was stayed, and with it the panic.

This canal, (from Alexandria to the Nile) is forty-eight miles in length, about one hundred feet in width, and eighteen in depth, and was constructed by Mohammed Ali, in the year 1819, in the short space of six weeks, to the astonishment of the civilized world. But the secret is soon told. The Pasha is the prince of slave-holders, possessing the power of life and death over his subjects, and deciding their destinies by the wave of his hand.

Having made up his mind, that a ship canal from Alexandria to the Nile, would conduce to the benefit of the country, he issued his orders to all the inhabitants of lower Egypt to come and dig it; and forth they came in swarms, men, women and children, under their respective sheiks. The number of laborers is said to have amounted to two hundred and fifty thousand, besides their wives and children, who were along with them. It must have been an awful scene of privation and suffering. Twenty thousand of them are said to have miserably perished before the work was completed. They received



wages indeed, if that could be called wages on which they could barely subsist during the service.

And yet these people never spent a thought upon their grievances, nor breathed a sigh for deliverance. On the contrary, the work went bravely on, to the tune of the song of mirth, the ribald joke, and the merry laugh. We had a specimen of it, having passed no less than four dredging machines at work deepening the canal, to each of which was attached a corps of a hundred or two men, whose task it was to carry the mud excavated by the machine on shore in buckets. Their naked bodies were all besmeared with the mud which dripped down from the buckets which they bore brimful upon their shoulders, and yet they seemed just as brimful themselves of fun and enjoyment. They too had come here with their wives and children at the bidding of the Pasha.

The canal bears the name of Mahmoudieh, in honor, I suppose, of the great Pasha. The work consisted, I believe, chiefly, in clearing out the old canal, which connected ancient Alexandria with the Nile, but which had been hundreds of years filling up, from the deposits of the overflowing waters, which process was facilitated by the low, level, and marshy character of the soil, so that to restore it, scarcely less labor was required, than in its original construction.

There seems to be nothing so bad, but good may result from it. Nothing can be more unjust and cruel, than *such* a Government. And yet, with *such* a people, *such* a Government only, could have effected an object so indispensable to the best interests of the country. This circumstance, however, so far from extenuating the wickedness of the Government, only aggravates it, for it was *such* a Government that made *such* a people.

Emerging from between the two lakes, our way lay through a low, but level country, too wet, for the most part, to produce anything but rice, but with occasional slight elevations which served as village sites for the peasantry, whose mud huts resembled more the habitations of the beaver and the muskrat, than the abodes of men.

It is upon these, and like low grounds of Lower Egypt, that destruction does its work upon these hapless people, at certain fearful periods of their history. The annual overflow being indispensable to their existence, and the source of all their earthly blessings, its advent is the signal for a general jubilee. The first indications of the rising tide are hailed with demonstrations of joy, and its gradual upward tendency is marked with eager interest from day to day, until it overflows its banks and inundates the country, the hearts of the people overflowing with joy at the same time.

And now all Egypt resigns itself to joy and feasting, no less from native impulses, than as an expression of tumultuous gladness for the returning flood-tide. Shut up in their villages, surrounded by a wide expanse of waters, they give themselves up to the indulgence of their favorite pastimes, under the inspiration of coffee and the pipe, to the extent of their humble means; and sometimes, for variety's sake, they go in boats from village to village, to interchange congratulations and open new sources of enjoyment.

Occasionally, however, there comes round a year, when all this glow of enjoyment is quenched in the rising waters, and every voice is stilled. Hence the rise of the Nile is not more anxiously looked for, than is its decline, when it has arisen to its accustomed height, for sometimes, instead of retiring at the expected time, it keeps rising, and rising, and rising, overwhelming village after village, and engulphing their inhabitants.

At the touch of the rising waters, the frail abodes of the terror-stricken villagers, slake like lime, and, crumbling into heaps, are soon borne away by the moving tide, not a vestige being left to mark the spot where they stood.

Do you see that gentle rising ground, all smooth and bare, marked only by a solitary palm—said a Levantine resident of the country to me, as we were nearing the Nile. “A little more than a year ago, he continued, there stood a considerable village, and, as I passed, the children were at play, and the old men sat smoking their pipes outside the mud huts. Three months afterwards I passed, and all had been swept away, leaving the desolation you now see.” Last year the Nile rose much above its accustomed height, many villages were swept away, and both man and beast perished in the surging waters.

And now, for the first time, I look down upon the Nile, (venerable river!) rolling on, in the same silent majesty now, as when it bore to its destination the seven years' supply of corn, or floated the bulrush cradle of Moses, or felt the power of the Almighty, and became blood.

I had seen a great many rivers famed in classic story, but never one which did not disappoint my expectations—never one which did not contrast ludicrously with allusions to it found upon the classic page. Having been so often cheated by the romance of the poets, I had prepared my mind for a like disappointment upon approaching the Nile, but, to my joyful surprise, the reality far surpassed any conception of it I had previously formed. No river in Europe, not even the Danube, ranks with it in magnitude, and none in our own country, unless it be “the Father of waters.” This is only the Rosetta branch, and

yet it is often more than a mile in width within its banks; it is twenty-six hundred miles in length, and moves with a powerful current; and—what can be said of no other river in the world—for thirteen hundred miles, in the last stage of its course, it does not receive a single tributary, presenting the extraordinary spectacle of a continued increase of size as you ascend it, (from the effects of evaporation and absorption), until you reach a distance of thirteen hundred miles from the sea!

But the most extraordinary attribute of this extraordinary river, consists in its power of annual overflow, whereby it has transformed the desert into the most fertile valley in the world. Underneath the mud deposits which make Egypt what it is, there lies a bed of sand, of the same general character with the adjacent deserts, showing that this luxuriant intervale once constituted a part of the unbroken solitude which broods over almost all Northern Africa.

Thus Egypt owes everything to the Nile, and the Nile is equally indebted to the rains which fall periodically upon the high lands far away towards the equator. As early as the first of April, the streams of Southern Abyssinia begin to swell, and by the first of June they are full, but such is the immense distance, and so great a river is the Nile, that it does not overflow in Egypt, until three months afterwards, and then, another six weeks elapses before it retires within its banks, making more than six months from the time the first precious drops fell from the clouds; after which it is three or four months in falling to its lowest stage.

The tributary streams near its source, are said to be highly colored with vegetable matter, as though they had flowed down from the high table lands, steeped in a luxuriant vegetation; and even in Egypt the overflowing waters are thus discolored. From this source are doubtless derived those fertilizing elements, which have been brought down, and distributed over the valley of the Nile, particle by particle, until it has become one vast bed of alluvial deposit.

The causes which have operated to concentrate the watery vapor of the atmosphere in that tropical region, have been a subject of much speculation. The most plausible supposition is, that, while the sun remains stationary, or nearly so, over the tropic of Capricorn, the air in those regions becomes rarified by its heat, and consequently that the more distant atmosphere, charged with watery vapor, rushes in from every point of the compass, from the Indian Ocean on the East, the great Southern Ocean on the South, the Atlantic on the West, and the Mediterranean on the North, and meeting upon the mountains of Abyssinia, pours down its torrents.

## SCENE IN LONDON. TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

BY THE SAME.

In the very heart of London, within a stone's throw, almost, of St. Paul's, stands a venerable hotel, and it is one of those sunny spots where the tourist delights to linger. Thither I directed my steps, on arriving in the great metropolis, and there the days and weeks passed pleasantly away.

After an absence of ten months in the East, I again sought out the pleasant retreat, and had enjoyed in anticipation the smiling welcome I should receive. But, alas, how changed! A cloud had come over that sunny spot, the house was darkened, and the family secluded from observation; the servants walked softly, and conversed in under tones. There was no mistaking the cause, the king of terrors, said I to myself, is here; and I was soon informed, that the landlord was dying. *Dying!* and from what cause? To this question the servants returned no direct answer, but a friend from Leeds (whom I found there as I expected) whispered in my ear the dreadful secret. It was from *delirium tremens*, and he added, that he had had two or three attacks of it in my absence.

Never was I more astounded. After passing weeks at the house, I had discovered no indication of intemperate habits in the landlord. It appeared, however, that he had fostered the appetite secretly in his brandy vault.

He died—a lead coffin was procured, in which his remains, sealed up, were to lie “in state,” a full week before burial, though it was in the heat of summer, a custom general in England with those who can afford the expense. And even this, forbidding and undesirable as it may appear to our people, is but a humble imitation of the example of the wealthy and the great, who sometimes keep their dead three months, before committing them to their final resting place. The degree of respect thus paid to the dead, seems to be indicative, to some extent, of one's rank in society, and many are thus tempted to go beyond their means, and even to subject themselves and families to privation in paying the last tribute.

The opposite extreme of burying too hastily, may perhaps be laid to our charge. Some fearful instances of thus entombing persons alive, have been revealed. To obviate this, in some parts of Germany,

I learned, the departed are left in the tomb with a bell-pull in one hand. But, in this case, the coffin being sealed, I saw little chance for escape, had the poor inebriate awaked.

But I am wandering—the symbols of mourning were now multiplied, the curtains were drawn closer at the windows, and the whole house draped in a deeper gloom. It is a custom here, for the female members of the bereaved family to shut themselves up, and resign themselves to grief, until “the days of their mourning are ended,” or, until the departed one is committed to the tomb, a custom which was strictly observed on this occasion.

In the mean time, my friend and myself, were solicited not to leave the house, and received all necessary attention from the servants. Time moved on, and something more than half of the dismal week had passed away, when, suddenly, a loud shriek, as of a female voice, brought us to our feet, and, rushing to the apartment whence it proceeded, we were horrified to see a lurid flame streaming up from the coffin lid, high toward the ceiling, and continuing so to do for some time, to the dismay of every beholder.

The facts in the case were, that the family, on discovering that the sides and lid of the coffin were bilging out, as though from internal pressure, had, in their alarm, sent for the physician, and, upon his arrival, he had made an aperture in the lid, when the gasses resulting from the decomposition of the body, (which had thus pressed the coffin out of shape), rushed out with great violence, and with a loud noise, as though from the escape of steam. And, to prevent any ill effect, he had touched a lighted candle to it, when it instantly ignited, and hence the fiery current we saw rushing from the coffin lid. It continued to stream forth, casting a hideous glare upon every object in the room, for a minute or two, when gradually, as the pressure ceased within, it died away, and finally flickered and went out.

At the conclusion of the sad ceremonial, forth came the ladies of the household from their seclusion, and, as by magic, every thing resumed its wonted aspect. Behind the bar stood the widow in her weeds, as though nothing unusual had occurred. And her beautiful daughter too, who had shrieked and fainted, was there, with as sunny a face, as though no trace of the awful scene had been left upon her mind. But, it is to be considered, that, while the high noon of temperance was pouring light upon our own country, the day-dawn had scarcely lit the horizon in England.

SKETCHES OF BORDER LIFE.

BY A CIVIL ENGINEER.

CHAPTER I.

*Afloat on the Mississippi—Reminiscence of Childhood—Difficulty of Navigation—The Pilot, his Skill and Importance—Mates, their Depravity—Deck Hands, their Tasks, Habits, and Brutalized Condition—A Gambling Scene, the Actors, Game, and Victims—A Mississippi Steam Boat—A Kick Behind—Landing.*

It was on a beautiful night, during the summer of 1855, that I found myself steaming down the tortuous course of the Mississippi river. The tide of Emigration was then setting in full flow towards Iowa and Kansas. The untiring spirit of progress and improvement, cramped and crippled in the East, was seeking enlargement on the boundless prairies of the West, and to this I owed my advent to Iowa.

I was at the time, on my way to join a party in connection with the survey of a projected railroad, which had been considered not long before, as impracticable and visionary, but of which the greater part is now completed and in operation. This project was nothing less than a continuous air line, connecting New York city, by way of Philadelphia, with Council Bluffs, on the Missouri river.

Prairie life was not unfamiliar to me, as I had spent years on the pioneer railroads of Wisconsin and Illinois, but though they were pioneer roads, they were not, as in Iowa, the pioneers of civilization, those States having been well settled, before the railroad mania had found its way so far West. It is from my experiences in this capacity, replete with incident and adventure, in field and camp, that I propose to draw the material for the following sketches:—

I left the flourishing city of Rock Island about sun down, on the fast packet J. McKey, bound down the river, and as I sat on the deck enjoying a cigar, and watching the dim lights of the city, as they receded into the fast gathering shades of evening, I felt as though one at least, of the dreams of my childhood was realised.

As we glided away into the night, and all sound was hushed save the rushing of waters, and the deep, regular breathing of the engines, I was reminded of the dim visions that had floated through my juvenile mind, when, a diligent seeker after knowledge at the instigation of the ferrule, I followed that dreaded instrument, on the map, down the long, dark

line that indicated the course of the Father of Waters, and shouted in chorus, *Mis-sis-sip-pi! Forty-four-hun-dred!*

The Mississippi river, I found, however, not so formidable a stream as I had supposed. It varies in width from a quarter of a mile to three quarters, is very crooked, and studded with innumerable islands. The channel frequently crosses and recrosses the bed of the river, and is constantly changing its position, from the formation of sand bars, and the accumulation of sediment, brought down by the current. This, together with the frequent recurrence of "snags" and "sawyers" renders a considerable amount of skill necessary to safe navigation.

The pilot to whom this navigation is entirely confided, is consequently, a man of much importance. He must be intimately acquainted with all the turns of the crooked channel, and the location of sand bars, and other impediments, for hundreds of miles up and down the river. He must be able to remember with exactness the general contour of the country through which he passes, and must have, fixed in his mind, certain landmarks which he can always recognise in the darkest night, (rendered still darker by the overshadowing hills and woods,) keeping his boat in the channel and avoiding all danger, with no other guide than occasional glimpses to be caught of the shore. Of course every person who attempts it, does not succeed in attaining the degree of perfection necessary, and hence the pilots are a very privileged and independent class. They consider it their especial privilege to do the least work, and get the best pay, of any on board the boat. Their gains are sometimes enormous, by taking advantage of the necessities of a boat.

I was once informed by a captain, that he had paid a pilot the sum of thirteen hundred dollars for a little less than twenty-one days work, in a case of necessity, in which the boat would otherwise have been obliged to lie still, and thus probably have lost twice that amount. Their usual wages are from two to three hundred dollars a month, according to their ability and experience.

Another peculiar feature of Mississippi navigation is to be seen in the character of the "deck hands." Of these, the larger class boats carry from twenty to thirty, and the smaller ones, from fifteen to twenty. They are employed in wooding, and loading and unloading the grain, which is all shipped in sacks, called "gunnies," for convenience of transportation, the cargo being stowed on deck instead of in the hold, as in lake transportation, the largest of the river boats not having over five feet depth of hold. The sacks contain only about two bushels each, making a convenient load for a man. A large number of

men are required to get them on board in the short space of time allowed for stoppage. As there is no other employment for them, they are idle most of the time when the boat is under way, but are required to turn out at all hours of the day, and of the night, to load and unload, and to wood, and are never allowed sleep or meal time when the boat is at the landing. At the same time they have dealt out to them an amount of cursing and abuse, no where to be heard, but from the mouth of a Mississippi steam boat mate, or a Louisiana negro driver. As they have no regular meal time, so they have no regular table, or even place for eating, but, gathering around the huge pan, in which their victuals are served up, each one scoops out upon a tin plate, his share, and, finding a seat on the woodpile, or on the guard, with feet swinging over the side, disposes of it without the aid of knife or fork. Besotted in body by whiskey, and degraded in mind by constant abuse and ill treatment, they seem to have lost all independence and manliness of character. Of course there is but one class among our population who can be brought to submit to so degrading a life, the low class of Irish, and of these the deck hands are almost entirely composed. There are thousands of these degraded beings upon these waters, shut out from all good influences, and abandoned to the lowest vices. Their usual wages are forty dollars a month, amply sufficient to raise them to circumstances of comfort and abundance, but for the evil habits which entail upon them poverty and wretchedness.

Of the mates, the prominent characteristics are, their coarseness of demeanor, and proficiency and versality in the art of cursing, in which they are excelled by none. Their chief business is the superintendence of the deck hands in loading, unloading, wooding, &c.

The boats are required by law to carry a steam whistle, which is always used as a signal, when they meet. The boat that is descending, designating by that means which side of the channel it will take, and the other immediately giving way and taking the other side. There are also a variety of other signals prescribed by law, to be used in particular cases.

As the boat approaches a landing at night, the inhabitants are warned by a long, shrill note from the whistle, the deck hands roused and kicked out, and a fire displayed on the bow for the purpose of light, in a small iron framework used for the purpose; the lines overhauled, and the stages (frameworks of plank about thirty feet long) got ready to be shoved ashore. Such a thing as a wharf or dock to shove the plank upon, never was known on the Mississippi, or its tributaries, the rise and fall of the river, which ranges from ten to twenty feet on the upper waters, rendering them impracticable, but the shore is graded and



payed, forming what is called a "Levee," some of which are very extensive and costly. The cities of Keokuk and Quincy, for instance, are built upon bluffs a hundred and fifty feet above the river, which are graded and paved in a regular slope to the water's edge, presenting a fine appearance from the river.

The bow of the boat is run upon the levee until she grounds, the stages shoved out, the deck hands jump ashore if they can, if not, into the water and wade ashore with the mooring lines, and disappear in the darkness, but soon are seen returning, each with a sack of corn, wheat or oats, upon his shoulders. Back and forth they continue to stream without intermission, till all is on board, the mate, during all this time, exercising his lungs with, "Oh, pick 'em up! pick 'em up! In with 'em! Don't git to sleep there, you lubbers! Hurry up! Hurry up!" &c., &c., if he happens to be in good humor; but if the contrary is the case, a storm of oaths and execrations breaks forth.

Another feature of Mississippi steamboating I had an opportunity of witnessing, as I threw away my cigar, and joined the company assembled in the cabin. Seated at a table, and surrounded by a crowd, was a small, and exceedingly voluble little man, with three cards lying before him, and some two or three hundred dollars in gold profusely displayed at his elbow. The game was "French Monte," played by means of the three cards, one of which was a jack. He placed them on the table, side by side, backs up, first showing by turning up the card, which was the jack, and having shuffled them a little, offered to bet from one to five hundred dollars that nobody could turn the jack. He shuffled them so slowly, that it was perfectly easy for any one who paid attention to the game, to follow the jack through his hands, and back to the table again, and there seemed no reason why five hundred dollars could not be made as well as not, as those who took the pains to trace the card, invariably agreed as to its position, and found, upon his displaying the face, that they were always right. Still he challenged them with so bold a face, to bet five hundred dollars on the card, that they all declined.

Nothing discouraged, he shuffled his cards, and plied his arguments anew, displaying his volubility something after this fashion:

"Here, gentlemen, is the chance to make your fortunes, in this most discreet, reliable, honest, and easy to be seen through of all games. Please to bet on the jack! Which did you say was the jack, sir?" turning to a gentleman who was watching the cards very attentively. The gentleman indicated a card. "Of course it is," said he, as he gave the card a flip, and showed the face. "Why didn't you bet? You will perceive, gentlemen, that I shuffle these cards very fast, so fast, in

fact, that I cannot follow them with the eye, though that is no criterion for you, as I am a little near-sighted myself. Bet, gentlemen! he who has'n't the heart to bet, has'n't the heart to win. Faint heart never won fair lady. Who, gentlemen, can turn the jack?"

Nobody seemed inclined to venture at first, but finally a corpulent, dignified looking gentleman, whom I had remarked before, as possessing a very benevolent countenance, and who had been watching the cards attentively, offered to bet seventy-five dollars. His offer was immediately accepted, and he drew the amount in gold from a well filled purse, and, depositing it on the table, with many seeming misgivings as to the propriety of the act, turned over, with a nervous hand, the card upon which his eye was fixed. It was the eight spot. When he saw the face of the card, he made an impulsive movement toward the money, as though he would snatch it, but drew back, and saw he raked in with a sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of his heart, and tell of better resolutions for the future. His misfortune, however, only excited the zeal of those who stood around, as he had turned his card contrary to their advice, and lost, while the one they pointed out proved, as usual, to be the jack.

Encouraged by this circumstance, a tall, clerical looking gentleman in black, with a white cravat, ventured twenty-five dollars, and won. Seizing his money with a nervous grasp, he made for the open air with all speed, seemingly to cool off his excitement. The benevolent gentleman now risked fifty dollars, and won. A tall, young New Yorker, who was on his travels, and who looked as though he ought to have known the "ropes" better, staked fifty dollars, and lost it. An Iowa horse-dealer disposed of the proceeds of his last drove in the same way, and another personage, who thought he knew all about the game, made way with a hundred dollars and his gold watch. Various other bets were made, but nobody won, except the gent who sported the benevolent countenance, and him of the white cravat. But the mystery was soon solved, for, a short time after, the three worthies, the tonguy little man, the benevolent man, and the clerical one, might have been seen, *solus*, upon the hurricane deck, dividing their ill-gotten gains.

The poor Hawkeye, who had lost the price of the old mare he had just sold in Davenport, not only found himself sixty dollars out of pocket, but "dead broke," as he had laid down seventy instead of sixty dollars, in his excitement, the extra ten being all he had reserved to get home with, in case he happened to lose, which contingency, however, he did not in the least anticipate. Upon representing his case to the professional gentleman, however, that personage, without any fur-

ther questioning, drew a ten dollar bill from his pile, and tendered it to him, to his great delight. Then drawing out another ten, he addressed the crowd as follows: "Now then, gentlemen, money is like water to me. It comes easy, and goes easy. If there is any other one of you that is dead broke, got no money, elephant stepped on your pocket-book, here's a ten for you, and, as I never shall see you again, all the payment I ask, is, that when you find some poor devil in the same fix, just give it to him." No one seemed disposed to plead their poverty, however, and he pocketed the money, and left under flying colors.

It was not easy for those who were excited, and debating in their own minds, whether to bet or not, to mark the progress of the game, but to one who felt entirely disinterested, there was no difficulty in detecting the arts by which the gambler won the money when he wished, and lost at the proper time. At first the game was all fair and above board, and any one who had bet on the card which it was perfectly easy to trace, would have won; but there presently appeared upon the back of the jack, a dark spot, very small, but plainly visible, and which seemed, unaccountably, to escape the notice of the gambler, probably on account of his near-sightedness. This mark entirely diverted the attention of the crowd from the shuffling, and they only sought for the marked card, when he laid them down, to bet their money on it. But his keen eyes were searching their countenances in the meantime, and when he saw signs of a bet, he gave the cards a final shuffle, and the mark was to be found upon anything but the jack when he spread them out again. Of course the bettor, turning the marked card, lost his money. The trap was then set for the next customer, and sprung in like manner.

Leaving them to their ill-gotten gains, I betook myself again to the deck, to await the arrival of the boat at my destined stopping place, which was to be at one o'clock in the morning.

We glided silently and swiftly along through the darkness, the shores being indistinctly visible, and presenting only a dim outline of woods and hills. Occasionally an ascending boat would shoot suddenly into view from around a bend in the river, and, with a hoarse salute, come rushing on, and glance by with a roar from her whistle, and a blaze of light from her open furnace doors, soon disappearing around the next bend. Occasionally a variety would be added by the appearance of what is called in that country, a "Kick behind," which is a boat in all respects like other river boats, except that the engines and wheel are placed in the stern, the latter being a common paddle wheel, extending clear across the stern of the boat, which is square and straight up and

down. No wheel-house being used, the wheel is entirely visible, with a crank on each end, and the connecting rods running in to the engines, while no less than three rudders are required for steerage, the whole concern presenting very much the appearance of a leviathan wheelbarrow, going backwards.

These uncouth things, loaded down to the water's edge, and tugging like a draught horse at two or three "barges," as heavily loaded as themselves, slowly contend with the current, with an unceasing puff, puff, puff, and conquer, to the extent of about three miles an hour. The passengers meanwhile are seen sitting composedly on the guards, with their heels aloft, and cigars in their mouths, having apparently made up their minds that they are in for a six months trip at least, and to feel resigned accordingly.

The river boats differ from the lake boats in many particulars. They carry two engines, of the high pressure order, and of the very roughest construction, and the boilers are placed on deck. The lower guard is defended by no bulwark, except a rail about six inches high, thus affording every facility for any one to step or tumble off. They lack also the beautiful symmetry of proportion, and graceful sweep of curve, which characterizes those fine models which first class Lake boats present. They are built with flat bottoms and round bows, and never draw over two or three feet of water, and, in consequence of the great bulk above the surface, and light draught, they are entirely at the mercy of the winds, and a gale that only sets a sailor on his sea-legs, blows them fast ashore, and they have no choice but to stick in the mud till the weather abates. Take them altogether, they very much resemble the old "Constitution" and "De Witt Clinton," that were not thought to be "any great shakes," twenty years ago, on the lakes.

The boat arrived at my landing place about an hour after the appointed time, and, as she steamed away down the river, I found myself standing in the lee of a superannuated building that had once done duty as a warehouse, now left to the bats and owls. Around stretched an unbroken wilderness, the only signs of cultivation being a log cabin, with a small frame attached, whose owner indicated his capacity as landlord by a swinging sign-board, on which was inscribed the word "Inn," a device that I remembered in the illustrations of my juvenile picture books, but which I had never met with before in the reality. I succeeded by dint of hard labor, in carrying my baggage to the door; nor were my troubles then ended, for I had great difficulty in carrying my point with the drowsy landlord. After a long time, however, he presented himself, in the person of an exceedingly shabby Frenchman, and in bad humor, growling out that he had no room for me.

## A CRITIQUE

## ON TRAVELS, TRAVELEES AND THEIR READERS.

Entertain no fears of monotony or of surfeit from the multiplication of travels.. True, a traveler may be a blockhead as well—may be dull and prosy, may be wanting in observation, in judgment, or in description, and thus fail to interest and instruct.

Leaving all such out of the account, we say again, entertain no fears of monotony or of surfeit. Even the few, who think themselves as familiar with the institutions, manners and customs of a country, as with the lessons of childhood, are often taken aback by the recitals of the last traveler. The truth is, while they have been dozing, the spirit of improvement has been abroad, waking up the nations from the slumber of ages, and working out changes upon which they lift up their eyes with surprise, as from a Rip Van Winkle nap.

But this is not all, nor half. Such a field of investigation—who can enter it without bewilderment? Literally innumerable are the objects which throng upon the traveler's attention in foreign lands. If he be a man of purpose, he will select a few of the most congenial, on which to bestow his regards. It is quite possible, that, of the scores of tourists who may be threading the thoroughfares of a country at the same time, no two of them will be engrossed by the same objects *mainly*, and if some single object should perchance command the attention of them all alike, the chances are, *greatly*, that each one would view it in a different light; and, indeed, this is as much a matter of course, as that each has his own peculiar idiosyncrasy. And hence it results, not only that the objects which share the attention of different travelers, but that the *casts of thought*, which the *same* object impresses upon their minds individually, are very likely to be as diversified as the colors of the kaleidoscope.

For instance, there is the *philosophic* traveler, who dives deep, and brings up "goodly pearls," and the *superficial* traveler, who plays with the bubbles on the surface—the *utilitarian* traveler, with his everlasting *cui bono*, (what good ?) and the *latitudinarian* traveler, who dashes off his descriptions as indifferently as his pen sheds the ink—the *husky* traveler, who gives you the shell without the kernel, and the *piquant* traveler, who gives you the kernel without the shell—the *phlegmatic* traveler, who leaves feeling to children, and the *sentimental* traveler, who is put into raptures at every turn—the *ensorious* traveler, who sees little to commend, and the *amiable* traveler, who sees

nothing to condemn—the *incredulous* traveler, who believes nothing, and the *credulous* traveler, who believes everything—the *sublimated* traveler, who is above you, and the *plodding* traveler who is beneath you—the *egotistic* traveler who disgusts you, the *frivolous* traveler, who vexes you, and the *common sense* traveler, who edifies and instructs you.

And yet, we have scarcely begun the classification. And in each of these almost innumerable general classes, there are divisions and subdivisions, running out into diversifications so minute, as to exhibit each individual traveler isolated and alone, having, as it respects others, more points of difference than of resemblance. And, as the tree produces its kind, so does the tourist.

It is quite too much to expect of the traveler, that, in becoming such, he will put off the man, and put on the angel. His strong points and his weak points are stamped into his very being, and travel with him, prompting his tongue when he speaks, and his pen when he writes.

It need not take one long to learn the weak points of a traveler, for he will be sure to show himself. The very excitement of travel, like an exhilarating gas, will bring him out, and make him as garrulous as a bullfinch. If you follow him closely, you will soon discover all his leanings, this way and that, and, if you are a man of sense, you can right him, here and there, as you go along.

But, however subject the narrations of travelers may be to these little deductions, and however diverse from each other, it may fairly enough be supposed, that they record what is honestly conceived to be the truth, nay, what is *actually the truth*, with these little discounts. And, if each one records new and different truth, or the same truth under a different aspect, and thus serves up a fresh repast, he may well enough be forgiven the slight deviations to which his weaknesses expose him.

Undoubtedly one tourist may store his pages with vastly more truth than another, and truth too, vastly more important—or, it may *seem* so to you, while to another the very reverse may seem to be the fact. Is it true then, that there is as radical a difference in readers, as in tourists themselves—that readers too have their weaknesses? Verily, so it would seem, for they need as much indulgence from each other, and from the tourist himself, as the latter does from them; but this is a positive blessing, and all together should rejoice in these “diversities of gifts,” if there be but “the same spirit” of truth and of mutual forbearance to temper them. They are the spice of travel.


## A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

Those to whom this our first Number is sent, without being ordered, are friends upon whom we rely with confidence, to co-operate with these already in the field, in getting up clubs, and we doubt not they will do it, *either personally or by proxy*. The premiums we offer, may be regarded as liberal, the lowest consisting in a copy of the work for every eight subscribers. Thus every one is secured against the loss of his time, with a chance for something better.

The encouragement we have already received, has stamped permanence upon the work, and we have made our arrangements accordingly. We rejoice in being able to send out this assurance with our first number. But, that we may graduate the extent of our edition for the year, our friends will greatly oblige us by making their first remittance of names at their earliest convenience, with an estimate of the *additional* number they will probably be able to send. In so doing, they may save us a great deal of trouble and expense.

We have adopted the advance pay system, from the deeply wrought conviction, that it is best both for subscriber and publisher—best for the subscriber, because he gets the work a hundred per cent the cheaper for it—and best for the publisher, because he gets his money, and gets it too when he needs it. Under the old credit system, the prompt pay subscriber does what is equivalent to footing the bill of his delinquent neighbor. There are *Magazines* no larger than our own, and no better got up, whose subscription price is two dollars a year. This very low figure in price, is based, of course, upon the assurance of a large subscription. And now, if you like it, will you not send back to us in return that most pleasant of all responses to editors and publishers, a list of names, with the appropriate accompaniment? If we have contributed any thing to your enjoyment, the least you can do is to wish us "*a Happy new year*," in this substantial form.

If any are destitute of a Prospectus, they will find one upon the cover, and, what is better, they have the work itself. There will doubtless be here and there one, who will want a very short indulgence, and agents willing to take the responsibility on themselves, will of course send their names.

 The size of our page is larger than we contemplated when we issued our prospectus. A volume of twelve numbers will contain more matter, all original, than *three* ordinary sized one dollar books. Of the *value of its contents*, as compared with the trio, we leave the reader to judge. The paper we use, is the best that can be procured in the state at this time.

As will be seen, competitors for premiums, have all the time they ask. Names are coming in apace.

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## NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, D. D.

### CHAPTER II.

*Lancaster,—Carlisle,—Appearance of the Country,—Coal and Iron region,—Interview with a Civil Engineer,—Paisley; lesson at a Horse Race,—Glasgow; its Cathedral; its Necropolis; its Houses, and its Brigot Street:*

*August 25th.* The next town of note was Lancaster, situated in the midst of a country remarkable in picturesque appearance, rolling character of the land, and rich productive soil, resembling Lancaster, Pennsylvania. East of the town so called, a large, old church stands upon the top of a sloping hill, with grave-yard in front, rising as it were in terraces, and making a fine appearance. The town itself lies chiefly on the sides of two hills, and in the valley between. The country northeast of Lancaster is very fertile and beautiful. Penrith lies east of Lancaster, and is a town of some note. Upon the summit of a hill to the south of the road, are the ruins of Arnold Castle, bearing that name. The country, as you approach Carlisle, spreads out into a wider valley, and the hills bounding it become bolder, and more distinctly rising like mountains, whose curvilinear summits can be traced to a great distance. The intervening land is not so hilly, nor the hills so picturesque, as near Lancaster; but, nevertheless, very beautiful, and resembling much the appearance of Cumberland valley in Pennsylvania, in the vicinity of the town of Carlisle. The houses in Lancaster are mostly built of brick—those in Carlisle of stone, and both are quite compact—in these respects resembling their American imitations. Soon after this we entered Scotland, passing by the famous Gretna Green, so well known for its accommodation for runaway matches. England and Scotland are here divided by a small stream.

The hills rise more precipitously and loftily, as you travel north, and the valleys contract in width, sometimes becoming ravines. There are no trees upon the sides and summits of the hills; but where they

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are too rough and rugged for cultivation, the heather is found in great abundance. It was in full bloom as I passed, and the light purple hue it gave the moor, was particularly pleasant to the eye. The grouse, so much thought of in Scotland, live upon it, and are found in places in great numbers. From this time, for two months to come, the sportsmen will be busy in pursuit of it. In England the sporting season does not commence till the first proximo.

The road led through an extensive coal and iron region. After it became dark, the lights of numerous furnaces near the road and farther removed, frequently illuminated our way. Much of the railroad iron shipped to the United States, I was told, was manufactured in this region. The furnaces are constructed very differently from ours, in which the oar is fluxed by the aid of ignited charcoal. They are made after the fashion of the common glass furnaces, and are often strung along in rows or streets, in great numbers, and are tapped as the pots fill. The coal is coked before being put with the ore into the furnace, and the smoke created, in their vicinity, is so dense and black as sensibly to affect the atmosphere.

A very intelligent gentleman, who I learned was a civil engineer, and who traveled with me to Glasgow, gave me much information concerning various matters in England and Scotland. He inquired with deep interest and curiosity, about many things in the United States, when he learned I was from there. He resides in Glasgow, and had been up to London for a two-fold purpose: one was to effect a consolidation of the railroad interests, in order to render them more generally and equally lucrative. At present the railroad companies are warring among themselves, and notwithstanding their high rates of toll, the best of them, it is said, divide no more than from three to four per cent, and some do no more than pay the interest due to bondholders. He was anxious also to effect an arrangement with the continental railroads, which would turn the current of European emigration, by way of Glasgow through Scotland, and prevent the formation of companies and the building of steam vessels for a direct communication between Marseilles and the United States. In speaking on the difference between the religious influence and systems of England and Scotland, he said, there was far more of the democratic spirit in Scotland, and less of respect for clerical authority. The English clergy, he remarked, somehow succeeded in making the young people of their charges, respect them much more than did the Scottish ministry. He had *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in his portfolio, which he had read with deep interest, and felt curious to know the name and character of the author, and what effect it had produced in the United States, particularly at the South.

I reached Glasgow a little after ten o'clock at night, and took lodgings at the Queen's Hotel, on George Square. The kind care of Providence has preserved from all accidents or anything unpleasant.

*August 26th* I was quite disappointed to-day, in calling at the office of the friend I had come to visit, to find that he was out of town, as were also all others whom I had hoped to see. It is the period when all who can get away, are disposed to take a little recreation and visit the different watering places. The day was clear and fine, and seeing an omnibus bearing the advertisement, "6d to Paisley," I thought I would enter it, but it was filled with people inside and out. Having passed some distance forward, I met another standing near the depot. I mounted on top, and it was soon laden to the utmost. Presently I found myself in the midst of merry Scotchmen, full of fun and frolic, on their way to the races. They managed to call up a traveling fiddler, and kept him twanging and scraping his strings, playing jigs and glees, all the way. Three boys of different size, started to run with the omnibus, and by the excitement of the occasion and cheers of the passengers, and as I found at last, the expectation of reward, they actually kept up with the vehicle the whole distance of seven miles. I pitied the poor fallows, who were all glowing with heat; but they seemed quite pleased, when the coppers collected from the passengers for the fiddler and the racers, were distributed. The road was lined with carriages of all sorts, and foot passengers in great numbers, going to "the races." It seemed to be a scene and season of general excitement. I regretted for a moment that I had entered the coach; but the scenery and dwellings, every where appearing, were so beautiful, that I became absorbed in beholding the rich panorama that passed before my view. The omnibus drove through the town, and a mile beyond it, where, with twenty or thirty others, I was landed on the race ground. There had been a race an hour before, and another was expected in a short time. At first I felt quite sad, and reproached myself for an instant in yielding to the impulse to go to Paisley, without knowing what was to be done. But it occurred to me, you will see Scotia in her frolics; pass through the crowds, look, hear, and study the developments of character you may witness, and then withdraw before the races re-commence. I did so.

The ground was covered with booths, wagons, carts of various descriptions, scaffoldings to let for the easier view of the races, and crowds of people. There were fruits dragged around in hand-carts, and carts with donkies, which I find are quite common, both here and in Liverpool. All sorts of cries were to be heard—"haufe a jug o' gooseberries for a haubee; a poond o' pears for twa pence, or haufe a poond

for a penny"—and similar noisy advertisements. The Scotch dialect sounded pleasant to my ears and quite familiar. Every where I saw resemblances in person, feature and expression of countenance, to people I had often seen, making me to start, and inwardly think I have surely met this one and the other before. The same thing I had also noticed in Liverpool, but it was only one of those strong facts which seem to show, that there are varieties of families and forms, and peculiarities of feature, propagated from generation to generation in the same races, proving the same general and remarkable agreement, which the face of society presents in the parent country and in our own. The same names and faces, and personal forms, continually meeting me, I can scarcely feel that I am in a foreign land. I suppose there was drinking in the booths, for I saw crowds in and around, where, as I guessed, by the bottles, they were retailing intoxicating liquors. I did not enter or approach them, but took a turn or two among the scattered crowds. I was pleased, however, to be able to say, that I saw not one person intoxicated until I was returning into the town, where I met a poor woman holding on to the arm of her husband, as I supposed, and trying to prevent him from going forward, but he would look smilingly at her, and putting her arm under his own, pull her forward till she would step before him, and try to intercept his way. My heart sickened at the sight of this domestic wretchedness. Alas! what a curse upon man, and especially the poor man, is intoxicating drink! The drinking I see in this country, prevalent among all sorts of people, fills me with surprise. In all the hotels, wines of various sorts, and brandy, are constantly called for by every one, whether he sits down to a table by himself, or with two or three acquaintances. The poorer classes indulge in ale and beer, and yet, withal, I have not seen anything of the staggering, wallowing intoxication, which I have so often witnessed in Detroit, and other cities in the United States, among the low and degraded. It would relieve the working classes here greatly, if they would give up their ale and beer, and other liquors, which their moderate wages cannot well enable them to obtain. I saw no broils, heard no railery, nor witnessed any angry or uproarious proceedings. The races, I understood, were conducted by certain of the gentry, who were trying the speed of the creatures they had themselves bred, and which they were offering for sale at hours advertised. None were allowed to enter their horses for the race but those who had actually bred and owned them. This was given to me as an excuse, if not partial justification, of the whole procedure, by a gentleman afterward, with whom I conversed, and to whom I made my objections against the whole thing. "As for betting," said

be, "men will do that at any and every opportunity; you cannot help it." The loss of time and laborious industry, the unshipping of daily habits of application, the wild excitement, the waste of money, and the increase and power of temptations, &c., however, are a sufficient condemnation, and far more than counterbalance any gain to be had from the improvement of the breed of horses. I tarried on the ground some ten or fifteen minutes, and then took a cab for the town, before the second heat of the races commenced. Paisley is an old and rather dirty looking town. Like all others, both in this country and England, that I have yet seen, there are no trees planted on the streets before the houses. Occasionally, some may be seen in the yards, which are very small, or in the parks or small enclosures in the centre of their crescents, or along the margins of their terraces. Even the farm-houses are almost unprotected from the sun by trees. But perhaps they are not needed, for he does not here seem to pour down his scalding beams, with the fierceness; and melting power, he often does in the United States.

The rail road, as it enters Paisley and passes through it, runs nearly on a level with the roofs of the houses, the town lying on the margin of the River Clyde, and the sides of the adjacent hills. An immense and lofty bridge forms a viaduct for the cars, not only through the town, but over the river; and affords a fine opportunity for looking over the whole place. You purchase your ticket below, and ascend a long flight of stairs which brings you up to the station, the streets passing under the road, and the lofty archways by which it is sustained. The jail towers up from the stream, on one side, immediately adjoining the station, and the court house on the other. The houses are nearly all built of stone, and covered with tiles the color of burnt brick. Some of the low and more ancient cottages are covered with roofs of thatched straw. Coal universally is burned, which renders the danger of fire less. As I returned in the cars, I mused on all I had seen, and thought how easily an incident, of a perfectly innocent or indifferent nature, might be maliciously perverted to the injury of any man's reputation, whatever might be his character. "How would it sound," thought I, "and what malignant use might enemies make of it, were the illnated slanderer but to state the simple fact, that almost the first thing I did, upon getting into Scotland, was to go to the Paisley race course." Not a few of my fellow-countrymen, ministers of the gospel, have in this way, been severely slandered and seriously abused.

*August 27th.* Spent the morning in visiting the Cathedral and Necropolis, which latter is on the side of a steep and lofty hill, while that of Liverpool lies deep in an excavated hollow. The cathedral ded-

icated to the memory of St. Mungo—the old monk that planted himself down first on the spot where it is erected, and drew the wondering and superstitious around him, attracted by the fame of his piety—is one of the few ancient places of idolatrous worship, which escaped the destroying hand of the Scottish reformers. It is situated on a sloping hill on the west side of a deep ravine, and consists of a nave and a choir, with transepts, and aisles, and a crypt of ancient structure. The choir only is used as a place of worship. On asking the man that led me through it, if there was an organ in it, he quickly replied, “Nae, nae, it is the established kirk worships here; we ha’ nae organs—there was one once, but it was destroyed.” In the aisles of the choir I noticed some tombs and entablatures, and also in the crypt. That which mainly attracted my attention was the tomb and entablatures of Archbishop Law, bearing date A. D. 1642, with the following Latin inscription:—

Sat vixi quia non corpus  
Sine pectore vixi  
Mi curae Christus reli,  
Glo que fuit.

and the aphorisms:—

Omnibus calcondæ via est mortalibus  
atque  
Calcat eam Christi sub duce salvus erit.

The inscription on the main entablature was so much injured, and defaced by violence and blows, as to be illegible.

In the centre of the main crypt, beneath the choir, is the tomb of St. Mungo, which is a slab or two, elevated above the floor, on the centre of which lies the sculptured figure of the saint, with mutilated head; and from the four-ends, arise, at a little distance from it, four columns, representing arches; centering in the main arch, and forming a canopy of stone work.

This Cathedral has no extended transepts, but only the nave and aisles, north and south, interrupted by lofty windows adjoining the choir, on either side of which are gates and steps leading down to the crypt. Attached to the northeast corner of the building is a chapel, called the ladies chapel, and another to the east end of the main building.

Leaving the Cathedral and the slabs covering the ground around it, I passed, by a massy bridge, to the eastern and precipitous side, which has been appropriated as a place of interment, and is called the Necropolis, or city of the dead. The hill is very high and steep; walks are cut out, and wind up its side in terraces, the intermediate spaces being appropriated for vaults, tombs, and graves. I observed but from four to six feet in breadth was all the space allotted to a family, and that it is customary, at every interment, to take up the body last buried, and

deposit the newly dead in its place, the more ancient being given its place toward the top. The stones stand in lines almost touching each other, and forming and resembling an irregular sort of walls, or fences. On the very summit of the hill, and rising above the comb of the roof of the Cathedral opposite, are placed the statue and monument, erected at public expense, to the memory of John Knox, and the reformers, Hamilton, Kennedy, Geo. Wishart, Knox's instructor, and others. This monument, raised in honor of the reformation in Scotland, bears record of its chief facts and interesting dates, is in good taste, and speaks well for the Protestantism of Glasgow. A massy column springs up to a considerable height, from a heavy pedestal, and on the top of the column stands the statue of Knox, looking down, as it were, upon the Cathedral on the other side. Near to this monument, and on the brow of the hill, is another, and quite massy, erected to the memory of McGavin, the author of "The Protestant," an anti-Catholic publication, and not far from it a gorgeous mausoleum, which some rich man has erected for himself, being in form of a temple.

The houses in Glasgow are generally built of a very fine kind of freestone, a quarry of which adjoins the cemetery. In the newer parts of the city, streets are laid out in the form of crescents, with an enclosure cultivated, or tastefully planted with trees in the middle. Sometimes the one side of a street rises up rapidly, and stands upon a terrace, while the slope to the lower side, is planted with trees and shrubbery. There has been an observance of symmetry, and of architectural design and taste, in the construction of ranges of houses, for private residence or renting, so as to assume the appearance of different palaces. Different stories are appropriated, also, as different dwellings, there being a common flight of stairs immediately on entering the door from the street. A parlor, dining-room, two or more chambers, a hall, a kitchen, a water-closet, and all the conveniences necessary, will be found conveniently arranged, all on the same floor, and rented as a separate dwelling to each family. They are all called "flats," and the entrance-way "closets." Habitations, stately and convenient, are thus afforded, and at moderately cheap rents, there being, counting basement stories, sometimes four and five different "flats," or as many different domicils. If the door of the "close" is shut, you ring the bell, over whose knob is the name of the person you wish to see, when presently it is answered by a sound within, being the removal of the bolt or bar, which is accomplished by a servant from above, by means of appliances on each "flat."

The balance of the day I spent with the friends I had hoped to see, and who, having returned, received me very cordially. After dinner,

about 7 o'clock p. m., Mr. Brydon took me to see, as he said, "parts of the city which a stranger would not be likely to visit." He led me through a street called "Brigot street," properly bridge gate, the word "gate" being understood by the Scotch as the equivalent for road or way. It lies on both sides of the river, is crooked, narrow, and dirty; and leads, on one side, from the Cathedral to the bridge, and on the other, to where the ancient Bishop had built his palace. Originally it was the way along which he rode to the Cathedral; and the first bridge was built by him. Antiquated, low-storied houses, with gable ends, and old fashioned adornments, were pointed out, in one or two other places, as the dwellings of the ancient nobility. The houses on this street are upwards of one hundred years old, built of stone, with low stories, and the "flats" are crammed with the poorer classes of the people. There being no yards, and no place to retire to, but the street, the inhabitants throng the latter—men, women and children, standing or walking about, and filling the whole of the narrow way. "Here," said my guide, "are many who know not where they will sleep to night, or get their next meal." The women seemed to abound, and none of them had any bonnet or covering on their heads, nor shoes or stockings on their feet. Policemen, at different distances, were to be seen quietly standing or moving amongst them, and all seemed in good humor, to be pursuing their own way, or loitering about. Groups of girls passed along—but in all my walks I saw no one drunk, nor heard any noisy outbreak; nor witnessed any tokens of wrath and quarrelling; nor heard any lascivious or lewd or profane remarks, (which Mr B. said was quite remarkable); nor witnessed any rude behavior; nor was accosted by any beggar, or, otherwise, by any man woman or child. The most disgusting thing I saw (but in perfect keeping with the surrounding filth,) was of a girl about fifteen, combing her head, as she stood in the middle of the street, with a fine tooth comb, and seeking with murderous thumb to rid it of annoying inhabitants.

The ancient bridge has been replaced by a new one. The town of Glasgow contains many very fine houses. They are built of stone, with walls very thick, full eighteen inches, and sometimes more. Like Liverpool, its chimneys are all topped and manned with crocks and funnels, one to each separate flue. The city is full of stir and business; its shipping extensive; its harbor good, the tide below the bridge rising and falling six to seven feet; and factories of various sorts sending up, through their tall chimneys, in every direction, immense columns of smoke. There is here one of the tallest chimneys I ever saw, and said to be the tallest in the world. It seems to ascend almost to the clouds. It is attached to some chemical establishment, whose owner was often

indited for a nuisance, by reason of offensive odors and unhealthy exhalations, producing sickness occasionally around amongst the neighbors, which his operations disengaged. The tall chimney was erected to carry them off, and I was told, that at a distance in the interior, the health of the inhabitants is perilled by the vapors that are wafted from the summit.

#### CHAPTER IV.

*Edinburgh,—The Old and New Town,—The Castle,—John Knox's House,—Attending Church,—Dr. Guthrie,—Dr. Candlish,—Various Celebrities,—York; its Minister,—Sheffield,—Process of making Steel,—The home and the tomb of Shakspeare:*

*August 28th.* Left Glasgow for Edinburgh, at 9 A. M., and reached there about 11 30 A. M. The country is very beautiful, and covered with a plenteous harvest. Visited Mrs. Duncan, the mother of Mary Lundie Duncan, and was much pleased with her spirit and conversation. She is the friend of my friend and fellow student, Rev. Mr. Mathias Bruen, long since deceased. I observed both his bust and portrait in her parlor. The letters I had received from him, while in this land, had early made me acquainted with her excellent character. In the evening I went in pursuit of a brother of one of my people. My way to his dwelling, led me across the north bridge, into High street, and into the older part of the city. The west, and north-west end of the city are very splendid, the streets being built after the manner of the west end of Glasgow, but more beautiful. The stone used in building, is a sandstone of fine texture, resembling the Oolitic rocks of England, that crop out between London and Bristol, and are admirably fitted for building purposes. They can be easily got out of the quarry, in whatever size they may be wanted; are so soft, at first, as to be easily cut with a knife, and chiseled into shape, or sawed with a common cross-cut saw, but when exposed, become harder and harder with age. Between the old and new cites of the city, there is a deep ravine, in which the Rail road runs, and over which bridges are thrown. The castle stands on one side of it, upon a rocky, lofty, precipitous bluff, impossible to be climbed upon three sides of it. A spacious esplanade spreads itself out on the top of the hill, at the head of High street, which evidently thence took its name. From the deep ravine, on the north side of the hill, rise rows of dark old stone houses, seven, eight and nine stories high, looking in one direction on the terrace on which stand the Bank of Scotland, and the Free Church College. These houses extend, on the crown of the hill, over to High street, where they are three, four, and five stories. In the same way, the habitations descend down on the south side of this street, and of the hill. High street runs grad-



ually along down the top of the ridge, from the Castle to its eastern terminus. John Knox's house stands some distance down High street, where it suddenly contracts. It juts out into the street, and narrows it by nearly its own width. It is a small, very ancient looking, low ceiling, two or three storied house, with attic gables, very steep, each higher story projecting into the street over the immediate lower one, and gives it a very uncouth appearance. Its windows are small, with very diminutive panes of glass leaded together. It is occupied by tobaccoists and other small dealers. On the corner of the house, looking directly up High street, is a small piece of stone sculpture, representing Knox in the attitude of preaching the word. It is placed on the lower part of the second story, on the projecting corner. The house is shabby looking, and is sustained partly by a new Church, which has recently been erected immediately east of it. The Scotch show not the desire to preserve it, that the English do the house of Shakespeare. It forms a very important point, and is commonly referred to, for the purpose of directing the stranger his way, in that part of the city. I passed it on my way to Plaisance street, and here again, as at Glasgow on Saturday night, I was brought, about an hour before dark, among the poor and more degraded population of Scotland. It corresponded exactly with what I had observed in the former place. From all that I saw, however, I cannot but think that my old friend and fellow student, the Rev. A. McClelland, D. D., who recently, in a letter published in the Dutch Intelligencer, in New York, abusing the Scotch greatly, as drunken, besotted, and more degraded and wretched than the slaves in the United States, has too highly wrought the picture. I inquired of a young laboring man, poorly clad, who was idly standing on the corner, about which others thronged, in passing and re-passing, where John Knox's house was. He pointed me forward to the projecting house, at some distance, and said, "there it is; ye can see it weal, but ye shud gang and see Charley's monument, on the hill back there." I thanked him for his information, when he good-humoredly smiled, and as I started from him, gave me two or three taps of his hand on my back, in testimony of his good will.

*August 29th.* This day I heard Drs. Guthrie and Candlish preach; and was very much pleased and edified with both. I was pleased with Dr. McNeile, but much more with them. The Sabbath is well observed in Edinburgh. The hours of worship were 11 A. M., and 2 P. M., precisely as among the Presbyterians, of Scotch-Irish extraction, in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. I had thought of going, in the evening, to hear a man of the name of Mennohie, who has been an Irish Roman priest, and having turned Protestant, is laboring for the reform and education

of the children of Irish Catholics. My good friend seemed to think I would not be pleased with his manner and ways; said the good people of Edinburgh began to doubt his piety and reliableness, and that the Free Presbyterians who had sustained him, were becoming suspicious; that, however he may have been, like Ronge, converted from Romanism, he has not been soundly converted to Christ. At the close of this precious Sabbath, which has been to me indeed a "feast of fat things," my heart glows with love to the Evangelical Christians and people of this goodly city.

At eleven o'clock I went to hear Dr. Guthrie in St. John's Free Church. The services had commenced before I reached the place of worship, and I found the doors, and passages for entrance, all crowded. It was during the introductory prayer that I arrived at the door. The crowd remained outside, silent, attentive, and uncovered. None attempted to enter till it was concluded, showing great respect to the solemnity of this act of worship, and the devotional feelings of others. After it was concluded, I pressed my way into the house along with the throng. Through the politeness of a lady, who saw me standing in the densely crowded aisle, I was bidden to a seat she managed to get for me, in the pew by which I stood. When the movement, produced by the entrance of so many persons had subsided, the Dr. read the scriptures. The congregation then sung, and the sermon followed, after which there was singing again, another prayer, then a fourth song of praise, and the benediction. The personal appearance of the speaker was somewhat awkward; his features are good. His forehead is high and of strongly marked intellectual bearing. His hair not yet touched with gray, is rather of a sandy color, and his countenance full of animation and expression. His figure is rather tall and portly, but probably rendered more so to the eye of the beholder, by the gown that hung loosely from his shoulders, and the long white bands that fell from his neck upon his breast. His manner is vehement, and his gesticulation indicated to me somewhat of nervous excitability. His discourse abounded with poetic imagery, and was rich in illustrations. Many of them were quite pictorially presented; all glowed with poetic fire, and some were exceedingly brilliant. His discourse was mainly addressed to Christians, or true believers in Jesus Christ, to whose experience, occasionally during its progress, appeals were made with great feeling and power. I felt that it did me great good as a Christian and a minister of Christ.

After the close of the service, about one o'clock I passed on my way to the Church of Dr. Candlish, who was to preach at two o'clock, and instead of returning to the hotel, entered the grounds of the West

Kirk, which lie at the foot of Castle Hill, and were on my way. The burial place appears to be quite ancient, and replete with mortal remains. Human bones, in small fragments, were to be seen occasionally, mingled with the sand and gravel in the walks. My attention to them was first attracted by a Scotchman, who remained during the interval, and along with a few others, in like manner were spending the time in examining the tombs. "Och! och!" exclaimed he, as he stirred a few pieces of broken bone with his cane, which he saw lying in the walk—"it is nae weel done to hae sic things in sight. They shud nae leave them abourve ground." He seemed to be quite offended and horrified at the prospect. The monument raised to the memory of the Rev. David Dickson, D. D., former pastor of the church, is a large piece of marble attached to the one side of the basement story of the tower, looking down one of the principal walks or ways of approach to the church. It is of white marble, and contains, as large as life, and in high basso relievo, the figure of the venerable pastor in his clerical robes and white bands, apparently in his walks among his parishioners; his hand is laid upon a little child, as though he were invoking a blessing upon it, while others, young and old, are crowding around to greet him. He died in July, 1842, after having been forty years pastor of the church. Honorable and affectionate testimony is borne to his memory as a faithful pastor, kind friend, and worthy citizen.

On the inner side of the tower, and on the same wall which supports the entablature to the memory of Dr. Dickson, is another, commemorative of the celebrated mathematician, John Napier, the inventor of logarithmic arithmetic, and of the instrument called "Napier's bones," by which the multiplication and division of large numbers is greatly expedited. The epitaph is in Latin, which, remembering my youthful regard for the distinguished scholar, when I first learned the nature and value of logarithms in various branches of mathematical science, I was induced to copy.

Having spent half an hour nearly in the grounds of the West Kirk, I passed a short distance forward from its gate of entrance, to the church of Dr. Candlish. It seemed as if the entire population had devoted themselves to the observance of the Sabbath. Every house was quiet in the city. No noise of carts, carriages, or people walking the streets. Those in motion were silently wending their way to the places of worship. The religious services are generally confined to the morning and afternoon. It was grateful to me to see the afternoon of Sabbath so well observed. The practice, in many cities, of substituting night preaching for an afternoon service, I fear has contributed no little to Sabbath desecration. There are very few night

services in Edinburgh. The evenings of Sabbath are spent by the families of the pious and serious class of people in catechising their households and instructing their children in divine things. The observance of the day is strongly marked.

Dr. Candlish's church was well filled. Half an hour before two o'clock the people began to gather. It was obvious there were many strangers, but the house was not so thronged as that of Dr. Guthrie's at 11 A. M. The Dr. entered the church punctually at the hour, preceded by the sexton, or beadle, who bore the bible in his hands, and placed it in the pulpit. He, too, wore a loose gown, which, however, did not conceal his natural awkwardness. His person is small—his movements are rapid—his appearance as if he labored from embarrassment, but his whole manner and spirit gave abundant evidence of humble fervor and deep sincerity. He, too, was quite uncouth and awkward in his delivery, but the richness of his matter, and the regular flow of profound thought, uttered with solemn earnestness, as if the speaker was impressed with his solemn accountability to God, and anxiety to benefit his fellow men, made you very soon lose sight of whatever seemed outre or ungainly in his manner. His discourse was logical, deeply spiritual, and thoroughly experimental. I enjoyed it much, and felt greatly refreshed by it. From its tenor I should judge that there had been in his congregation more than ordinary interest on the subject of religion. In the language of many in the United States, so fond of technics and cant phrases, offensive to persons of correct and refined taste, it would have been pronounced a "revival sermon." And however surprising it might be thought by those prejudiced against Millenarianism, as it is called—who invariably indicate that they have not studied the subject with sufficient care and discrimination to know what are the real sentiments they condemn—the discourse evinced that the speaker's mind had been fully imbued with the faith and hope of the coming and kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

In the religious services of this day, in the quiet Sabbath as here, externally at least, so exemplarily sanctified, and in the few hours passed in christian converse with the excellent friend of my early and greatly beloved friend, removed in the midst of his usefulness and days from this world of toil and conflict, I have been greatly refreshed. I am fully repaid for my hasty visit to Edinburgh, and hope, if spared to return from my journey through Egypt and Palestine, to repeat it before sailing for the United States, when I shall have more time to enjoy it, and to become acquainted with gentlemen here to whom I have letters of introduction. I have felt much more at home in Scot-

land than in England. I love the people and their institutions. Every thing wore an aspect more like that of my own country, which, in the spirit of its institutions, in its appreciation of the bible and the great principles of the reformation, and in its hostility to the despotic sway of priestly and despotic tyrants, owes much to the influence of the early emigrants from Scotland and the north of Ireland, who, understanding well, nobly contended for, the rights of conscience, the freedom of personal judgment in matters of religious faith and practice, and the obligations of direct individual responsibility to God, under the illumination of the Scriptures for their exercise, in which things consist the very elements of all true and permanent civil and ecclesiastical freedom.

My time has not permitted me to do much in the way of seeing the curiosities, &c., of the place, except during a few walks I took on Saturday. I visited the impregnable castle, but not the royal palace—the Free Church College, built in Elizabethan style, resembling a jail; the Bank of Scotland, on the brow of the hill, a heavy piece of architecture; and the ancient Church of St. Giles, the largest in the city, 161 feet high, surmounted by an imperial crown of open arched stone work, in the centre of which is a chime, or set of musical bells, played every day, except Sunday, from 12 to 1 o'clock. I regretted that I had not time to visit the "ragged schools," in getting up which Dr. Guthrie has taken such a prominent and active part, and of which I learned many very interesting particulars from Mrs. Duncan. How I wish that similar schools could be established in all our large cities in the United States, especially where the poorer classes of the people have not the benefit of the free district school system, so admirably conducted and successfully prosecuted in Detroit. How slow are governments and communities, and even the masses of philanthropic persons, in learning that it is easier, cheaper and better in every way, to prevent than to cure or punish evil.

*August 29th.* Left Edinburgh this A. M. at 10.15. Arrived at York about 7 1-2 o'clock P. M., having passed through Berwick, Tweedborough, Newcastle, and places of inferior note and name. It was in the middle of harvest. The crops seemed abundant, and the country, in East Lothian, especially, exceedingly fertile, and a fine agricultural region.

*August 30th.* Before breakfast this A. M. visited York Minster—got admission to the Cathedral and examined it extensively. The organ is at the one side of the transept, between the naves and the choir, and the largest pipes are 3 1-2 feet square, said to be the heav-

iest in the kingdom.\* The interior is in a very pure state of preservation. The statues of the kings are well executed—that of Henry V. was removed because the people began to worship it, and a modern sculpture has been substituted for it. Met a man near the Cathedral, well and neatly dressed, who said he had belonged to the corps of surveyors connected with the railroad engineers, but that since the completion of the railroads there was nothing to do. He had saved £160 and put it into the hands of some one, whom he named to me, who had died, soon after, intestate. His estate having gone into chancery, he found it impossible to obtain his own, so that he was now destitute, without employment, and had not means to take him to London, nor even to obtain his breakfast. He was looking around to see if he could find means of meeting the wants of the day. I gave him wherewith to satisfy his hunger, which seemed both to surprise and affect him, not having begged, nor given any indications of being intemperate. York has very narrow streets, and presents an aspect of great antiquity.†

The road to Sheffield passed through a very fertile and beautiful region. The Queen this day was on her way to Scotland, and passed, two hours previous, by one of the stations where I stopped.‡ I arrived at Sheffield about 1 o'clock and remained until 4 P. M., having learned that the gentleman I had come to see, had withdrawn from business and retired to Worcester. Mr. Vickers, to whom I introduced myself, of the firm of Naylor, Vickers & Co., of which my friend was formerly a partner, was very polite, and conducted me through their extensive steel works, called "Mill Road," where I saw all the processes, first of decarbonizing the steel, which is put into furnaces and heated for seven or eight days to a red heat, in charcoal—then transferred to furnaces for fluxing it, from which it is taken and poured into forms for ingots, thence to the forge for hammering it into bars, thence to the rolling mills for spreading it into plates, and finally to the machinery for drawing it out into bars and rolls of various dimensions. Leaving Sheffield, I arrived at London about 9 1-2 A. M.

\* It contains 80 stops and 800 ptes, cost £10,000 sterling, near about, and is said to be the largest in the world. It is the gift of "the late Right Hon. and Rev. John Lumley Saville, Earl of Beaulieu." Its pipes are bronzed, and its case is of gold, simply carved.

† The east windows, which have been called "the wonder of the world," both for masonry and painting, contain representations of so much of holy writ that it takes in nearly the whole of Bible history.

‡ It was in the second century, one of the chief Roman stations. There the Emperor Severus died, who had marched against the Caledonians, the brave people whom Rome could never subdue. Here, too, died the Emperor Constantine, and for the city is claimed the honor of having given birth to his son, the Emperor Constantine the Great, but the supposition has been successfully disputed by Gibbon.

§ Crowds of people had assembled, at different points, to get a sight at "Her Majesty" the Queen, who was on her way to Scotland. I was much amused to hear the conversation of many in the cars on the subject. "Did you see the Queen?" asked one lady, with much animation, of another. "No, but I saw the car in which she was," responded the other, with great excitement, and in such tone as to show that she was quite satisfied at the thought of having been so nearly successful in her effort.

*September 1st.* This day was spent in attending to various matters of preparation for my journey.

*Sept. 2d.* Visited the American Ambassador, Hon. Abbot Lawrence, who received and treated me as a friend rather than as a stranger.

*Sept. 3d.* Visited Bath, Bristol and Northampton. I found at both the latter places the persons whom I had hoped to have seen were absent. Arrived at Worcester a little after dark, and reached, about 9 1-4 P. M., the house of my friend whom I had expected to meet at Sheffield. He received and entertained me with the greatest cordiality, and the season of our intercourse, though short, will ever be remembered.

*Sept. 4th.* Passed from Worcester to Eversham by railroad, and thence, by stage, to Stratford-upon-Avon, where I arrived in time to-day to visit the early home of Shakspeare, the school house, the town house, and to see the portraits of the great poet and of Garrick, in the latter.

*Sept. 5th.* This Sabbath I have rested at Stratford-upon-Avon, and attended Trinity Church, A. M. and P. M.; heard in the morning a discourse from Gal. vi. 11—"As we have an opportunity let us do good unto all," &c. The discourse was delivered by a Mr. Twelve, the curate, the rector being absent; but there were three besides the former, that aided in reading prayers: one, a Mr. Davis, said to be a man of wealth, quite a young man. The rector is a Mr. Hardin, of a family of note in the neighborhood. The sermon was a good one, and which I rejoiced was preached to so large a congregation. A stranger preached in the afternoon, a pretty good and somewhat Evangelical discourse. Here I saw the tombstone, immediately outside of the chancel, that overlies the remains of Shakspeare, bearing his own quaint epitaph, and nothing else:

Good friends, for Jesus' sake, forbear  
To dig the dust that lieth here:  
Blest be the man that spares THESE stones,  
And curst be he that moves my bones.\*

On the wall is a bust of Shakspeare, in marble—said to be the best extant, and taken from a caste after death, enclosed in an alcove formed by an arch resting on pillars in front of an entablature, and the pillars on an appropriate pedestal, all of the same material. Spent a very calm, interesting and delightful Sabbath, profitable by its rest, as well for body as for soul.

\*A useless blessing and a worthless curse, indicating more of a superstitious overweening selfishness, than trust in Jesus Christ, in whose hands alone our ashes remain safe, and by faith in whose promise alone we can have any hope of their reviviscence. The epitaph of his son-in-law, simply relating the fact that he died "expecting" the kingdom of God, spoke more to the sincerity of his religion, and the scriptural character of his hope, than the great dramatist's. The tombstones of his wife, and those of his son-in-law and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, with Shakspeare's own, form part of the floor of the area in front of the chancel, and are laid side by side like flags in a pavement. The communicants, on their way to the railing of the chancel, pass over them on communion occasions.

## LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS.

BY WARREN ISHAM.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Overflow of the Nile—more about the causes of it—no rain in Egypt—carried over—falls upon Abyssinia, then brought back by the Nile—bed of the river rising—water wheels for elevating water of the Nile—process of irrigation—Scripture illustration.*

Pardon me, if I pause to dwell a little longer upon this wonderful phenomenon, the overflow of the Nile, as regular in its annual recurrence, as the revolving seasons, and equally the product of an adequate cause. All attempts of travelers to solve the mystery, by penetrating to the sources of this mighty river, have hitherto failed. All agree, however, in attributing it to the rains which fall periodically upon the elevated portion of the country, away toward the equator.

I left the reader searching into the causes which tend to concentrate the watery vapour of the atmosphere over that tropic region, there to be disgorged, to come pouring down the valley of the Nile, transforming it into what seems a far-reaching arm of the sea. Certain it is, that no portion of this watery vapor, or no more than a sprinkling of it at most, is distilled from the clouds upon Egypt, and the legitimate conclusion is, that if any neighboring, or distant country, has received double, treble, or quadruple its fair proportion, it has been drawn, in part at least, from the country which has been left dry. A child might thus infer, that the portion of which Egypt has been bereft, has been wafted onward, to swell the torrents which have drenched and flooded the mountains of Abyssinia.

And thus, he who "sendeth rain upon the just and upon the unjust," *appears* to have made Egypt an exception, but it is *only* in appearance, for what other country is so blessed? From what other country are the rains of heaven drawn away, to be returned laden with so precious a burden? From a distance of more than two thousand miles they return, not only to water the thirsty earth, and gladden the heart of man and beast, but to bring along with them, and deposit exactly in the right spot, those elements of fertility, which, in other countries, are supplied at vast labor and expense—at the same time leaving the soil in a fit condition to receive the seed, without the labor of preparation, which is indispensable in every other section of the globe.

It is recorded, that, in ancient times, the rains having failed one sea-

B.



son in that torrid region, an envoy was despatched with tidings of the fact to the inhabitants of Egypt, that they might be prepared for a deficient harvest, and that the usual overflow failed accordingly.

From the fact that the banks of the Nile are constantly rising by the accessions they receive from year to year, it may be apprehended, that, in time, they will rise so high as to form barriers, which cannot be overflowed. A little consideration, however, will relieve us from any such apprehension. It is true, there is a greater depth of deposit immediately upon the banks than further back, there being less and less as the overflowing waters recede, and consequently that there is a descent from each bank outward, the deposit upon the outer edges of the valley scarcely exceeding half a foot in depth; while, upon the river bank, it is from ten to thirty and forty feet in depth. But then, it is to be considered, that the river bottom is rising in the same ratio, by deposit from the stream within its banks, so that, however elevated the banks may become, the river bottom will be elevated in a corresponding degree, and thus an annual overflow be perpetuated. And besides, there is a constant choking up at the mouths, by which the river is thrown back. A great portion of the Delta is supposed, with good reason, to have been thus raised from the sea.

But there are places too elevated to receive the benefit of the annual overflow, and to irrigate these, and for other purposes, the numerous water wheels, which have struck me with such picturesque effect, upon this my first trip, are kept in constant play upon each bank. This machine is a very simple affair, being operated by a sweep which is drawn round and round by a blinded ox, the water being raised by an endless chain, or series of revolving buckets, which dip as they descend, and empty themselves as they ascend, into a trough which conducts off the water into the field. It is rough made, as though by a boy with an axe and augur; but to see numbers of these large, bucketed wheels, in operation at the same time, on either hand, lifting and pouring, lifting and pouring, as fast as one bucket can follow another, was to me an interesting novelty.

The water is conducted, in raised channels, into the field, the main channels sending off branches here and there, and these again spreading into endless ramifications, so that every ten or twelve feet square of ground is surrounded by rills, and into these little squares the tiny streams are turned as they flow along, and turned off again when sufficient moisture is imparted. The facility with which the laborer turns the flowing current, this way or that, is supposed to illustrate the passage in Proverbs: "The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers (streams) of water, and he turneth it whithersoever he will."

## BEAUTY AND DEFORMITY.

### CHAPTER VII.

*Entrance into Cairo,—The Acacia and the Sycamore of the Scriptures contrasted.—Streets and Shops; the din in the former; how it differs from that to which the American ear is accustomed.*

Two miles back from the river, east, at the foot of the mountains of Mokattam, stands the renowned city of Cairo, and thither we were driven over a way raised high above the reach of the annual deluge, and lined, on either hand, with acacia trees.

Passing the city gate, we entered the great square of Cairo, covered with trees and shrubbery rejoicing in their winter glories. The tree which principally adorns this beautiful place, canopying with its pendulous foliage the entire circular way around it, is one of the most beautiful varieties of the acacia, rising to a height of sixty or seventy feet, and so spacious of top and dense of leaf, as entirely to shut out the rays of the sun, furnishing a delightful promenade by its refreshing shade.

And, as though to set off its beauties by contrast, that most deformed of all the trees of the wood, the sycamore of the Scriptures, rears up its gnarled trunk and scraggy top in near proximity. The body of an old sycamore resembles, in external appearance, a granite rock, as nearly as anything else; while its top looks as though, in its efforts to throw out its branches, it had met with some antagonistic force which cramped them prodigiously. But the top is admirably adjusted to the body, which latter is very large, and rises but a few feet from the ground, so that, however deformed, both trunk and top, it must be admitted to have the beauty of fitness and proportion of parts. Its leaves and small branches have the appearance of being set to their places by a hurricane, and the body looks as though it had breasted whole volleys of thunderbolts.

This is the beauty spot of Cairo. Looking out upon it, and in near proximity to this delightful promenade, stand the principal hotels, English and French.

Away from this charming spot, I found little in Cairo to please the eye or interest the heart. In the entire metropolis, (of two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants,) I found but one street wide enough for a carriage way, and that is less than a rod in width. So narrow are the streets generally, that the windows of the houses (which stand out two or three feet from the walls) project past each other from opposite sides, there not being room for them to project directly opposite each other.

The direct light of the sun is thus shut out, and the street below doomed to twilight at noonday. This to us would appear hideous, and

present an aspect of gloom quite forbidding. But here, it is delightful, a real luxury, as affording protection from the still greater evils of heat and dust. Often have I passed from beneath the burning rays of the sun into these streets, even in winter, to enjoy their refreshing coolness. I have also found them an effectual protection against the clouds of dust which at times come sweeping in from the desert, darkening the air, and "turning the sun into blood." I have found in them as quiet, serene, and pure an atmosphere as usual, when, upon the great square above spoken of, there was a perfect commotion in the elements, and such a haze in the atmosphere, that you could see but a few feet before you, no one venturing out without a veil to protect the organs of respiration. Such a blast, however, occurred but once during the three winter months I was in Egypt. Generally the atmosphere was on the opposite extreme, clear and serene, bland and exhilarating.

I said I found but one street wide enough for a carriage way. It is the only one I have found wide enough to let in the sun, and to obviate the exposure, a covering is thrown over from one side of it to the other, upon the tops of the houses, there being apertures in it occasionally to let in the light. And thus, what would seem to us a rank deformity, puts on an aspect of comeliness here, associated as it is with ideas of comfort and enjoyment.

The shops, too, are as great an oddity as the streets, being in fact mere holes in the wall. Ranged along on each side of the business streets, are open places in the walls of the houses, from three to eight feet square, and these are the shops, which, in the aggregate, make up the *bazaars*. The platform, or floor, is elevated about two and a half feet from the ground, and upon this the merchant sits squat like a tailor, with a pipe about four feet long in his mouth, his goods all being within arm's length around him. Without moving from his position, he lazily reaches down his goods for inspection, as though it were a most irksome task, and gives you his lowest price very gravely, but is often glad to get the one half of it, repeatedly calling you back and trying you at a lower figure. If the trade goes off, well; but if not, he very complacently reaches back his goods to the shelf, and again he is fuming away at his pipe; and when its contents are exhausted, if no customers appear, he yields to the soft influences he has inspired, curls down upon his pillow, kept near him for the purpose, and drops to sleep. It is no uncommon spectacle to hear these enterprising merchants snoring upon their pillows, while the shops close by are driving a brisk business. In the streets of lesser note, the shop-keeper stands upon the bare ground, having little more than room enough to turn in his pen. It should be observed, however, that each shop is limited to

the sale of a particular article, or a particular kind of goods, and of course, with a rather scanty supply even of that, but little room is required. A single store in one of our large towns, could make as great a show of goods as a whole street of these paltry shops.

Another oddity here is, that in so large a city, the streets should be entirely unpaved. This, also, which would be an intolerable evil with us, is negatively a great blessing here. Indeed, pavements would be a positive nuisance, there being neither rains to make mud, nor wheels, to any extent, to make ruts, nor streets even to admit wheels. The ground is dry, hard and smooth, the year round, there being neither dust nor rattling pavements to annoy.

There is, however, a still greater annoyance here than rattling pavements. In an American, or European city, the noises which stun the ear, arise from the clatter of iron-bound hoofs, and the rattling of carriage wheels. Here, too, the ear is equally stunned, but by a very different medley of noises—that of human voices. I have no means of knowing which would prevail, the clatter and rattling of iron upon our pavements, or the noises poured forth from the throats of this people, if the twain were commingled in the same street; but my impression is, that the latter only would be heard at all. So choleric is the temperament of this people, or perhaps I should say so *sanguine*, that they cannot discourse long upon the commonest topic, without getting upon a high and boisterous key.

And besides, there is such a throat-splitting, ear-grating jangle in the very sounds of the Arabic language, as to contribute very materially to the general effect. It is really distressing to hear some of the letters in the Arabic alphabet pronounced, so frightful are the guttural intonations. One letter, for instance, can only be properly spoken by means of sounds very much like those of a person choking to death, while another is uttered by sounds as much like the bleating of a goat as anything else. And these horrid gutturals, of course, pass into the language, and fall painfully upon the unaccustomed ear. I can hear the gabble of the Frenchman, the German, the Italian, or the Spaniard, without wincing, but when the Arab opens his mouth, I want to stop both ears and run away.

I would here remark, however, that in attempting to learn the language, one must be on the alert, or he will learn anything but the Arabic, especially if he accepts a dragoman as an instructor. His suspicions will be immediately aroused, that your object is to play the dragoman for yourself, and the rascal will so instruct you, as to make you appear ridiculous, when you come to use the words he has put in your mouth.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*A walk about Town,—Wonderful Fleetness and endurance of Couriers,—Dirt Carts, how they craze one,—The Crow in a new dress,—The Dogs,—The Boo Hoo Hoo—The Muzzins,—The Street Preacher.*

Not only the loud jargon of human voices, but a great variety of other startling noises fall upon the ear in passing the streets of Cairo.

*Crack! crack! crack!* goes the whip, like a revolver, and now what a scrambling to clear the way! A courier, a courier, is coming upon the full run, on foot, before the carriage of a grandee, or a person of note on horse back, cracking his enormous whip as he runs, to give warning to the moving masses of men, women and children, camels, mules and donkeys, with which the narrow carriage-way is thronged, when instantly they part to the right and left, and away goes the carriage, or the horseman, at full speed.

I was never more surprised, than to see a way thus cleared for a number of carriages, right through acres of men standing thick together, assembled to witness the performance of a miracle at a Moslem festival. The courier advanced with a crack of the whip at every jump, the crowd retired like the waves of the sea, he passed without slackening his speed, and a whole train of carriages after him upon the full trot. In the general scramble and upsetting, a large number were crowded back and precipitated into a deep fosse, filling it brim full.

At night, there is a touch of sublimity added to the spectacle, there being two couriers threading their way in advance of the carriages, one of whom bears on high a lighted torch.

It is wonderful with what ease and agility these men will bound over the ground by the hour together, followed by carriages or horsemen under such speed, and not seem to tire. This is but another instance of the amazing strength, and power of endurance of these people.

*Creak! creak! creak!* squeak the wheels, a noise more horrible than the braying of a thousand asses. Look yonder—those things you see, are called dirt carts. There are a dozen of them in a string, moving to their own music, the axletrees being so worn that the wheels wobble here and there, making tracks like a serpent, and in the operation grinding out noises that fairly make you crawl. In structure, they are as rough and awkward, as though hacked out by a boy for pastime.

I asked an Englishman resident there, why they did not grease them, if it were only to stop the horrid noise—to which he replied, "*that is Arab character exactly.*" and added, that nothing could be more irk-

some to an Arab, than to be obliged to do anything regularly, tidily and systematically. One would suppose, that if anything could goad them up to it, such noises would, for they are enough to throw one into spasms. These carts, and a few pleasure carriages, are all the wheeled vehicles I have seen in Egypt.

*Caw! caw! caw!* shouts the crow, whose familiar accents are heard in these streets through the live-long day. The birds of Egypt, for the most part, take up their abodes in the cities and villages, on account, I suppose, of there being so few attractions elsewhere, such a destitution of groves, and so much desert. And prominent among them is the crow, but it dresses in regimentals here, and I did not know it until it spoke. While its head, wings and tail are a coal black, as with us, its entire body is a perfect dove color, making it quite a fancy bird. It is not always a fine dress, however, that denotes purity and elevation of character. Imposing as is the costume of the crow here, I found it engaged in rather a low business. It is the office-work of the crow, vulture and the buzzard, and some other birds, to clean the streets of putrid substances, and it was in this capacity of city scavenger, that I found it employed. Birds of this class enjoy special immunity, it being a crime here to destroy them.

Bow, wow, wow, goes the dog. The dogs here are as thick and saucy as at Alexandria, being of the same jackall breed. Here, however, multitudes of them are their own masters, and live amicably together in their own quarter of the city. In common with the crow, the vulture, and the buzzard, they share the honor of being the city scavengers, and as such are protected and cared for by the city government. The dog troughs in their own quarter, are kept filled with water at the public expense, in consideration of their public services.

Boo, hoo, hoo! is the blubbering cry of the man, the boy, or the woman, as the case may be, under the blows inflicted in the street. It is amazing to what extent the practice of personal beating is carried here. Every one seems to enjoy the luxury of flogging his inferiors, and it is wonderful how the poor creatures will stand and bear it. I have seen them kicked and pounded, until my blood ran cold, and they would neither resist, nor try to escape, but only bawl. I saw a man inflict severe blows, with a large cane-stalk, upon the bare arms of a woman, and those arms clasping a child, and that in a public high-way. She sobbed and cried like the baby she held, but the brute only struck her the harder.

But hark! What noises are those as of voices from mid-heaven? They proceed from the throats of the Muezzins, who are crying aloud

from the galleries of the minarets, hundreds of them lifting up their voices at the same instant, in different parts of the city, to notify the people to come to prayers. No such thing as a bell is ever allowed to perform that office. Projecting galleries are built around on the outside of the minarets, (slim, sixteen sided towers) high above the surrounding dwellings. Round and round the Muezzin walks, repeating as he goes, at the top of his voice, "God is most great, God is most great, there is no other Deity but God, and Mohammed is his apostle, come to prayers." If it be the morning call, he adds, "it is better to pray than to sleep."

These calls are repeated several times in the course of the day and evening, but they are totally unheeded by the mass of the people, the devout few only turning aside to perform their devotions.

And what are those boisterous tones, guttural ejaculations, and shrill pipings, which send a shuddering through your soul? They proceed from the speaking organs of a street preacher, who is denouncing the woes of heaven against the infidels. You see him mounted on a rostrum, with a crowd gathered around him, beating the air most vehemently, while his writhings and contortions are frightful.

A most tragical instance of this kind of fanaticism was related to me by an old European resident, as having transpired at the time the cholera prevailed here a few years ago. That dreadful disease was raging fearfully, carrying off great numbers of the population, and when it was at its worst, an old Mohammedan, who was venerated for his sanctity, mounted a charger, and, riding back and forth through the streets, cried aloud, proclaiming the judgments of heaven against the infidels. He assured them that the cholera was commissioned to sweep them all off, unless they renounced christianity, and joined the faithful, at the same time boasting his own invulnerability. He had no fear of the cholera coming near him, for he was shielded by the panoply of heaven. He was followed through the streets by crowds of Mussulmen, who were struck with awe at his words, and who seemed to think, that the closer they gathered around him, the safer they were. The next day, he was seized with the cholera and died.

This is but a solitary instance of the fanaticism which develops itself in the devotees of the great Impostor; and it is a spirit which would make Christian blood to flow like rivers, if it had the power. No thanks to this exterminating spirit for the immunities and protection which Christian tourists enjoy in traversing these countries! It is only from fear, fear of the more powerful governments of christendom, that they are thus restrained, and not from the nobler impulses of humanity or religion.

## CHAPTER IX.

*The different quarters of the City—the death-like stillness of the city—the Jews' quarter is noted for filth—The public and private baths—a bit of experience in taking the bath—annual jubilee, tragical scene.*

The city is divided into quarters, the Arabs having their quarter, the Turks theirs, the Jews theirs, the French theirs, the English theirs, the Greeks theirs, the Armenians theirs, the dogs theirs, &c., &c. At the entrance to each quarter is a huge gate, which is swung upon its ponderous hinges at eight in the evening, and closed for the night. Besides these, there are gates to various passage ways, through which alone communication can be had between the adjacent parts of the city, and which are closed at the same hour for the night, so that the inhabitants of each quarter, and each small sub-division of the city, are shut up close, at that early hour, for safe keeping until morning. And the law not only requires all to be in their quarters at eight, but at their lodgings also at a certain hour (I think not later than ten,) when all is silent as the tomb, save when the stillness is broken by the braying of an ass, or the howling of a dog.

The Jews' quarter here, as every where else, is pre-eminent for filth, insomuch, that when there are apprehensions of the cholera, the first question asked is, "whether it has broken out in the Jews' quarter?" And yet to them no spot on earth seems so beautiful, except Jerusalem. I suppose there is a peculiar sacredness about it, in their eyes, as the residence of God's chosen people, and that thus strength and sanctity are given to their local attachments.

A most extraordinary instance of this otherwise unaccountable partiality for their own filthy quarter, has been related to me here. A young Jewess had been sent by her wealthy father, for a temporary sojourn, to New York, and received much attention. While there, she remarked, in conversation, that New York was a great and beautiful city, "but O!" she added, with a deep drawn sigh, "the Jews' quarter in Cairo is not here."

The other quarters are clean only by contrast, that is, they are not as filthy as the Jews' quarter, but as clean as such a set of scavengers as I have described, aided by some little random help from individuals interested, can make them.

In strange contrast to this general neglect of the streets, stand the numerous public and private baths, as though personal cleanliness were a virtue in high esteem among the people. The truth is, that bathing is required by the Koran as an indispensable pre-requisite to worship, and of course must be performed before the mosque is entered. By the few devoted ones, it is practiced punctiliously.



But frequent bathing here is as much required by the christian's bible, as by the Mohammedan's Koran, for there is no other way possible, in which one can keep himself pure, not only from common filth, but from a still more annoying companionship, and one which of old was reckoned among the plagues of the land.

And taking the bath here is no child's play. Of the various stages to be gone through, however, in order to completeness, some are generally omitted, the more elaborate and painful process not being submitted to. But, having gone through the operation complete in all its parts, I can speak both understandingly and *feelingly* upon the subject.

I was first shown into an apartment intensely hot, and seated beside the baths, where, from the effects of the steam, I broke into a profuse perspiration. Hot water, *scrubbing* and *peeling*, came next, after which I was seized by the operator, who commenced wringing and wrenching my body, and cracking my joints, until it seemed as though every joint in me was cracked. If I had been in the folds of an anaconda, I should scarcely have been more frightfully cramped. This alarming process being over with, he fell to kneading my flesh as the housewife kneads the dough, so far as the nature of the case would admit, after which he attacked the soles of my feet with a rasp, made of burnt clay. I was now again required to plunge myself into one of the baths, and I rejoiced in this temporary deliverance from my tormentor. But my respite was short, for I was soon summoned back, and required to floor myself, and, in this prostrate condition, I was again seized, rubbed violently with soap and water, and scrubbed down O dear! with the rough fibrous pith of the palm tree, and then, after taking a cooler bath, was wiped gently with a towel. To crown the whole, I was kneaded and rasped a second time, when, after being revived by a cup of coffee, I was set at liberty, a renovated being, scarcely knowing whether I was in the body or out of the body.

Several of the public baths are appropriated to the exclusive use of women and children. The rich have private baths in their houses, but the women generally resort to the public ones for pastime. Those of different harems are thus brought together, and they spend their time in gossiping and match making, the mothers keeping a sharp lookout for young female candidates for matrimony suitable for their sons, and carrying on their negotiations with an adroitness and management equal to the occasion. It is an important pecuniary transaction.

To supply the water for these baths and for other purposes, there is a canal which traverses the city, and into which the water is let at the

time of each annual overflow, accompanied with most extraordinary demonstrations of joy. The daily rise of the Nile is exactly measured by a graduated pillar at the Island of Rhoda, called a Nilometer, and is proclaimed by criers every morning in the streets of Cairo. When it has risen to a sufficient height to be let into the canal, there is a general turn out of the inhabitants to witness the ceremony, and participate in the general jubilee. Some of the principal inhabitants have boats in readiness, filled with their friends, so that when the obstruction is removed, and the water rushes in, the boats may be drawn in with it, and be borne along with the rushing tide to the city, and thro' it, amid the deafening shouts of the multitude.

At the instant the water breaks through into the canal, the Prime Minister of the Pacha, seated on high, commences throwing handfuls of coin into the air to fall among the crowd, and then, the general rush and scramble, and upsetting, and trampling down of the weak by the strong—the frantic joy of some, and the woeful disappointment of others—this it is that constitutes the sport. And it were well if it ended here. It were well if the passion for the tragical could satiate itself upon the keen anguish of the disappointed ones. But no, it demands blood, and to gratify it, care is taken by this functionary, that some pieces of the coin shall fall into the rushing waters, to induce the poor creatures to plunge in after it, where they struggle with unavailing effort, in the midst of the deep and powerful current; and not a year passes, I am told, but he enjoys the luxury of seeing some of them drowned before his eyes, and laid corpses on the shore.

The reservoirs, little lakelets, &c., about the city being all filled before the falling of the waters, the canal is left high and dry until the next annual flood.

Such demonstrations of joy may seem puerile to us, and yet I doubt whether our people would behave with much more propriety under like circumstances. Even when we are afflicted with a drouth of only a few weeks continuance, and the earth only begins to be parched, what murmurings do we hear? What impatience, what anxiety is felt, and what longings for rain go forth? and when at last the precious drops fall from the clouds, what joy, what rapture thrills every heart?

But in Egypt there is one continued drouth from one inundation to another, the earth is parched and cracked, and everything is dried up (except where recourse is had to artificial irrigation) the very timbers, furniture, everything becomes warped and cracked. What anxiety, what longing must they have then for the returning flood tide, and when at last it comes, what wonder that it should be hailed with clappings and shoutings, and the sound of loud timbrels!

## CHAPTER X.

*Visit to the Citadel, where the Mamalukes were slaughtered—Sight of their Tombs in the Desert,—Who they were, what they did, and what they came to.*

As I was ascending to the citadel of Cairo, located in the rear of the town, upon a spur of the mountains of Mokattam, there opened upon my view, with startling effect, a cluster of domes, rising out of the desert, about two miles distant from the spot where I stood. It was "the city of the dead," the tombs of the Mamalukes, and the citadel I was approaching, is the memorable spot where the last of them were slaughtered by Mohammed Ali.

But who were the Mamalukes, and what had they done to deserve such a fate? I will pause to answer this question. They were successively the slaves, and the rulers of the country. In the lapse of some fourteen centuries, commencing with the seventh B. C., Egypt was overrun and conquered by the Babylonians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Saracens successively, and after some six centuries more, the latter were compelled to change places with their own slaves, the Mamalukes, who had been brought into the country from Circassia, in the previous reign, by Saladin the Great, because, as a usurper, he was afraid to trust the natives of the country about his person. And, for the same reason, the Mamalukes themselves, transported slaves from the same country, who also, at the end of a hundred and twenty years, took their turn, and became masters of the country.

While the throne became theirs, however, the Mamalukes, as beys of districts, still continued to govern the country, having things pretty much their own way, nor did the conquest of the country by the Turks, in the sixteenth century, displace them from power; and down to the final catastrophe which overwhelmed them in the citadel of Cairo, (within the memory of many of us,) they continued to bear unmitigated sway in their respective districts, being, in fact, independent despots, save that they were accountable to the Pacha for a given amount of annual revenue, which they promptly collected, and as promptly pocketed.

It was under their rapacious rule, that Egypt sank to its lowest state of debasement. As beys, they practiced the most wanton oppression upon the unresisting natives of the country. Matters had gone on from bad to worse, century after century, until it verily seemed, that the lowest depths to which a people could be reduced, had been reached. When Mohammed Ali came into power, at the beginning of the present century, he saw, at a glance, that there was neither hope

for himself or the country, while these petty tyrants retained their power, and he set himself resolutely to the task of supplanting them.

Attempts had before been made to abate the nuisance, one of which is worthy of notice. It was just at the time the British arms had triumphed over those of France in Egypt, and the beys had been won over to the British interest, that Hassan Pacha laid a plan for their destruction. He invited them to a sumptuous feast at Aboukir, and after the feast, he proposed an excursion to the bay of Aboukir, having provided pleasure boats for the purpose; to which they consented, and, to quiet all apprehension, he embarked with them himself. They had not proceeded far, however, before a cutter was observed, evidently making an effort to overtake them; upon which the Pacha suggested, that probably an envoy from the Sultan, with despatches, was on board, and, falling back until it came up, he transferred himself to its deck, receiving and opening what seemed to be the despatches he had anticipated. By this time the little fleet was far ahead, and, while the Pacha was lingering, as the beys supposed, to read his dispatches, they entered the bay of Aboukir, and before they were aware, found themselves in the midst of the Turkish fleet, which was in readiness to pour upon them a murderous fire. A great portion of them were thus slain in cold blood, and those who escaped were taken prisoners, and compelled to swear upon the Koran their allegiance to the Sultan, to the renunciation of all foreign influence.

This terrible blow, inflicted by Turkish treachery, was not without effect, and yet, upon the accession of Mohammed Ali to power in 1805, he found the country still suffering, apparently to as great an extent as ever, under the grinding oppression of Mameluke rule, and the beys were well aware, that he meditated their destruction. Joined with this purpose, Mohammed had little scruple as to the means he employed, semi-barbarian as he was.

These turbulent horse-men, knowing the hostility of Mohammed to their order, and, dreading his vengeance, had opposed his elevation to power; and, after his induction into office, they hovered about Cairo in a threatening attitude, as though meditating an attack. Nothing could have suited Mohammed better, and lest they should not carry out their design, he intrigued with the Sheiks friendly to him, to encourage the beys to do so, with a view to lead them into a snare. They caught at the bait, and, as the gates were opened to let in some camels, they rushed in, and, dividing themselves into two bands, and, striking up their martial music, advanced, in the full expectation of an easy triumph—when, to their utter consternation, they were attacked from all quarters, both by the soldiers of Mohammed and the inhabi-

tants, and cut to pieces without mercy, the few who escaped being dragged forth from their hiding places and slaughtered. Eighty-three embalmed heads were sent as trophies to Constantinople.

But it was in 1811 that the crowning scene of horror was enacted, a scene which, for cold-blooded atrocity, has few parallels in history, resulting in the utter destruction of this hierarchy in Egypt—a most desirable end accomplished by means which make humanity shudder.

The favorite son of the Viceroy was to be invested with the honors of a Pacha of the second order, conferred by the Sultan; and apparently, as a mark of special friendship, he invited all the beys to be present, and participate in the festivities of the occasion. The unsuspecting beys appeared accordingly in their most imposing uniform, offered their congratulations upon the joyful event, and were received with great apparent cordiality, the viceroy sitting with them around the festive board, conversing and making merry as with friends, when at the same time, he had murderous intentions in his heart.

After refreshment had been served, the procession was formed, with the troops of the Pacha at the head, for the purpose of making their exit from the citadel, and, just as they were passing along a deep cut in the rock, the gates were closed upon them behind, and with the troops before them, they were completely shut in, and in this situation, they were attacked by the soldiers of the Pacha, stationed for the purpose, and slaughtered without mercy. There lay, weltering in their own blood, no less than four hundred and seventy beys, besides their attendants, one only, (who had not come up in season to join the procession) having escaped by leaping his horse down a precipice and fleeing across the desert.

The few left in the country, were hunted out in their hiding places, and slain, and thus ended forever the long catalogue of their enormities. Another cargo of embalmed heads was sent in triumph to Constantinople, and now all Egypt lay prostrate beneath the iron reign of Mohammed.

Passing on to the citadel, my attention was attracted to the fatal chasm, where this tragedy was enacted. I extended my excursion to the imposing sepulchral monuments above spoken of, reared to the memory of the brave mountaineers who bore sway over the valley of the Nile for more than six hundred years.

These structures consist of domes, arched underneath, and resting upon massive columns at each corner, reared over each tomb, and, like all Mahomedan tombs, are of a snowy whiteness. Glittering in the sun, they must once have presented an imposing appearance.

## CHAPTER XI.

*Memorials of Mahommed Ali everywhere meet the eye—Who this remarkable man was—What he accomplished, and what the effect upon Egypt of his having lived.*

I often asked the question, who made this improvement, and who made that? *Mahommed Ali*, was the uniform reply. Traces of the genius and enterprise of Mahommed Ali are everywhere visible. But who was Mahommed Ali, and what did he do? I reply that this extraordinary man, the Napoleon of Egypt, was of Greek parentage, of humble position, and rose, by the simple force of his character, to the viceroyalty of Egypt, which dignity he attained in the year 1805.

Taking into consideration the degraded character of the people, it may well be conceived, how difficult and discouraging was the task which he set himself to accomplish, and which was no less than to elevate Egypt to a standing among the nations of the earth.

To this end, one of his first acts was to organize an army, and introduce European discipline and tactics, and this brought him into collision at once with the Mamaluke Beys, who saw plainly that, if he succeeded, their power was at an end. But he slaughtered them all at a blow, as I have described, and thus cleared the way before him.

He had received his appointment as Viceroy from the Sultan—upon him he made war, defeated his armies, carried his victorious arms into Syria, and terror to the very gates of Constantinople; and, but for the interposition of European despots, would have dictated terms to his master in his own palace. But, as it was, he secured the succession to his own family, with only a nominal dependence on Turkey. In other directions he extended his victories, and established his authority, along the entire Arabian coast of the Red Sea, from the Isthmus of Suez to the Straits of Babelmandel, and up the valley of the Nile to Sennaar, Darfur and Kardofan.

He adopted the military code of more civilized nations, partially abolished the bastinado by substituting incarceration and hard labor, and ordained, with the stamp of his foot, that no punishment should be inflicted without a regular trial, a commandment which he kept or violated at pleasure, but which not another functionary in the kingdom dared to disregard, but at the expense of his head.

Egypt had no navy, and no timber to make one, but he created one, notwithstanding, and when his new-built fleet was destroyed by Nelson, in the battle of Navarino, he replaced it with one still more powerful, consisting of nine ships of the line, and smaller vessels in proportion.

Equally intent was he upon the internal improvement of the coun-

try. To develop its agricultural resources, he dug numerous canals, some to facilitate transportation, and some to irrigate the lands; and among them the great ship canal of which I have spoken. He introduced the culture of the cotton plant, the sugar cane, and of the mulberry tree.

To encourage and develop these important branches of agriculture, and at the same time make the country independent of European nations, he established cotton and silk manufactories, and sugar refineries, and, with his cheap labor, was able to compete with his European competitors in their own markets, and even in the market of Calcutta.

He introduced a regular educational system, embracing all stages, from the primary school to the university, and the plan of instruction in the latter was far in advance of that of most institutions of the kind in more enlightened countries, for each student could pursue a course best adapted to fit him for his contemplated calling in life, whether military, naval, commercial, mercantile, mechanical, agricultural, or professional. To revive the science of medicine, to which no attention had been given for centuries in Egypt he caused some of the most celebrated European medical works to be translated into Arabic. And he not only established medical schools for the instruction of the ignorant, but hospitals for the relief of the suffering.

The different departments of government were conducted by councils appointed by himself.

Such is an outline of the gigantic schemes of reform which this wonderful man attempted, and actually set on foot, but the mainspring to the whole movement gave way at his death, and its place could not be supplied in Egypt, nor could competent men be found in the country to carry out his great designs in the various departments. Still Egypt is vastly the better for his having lived, and, could he have had successors as competent as himself, important results to the country must have followed.

But the darker shades of the picture are yet to be drawn. Of his butchery of the Mamalukes, with its accompanying extenuations and aggravations, I have already spoken. I have also said that he had no scruples in violating his own decrees, when a similar act would have imperilled the head of any subject, however exalted. His mandate that no punishment should be inflicted without a regular trial, was as a spider's web to him. Upon being informed, that a Jew broker had violated a regulation he had made in respect to coin, he said promptly, "let him be hanged," and the poor Jew paid the forfeit. He was not often, however, guilty of such enormities.

SKETCHES OF BORDER LIFE.

BY A CIVIL ENGINEER.

CHAPTER II.

*An Iowa hotel, beauty of the country, odd species of navigation, quilting party, Iowa ladies, superior advantages for female education, objects in view, a night alone on the prairie with the wolves, arrival at the camp, description of it, dinner, my companions.*

The reader left me standing at the door of an Iowa hotel, at one o'clock, of a dark night, in the midst of an almost unbroken forest, and suffering a rebuff from the merciless landlord, who had no room for me. But I was too old a campaigner to be put off in that way. I told him to give me the bar-room floor, and asked a buffalo skin which I saw lying by, for a bed. Upon this he climbed a ladder, and, making a stir among the snorers over head, soon summoned me up, by thrusting his head down, and crying out, *hurrah there!* I mounted the ladder after him, and soon deposited myself in the warm receptacle made vacant for my accommodation—not to sleep, (there were too many prompters to wakefulness for that) but to wear the night away in watching for the morning.

The breakfast table was honored with the presence of a lady, who seemed to think that she had been accustomed to better things, and, after condemning each dish in turn, and remarking upon every thing about the house, she left the breakfast to me. I made out my meal on bread and molasses, not a worse *bill of fare*, by any means, than I had often met with before at western taverns, and engaged a teamster to carry me into the country.

Our road lay for a time along the bank of the Mississippi, and in full view of that noble stream. It was a lovely morning, and all nature seemed alive with the beauty of the scene. The woods resounded with the songs of the feathered warblers, and the great river rolled silently and majestically on in resistless flow; the same mighty torrent that had chafed within its banks through all past ages, and changed, in none of its essentials, since the time when the solitary canoe of Father Marquette floated, for hundreds of miles, down its ever moving tide, without the sight of a human face; or when the visionary De Soto, seeking that El Dorado that ever gleamed in the eyes of Spanish Adventurers, found naught, except a lonely grave beneath its turbid waters. Now



the hum of civilization resounds upon its banks, and the merry song of the farmer's boy succeeds the war cry of the once powerful "Illinois." Involuntarily I exclaimed, "It is a glorious country." "I reckon it is, hoss, and they's heaps of right purty gals in it," said a voice, spoken right in my ear, and breaking in upon my reverie, reminding me for the thousandth time, that there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. It was the driver that expressed this sage opinion, and, doing him no injustice, it was the only lucid idea he seemed to have in regard to the natural advantages of his native state.

Turning suddenly from the river and passing through a belt of timber, we entered upon a fine section of country, embracing the bluffs of the Mississippi and Iowa rivers, some four or five miles above the confluence of those two streams. A fine succession of broken and prairie country presented itself, as we rode along, now buried in deep ravines, and then emerging upon the most beautiful stretches of prairie, covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, much of which was of such a height, that a man sitting on horseback could easily tie it in a knot over his head. We crossed the Iowa river by a species of navigation entirely new to me, and peculiar to the country, the ferry boat being propelled in this wise—a large rope was stretched across the river, about twenty feet above the water, upon which a sliding pulley was made to run the whole length. From this, a line was run through a pulley at one end of the boat, thence to the centre, where it passed two or three times around a windlass, then through a pulley at the other end, and back to the sliding pulley again. By turning the windlass at the centre, the boat was placed in an oblique position to the current, which, acting upon the side presented, speedily drove it across, a distance of some one hundred and fifty yards. The whole thing was so ingenious and worked so well, that it excited my admiration. I afterwards found it very common in the country.

Arrived at head quarters, I was informed that the party I was in quest of, was in the country, some ten miles to the westward. Having provided myself with some necessary articles, such as boots, and a pair of blankets, I engaged a passage with a farmer, accomplished that distance, and found that they had gone on, but no one knew whither.

I decided upon leaving my baggage at a farm house near by, and proceeding on foot, as there was no conveyance to be had at any price. Upon approaching the premises, I was notified by a confusion of sounds proceeding from the house, that something of an unusual nature was going on. The reader need not anticipate an adventure, however, for it was nothing more than the clatter of female tongues, but if he will imagine a "*conversazione*" of a hundred and fifty guinea hens, more or

less, seated in a row on a fence, and each individual guinea hen doing her best—he will find an adequate parallel to my quilting party, for it was nothing more or less than this favorite institution of the ladies; which is only “country parlance” for the “sewing circle,” of their city sisters, and which, I take it, means, to fabricate bibs and tuckers for the natives of “Borioboola Gha,” and eat all the good things that the hostess can furnish; pulling their neighbors to pieces in the mean time. This explanation resolved itself before my wondering eyes, as I walked through the front door into the best room, and found myself exposed to a battery of black, blue, grey, and all other manner of bright eyes; no enviable situation for a bashful young man. The assembly, however, fully verified the assertion of my “coachee” of the morning, that there were “heaps of right purty gals” in Iowa, and gave me an opportunity of judging for myself. Their rattling tongues became silent as the grave, the moment I entered, and remained so till I left; but the demure faces that were intent upon the quilting, showed plainly that they were not unaware of the scrutiny to which they were being subjected, as I stood in the door, conversing with the landlady, and were not altogether easy under it. Their curiosity was evidently excited, as they knew very well by my manner of speaking, dress, and, to them, queer looking instruments, that I was a stranger, and from afar. The shawl that I wore, after a fashion that had never been heard of in that country, attracted particular attention, which was manifested by sundry nudges of the elbow among themselves, but not an eye was raised, but was quickly dropped, as soon as it met mine.

Finding that it would be impossible to “scrape an acquaintance,” in which I was not disappointed however, as I knew from experience that border girls never will speak to a stranger, especially if he is young, any further than to say “yes,” or “no,” I turned to leave. As I expected, before I got half way to the gate, they were all at the open windows, making their observations in turn, and some remarks reached my ears, not very complimentary to masculine wearers of shawls. Determined to put a stop to this, I faced about, and raising my hand, with the finger pointing to them, commenced to count, with a motion of the hand at each word, the number of pretty noses that filled the two windows. I got no further than three, when all disappeared like a flash, but as I walked through the gate, a stick of wood came whizzing past my head.

This was my first introduction to Iowa ladies, but not the last; neither did I find them all disposed to throw clubs by way of introduction. Iowa is surpassed by no state, in the beauty, intelligence, and vivacity of its ladies, and is equalled by none in the facilities it affords for their

education and training in all the arts and sciences. She possesses the only female institution in the Union that is founded upon the broad basis of a University. In this institution provisions are made for the attainment of seventeen distinct professorships, and eighteen species of diplomas, ranging from the lowest to the highest; from the trades that are commonly considered as within woman's province, to the logical and esthetical sciences, combining also manual labor, by which those who choose to do so, can gain a superior education, at the same time, enjoying the healthful *physical* exercise which is essential to the mental and bodily comfort of the student. This institution is located at Davenport, on the Mississippi river, opposite Rock Island, and one hundred and eighty miles west of Chicago, under the title of "Davenport Female University." Another institution at the same place deserves particular notice, embracing as it does a course, intended to prepare young ladies for the active, *practical* duties of life, combining the mental, moral, and physical, and which must place the enterprising youngachelors of the East, who are seeking their fortunes in the West, under everlasting obligations for the good *wives* it will furnish them. I allude to the "Ladies' College," of Davenport. The I. O. of O. F. have under their immediate auspices a "Collegiate Institute" at Iowa City, designed for the free education of the indigent orphan daughters of the Order. There are also many other female institutions in the State, as at Bloomington, Keokuk, Mt. Vernon, and Mt. Pleasant. At the latter place the "High School and Female Academy" has an attendance of two hundred and forty-five students.

Asking the reader's pardon for the digression into which I have been led by a justifiable enthusiasm in favor of Iowa ladies, I will return to my story. Leaving my luggage to be examined at leisure by the fair bevy, and taking only a blanket with me, I traveled on afoot, for many a weary mile, enquiring by the way, and finding an occasional trace of those of whom I was in search. It was no easy matter to keep the track, as the prairie was entirely open, with the exception of now and then a house and small farm enclosed. Sometimes miles would be passed without any signs of human habitation. Occasionally a white object would attract my attention, miles away on the prairie, and I would imagine I had found the tents I was looking for, but a nearer approach, or the use of a powerful telescope, which I never was without, revealed the house of some settler, who, more ambitious than his neighbors, had given his domicile a coat of white paint. I was attracted in this way by one house from a distance, which I afterwards ascertained to be full eight miles, and yet it was distinctly to be seen with the naked eye, so clear is the atmosphere and unobstructed the vision, on the prairies.

There were, as yet, no signs of the object of my search. I had walked something like twenty miles since noon, and made my supper on a large water-melon, which I had appropriated out of thousands I had found in a cornfield, long since left behind, and my bed for the night, I saw spread in fine profusion, as far the eye could reach. I stood in no dread of my extemporaneous lodgings, however, as some years experience in prairie life had made me fully acquainted with the virtues of prairie grass, as a promoter of sleep. Drawing out my telescope, I adjusted the focus, and proceeded to examine the country once more, in search of some signs of civilization. There was a house or two within the range of the glass, but a long distance off, and not worth the labor of attaining, for the sake of sleeping in the garret, which is generally pretty much the same thing as the open air. A flock of turkey buzzards, circling slowly and majestically around, a covey of wild geese, that gabbled noisily to one another, as they clove the air on their way to some distant slough or water course, and an occasional raven, as he rushed by with a wild scream, were the only signs of life. As the sun sank from sight, I wrapped my blanket around me, and stretching myself upon the ground where I stood, I courted the sleep rendered welcome by the fatigues of the day. I was startled now and then from my first light slumbers by the sharp quick bark of the prairie wolf, as he emerged from his hole, and pattered away through the darkness; but slumber soon became too powerful for even this, and when I awoke, the sun was shining bright and warm. I had a faint recollection of something sniffing around me in the night, as though a prairie wolf had attempted a closer acquaintance, but a lusty kick had sent him scampering away, probably disappointed to find that I was not carrion, and I slept on undisturbed till morning.

My toilet was performed by running my fingers through my hair to clear it of prairie grass, morning ablutions were omitted for want of water, and breakfast for want of material. Picking up my blanket I resumed my journey, the main object in view being to procure a breakfast. This I found a few miles further on at a farm house, and laid in a good stock of pork, potatoes and bad coffee. From information that I recieved here, I concluded that I was somewhere in the neighborhood of the party, as the old lady said she had "heard a heap o' yellin'," and seen some fellers tarin' round on the prary "the day before, but she was entirely at a loss to know "what on arth they were up to." My suspicions were confirmed as I stood in the door ready to depart, by sounds that saluted my ears, apparently from a deep ravine a couple of miles to the westward. The wind was blowing gently towards me, and brought sounds with great distinctness, and if my ears deceived

me not, it was the good old tune of "Old Hundred," sung by many voices, and with full parts of treble, tenor, and bass. The thought crossed my mind that I had found those I was in search of, but then that solemn tune! I had heard many a song by railroaders, but I regret to say, none of that sort. Might it not be some band of pious emigrants from Indiana, or the Buckeye state, on their way to a home in Kansas or Oregon? Perhaps; but then it did not seem to have just the genuine ring about it, and now that I listened closer, I thought that I detected an occasional dash of "Uncle Ned" and "Jordan is a hard road to travel," as though some one had started off on an independent line. This, together with an order, given in a loud voice, which sounded very much like "Hold that flag plumb," decided me, and I made all speed for the spot.

My suspicions were soon confirmed by the sight of a number of men straggling down the ravine, bearing the familiar flag pole, chain and axe, and nearer by, the Transit and engineer in charge. These objects gave me a new life, and an itching of the fingers to get hold of the instruments, and be at it once more, as of old.

Approaching, I received a warm welcome, and directions to the camp, which was about two miles away. I remained a short time, to watch the proceedings, and scan the countenances of my future comrades, and then turned away in the direction of the camp.

The gleaming of the white tents, as they shone in the rays of a bright morning sun, attracted my attention, as I first left the party, and directed me to the camping ground, in the edge of a clump of timber that bordered the bed of a creek, at that time nearly dry, and the ravines connected with which, the party were then engaged in exploring.

This, like most of the creeks and rivers of Iowa, ran through a ravine, or succession of ravines, the bottom of which is from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty feet below the level of the general surface of the prairie. This descent is so gradual as to attract little notice from the casual observer; sloping, perhaps, the distance of from half a mile to a mile, each way, but is altogether too abrupt for railroad purposes, their maximum grade being from fifty to sixty feet to the mile.

This renders an accurate exploration of the country necessary, to find ravines and "breaks" through which the proper grade may be laid, and the main ravine crossed with the least expense in grading and bridging, and is attended, oftentimes with much labor and no little trouble.

Making my way through the undergrowth to the camping place, I entered one of the tents, and throwiug myself on the ground, soon

domesticated myself, and in the enjoyment of the cool breeze and grateful shade, found a pleasant contrast to the burning heat of the open prairies. A pile of watermelons caught my eye as I entered, and seizing one, I commenced operations upon it. Another, and another were demolished before I was fully satisfied, and at leisure to make a close examination of the surroundings. The cook, the sole occupant of the camp, expressed his opinion that I was "some" on watermelons, with the further invitation to "let in," as he knew the whereabouts of plenty more.

The camp consisted of two tents, one of which was enclosed all around, for sleeping, and another which answered the purpose of a kitchen, and was open at the ends. Suudry heaps of blankets, carpet sacks, old boots and hats, heaped in promiscuous confusion, composed the furniture of the first, while the latter was furnished with a small sheet-iron stove, a camp chest, provision box, and numerous jugs and bottles scattered around; a couple of half consumed hams, which were pendant from a tree outside, adding a practical effect to the picturesque, which had predominated in my mind during this brief survey. A couple of rifles, and three or four shot guns, hung in a rack, which was made by driving two small saplings into the ground, the branches of which were left the right length for pegs, being hung around also with powder flasks and shot bags. This, together with numerous coon, squirrel, and mink skins, stretched up to dry, and some half a dozen dogs, of all species, from the sturdy bull dog to the lithe and graceful grey or blood hound, gave the place the appearance of a hunting lodge.

The cook was busy in his tent, in the concoction of a squirrel pie, to which I anticipated doing full justice at dinner. Altogether, things had a very comfortable look, and gave a promise of a fine time and good living.

Meantime I laid back on the ground, and peering listlessly through the foliage at the sky and fleeting clouds, amused myself with queer fancies and novel anticipations, till my reveries were disturbed by the voice of the cook, summoning the party to dinner with a whoop that awakened the echoes, rung down the ravine, was caught up by nearest within hearing, and repeated by each straggler, till all had caught and answered the summons.

Soon they came panting in, with coats off, and shirts open in front, to catch the cool breeze, and glad to find a shade and a pile of deliciously cool watermelons to occupy their attention while dinner was being served. There were nine in all, including the teamster, who drove a pair of little rats of mules, that looked as though they were lost under the big dutch harness, and the Pennsylvania wagon, to which they were the "appurtenances."

In the course of the dinner, (during which I realized my anticipations in regard to the squirrel pie,) I found by remarking the accent, provincialisms, and twang of the different persons seated around the board, that the party consisted of a Kentuckian, two Missourians, two Virginians, two Yankees, and one or two New Yorkers. To those who are in the habit of observing closely the peculiarities of speech, and general manners and customs of the different states, such a mode of discriminating is comparatively easy. The peculiarities may be very slight, but they are sure to exist, and just as sure to show themselves sufficiently plain for detection, affording, sometimes, much food for speculation. Especially so is it in Iowa, the population of which is composed of all nations, and a fair representation of every state in the Union.

The Kentuckian, Fred, filled the responsible position of cook, and general factotum, and was a bragging, blustering sort of a fellow, with a good deal of talk and not much fight; very harmless and good tempered, if kept in the right place. He thought there was no place like "Lewyville," and had been present at the riots of that place, of which he told large yarns. He had, for a man of his stamp, a singular predilection for fine clothes, and generally cooked in broadcloth pants, fancy vest, and fine boots. His means of obtaining them was somewhat a matter of doubt, until some months after, when he left for Kentucky, and left also, about two hundred dollars of unpaid bills with credulous merchants whom he had managed to delude to that extent.

The Missourians, George and Jerry, were hard looking customers, evidently not endowed with any too much learning or good breeding. The two Virginians were droll fellows, whose principal amusements were, playing practical jokes upon one another, such as putting dead snakes into each other's boots, and tobacco cuds in the coffee. The younger, "Elim," a boy of about seventeen, was much the fastest talker, and generally kept the party in a roar with his original and droll remarks on everything that offered a fair mark, while his friend "Levi" wrought comparisons that would have disturbed the gravity of an anchorite. Of his propensities I saw a fair specimen as we rose from the table. He was an inveterate tobacco chewer, which quality availed him on this occasion to good advantage, and in a way that nobody but himself would ever have thought of. Jerry the Missourian, as I was informed, was a sort of half witted fellow, always doing and saying foolish things, when he was in good humor, and was exceedingly surly when the contrary was the case. Among other foolish practices, when he was inclined to be jocular, he had a way of bringing his physiog-

noisy in close proximity to the face of another person, and opening his mouth to its full capacity, (so capacious that Elim proposed advising the company to rent it for a depot,) he would utter a roar as stunning as a small earthquake. Levi thought it was a nuisance, and should be abated, and had made his arrangements accordingly. An opportunity presented itself on this occasion, and when Jerry's mouth was stretched to its widest capacity, in close proximity to his own, Levi suddenly emptied an enormous tobacco quid half way down his throat, which proved an effectual stopper to all further attempts at jocularly, and which, as he was not a chewer himself, did good service as an emetic. A roar followed from the company, but not a wrinkle disturbed the face of the incorrigible wag, who had perpetrated the joke.

The Yankees were Mr. Roberts, a staid, hard working farmer from the rock beds of New Hampshire, who was hunting land in Iowa, and who was the most valuable man in the party, and a young school-master by the name of Campbell, of a taciturn disposition, and unsocial manners. These, with the engineers already in charge, who were pleasant and well educated men, comprised the party of which I was become one.

As they betook themselves to their work again, I borrowed a gun and, followed by the whole troop of dogs, spent the afternoon among the squirrels, pigeons, and prairie chickens.

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## CRITIQUE ON TRAVELS, AND TRAVELERS.

BY WARREN ISHAM.

[CONTINUED.]

We have spoken of various classes of travelers, the philosophic and the superficial, the utilitarian and the latitudinarian, the husky and the piquant, the phlegmatic and the sentimental, the censorious and the amiable, the credulous and the incredulous, the sublimated and the plodding, the egotistic, the frivolous, and the common sense. We have also notified the reader, not only that the list may be greatly extended, but that each class is subject to division and subdivision, until each individual traveler finds himself standing alone, distinctly marked by his own peculiarities—peculiarities of observation, of thought, and of expression.

Take for instance, the *superficial* traveler—how many sorts there are we will not here undertake to say, but we will mention three or four by way of illustration. There is one wing of them, quite respectable for numbers, who have not the capacity to penetrate beneath the



surface of things. There is another, who, whatever their capacity, are restricted by circumstances, to a mere superficial glance. Of the latter, two varieties here present themselves—those who are drawn within the charmed circle of the great, and kept there, and to whom all beyond it is *terra incognita*; and those who are hurried along, with rail-road speed, from city to city, and from country to country, scarcely alighting any where long enough to recover from the bewilderment occasioned by the new and strange objects around them.

And yet, these flying tourists, and these caged up tourists, have sometimes undertaken to enlighten us in regard to the condition of the countries they have flown through, or in which they have been caged. And even those to whom providence has denied the capacity to look beneath the surface of things, have sometimes thought themselves specially raised up by that same providence to write books for the edification of the people.

But, with all their diversities, this large class of observers all harmonize in their impressions, and indeed it is the only class among the almost innumerable general classes of travelers, where perfect harmony is to be found. Unfortunately, however, it is harmony in error.

In the first place, the glitter of wealth, and the wonderful achievements of capital and art, which meet the eye on every hand, set their heads to swimming round and round, and they exclaim, wonderful! wonderful! while they fall to confessing their mistakes about the greatness of their own country, reduced as it now is to a very humble position at the feet of the great country they are in. But they judge by what they see, and can scarcely be blamed for not taking into account what they do not see. The fact that the wonderful display they behold, is made at the cost of the unpaid labor of the million, lies beyond the range of their observation. And that other fact too, that the true greatness of a people consists not in material things, but in the *immaterial mind*, seems to lie beyond the ken of their vision.

Still more profoundly are they struck with awe in view of the military display they behold, the formidable legions, their magic evolutions, their imposing uniform, and their glittering steel; the impregnable fortresses, bristling with canon; arsenals crowded with implements of death, and especially the huge stacks of canon balls. These things impress them with an awful sense of the power of the government. They are patent to their observation, but not so that other magazine, which underlies it all, and which only needs the application of a match, to produce an explosion which would bury the whole, government and all, in one common ruin. The appalling fact, that three-fourths of the population of nearly every country of the old world, have

nothing at stake, and nothing to protect, and that, galled by oppression, they are ready to enlist under the banner of any master who will promise them relief, has utterly escaped their observation. They do not take into account the mighty element of power which accrues to a government to which the hearts of the masses are knit, by reason of the blessings it bestows, and in support of which they stand, shoulder to shoulder, because every man of them feels deeply interested in its preservation. Equally do they overlook the element of weakness, and of self-destruction, which the alienation of the masses infuses into a government, an element which neither armies, nor fortresses, nor all the paraphernalia of war, can stand against. If they would let their thoughts out upon these things, if they would extend the scope of their vision to the starved millions who have been beggared by laws which they had no hand in framing, and which they have more interest in destroying than in sustaining, how different would be their conclusions in respect to the power of the government! And if they would allow the great fact to steal in among their thoughts, that, in our own country, where every arm is a fortress, all classes of the population are made happy under a government and laws which they themselves have made, for their own protection, how would the comparative greatness and glory of our country rise and expand upon their vision!

But these things they do not, and cannot see, for they lie far beyond the scope of their observation, and of course enter not as an element into their calculations.

But there is still another thing which strikes this class of beholders with admiration, and exalts their ideas of the governments of the old world, to the disparagement of their own. The civil order and respect for law they everywhere behold, the clock-work machinery of government, and prompt execution of the law upon offenders, charm them, and if they do not absolutely fall in love with monarchy, they at least feel their respect for the institutions of their own country giving way. But to correct their mistake, they have only to consider, that there is not half as much order and respect for law, in any of these old countries, as there is in the state's prison, where "order reigns," in its highest perfection, every convict being a pattern of subordination, order and decorum, and from the same motives too, which govern the doomed masses in these countries, and make them the quiet and orderly people these sagacious observers see them to be.

If they would have their eyes opened upon this subject, let them take their stand at the corner of a street, and look either way, and they will presently see a man, in a half military dress, moving upon the side-walk, as to a sort of dead march, tramp, tramp, tramp, backwards

and forwards, from corner to corner, through the live-long day, and that not a passer-by, man, woman or child, escapes his observation. And so they will find it at the next corner, and the next, the whole city over; and if they will extend their observations, they will find the same rigid guardianship exercised even over the most retired farming neighborhoods, and that thus both city and country are constantly kept under guard. And it might help their conceptions still further, on this subject, to be let into the secret that they themselves have been followed and watched, from the time they set foot in the country, by a set of men employed by the government, and that often those they would least suspect, are but spies in disguise.

If their eyes could be unsealed to these things, if they could extend the scope of their vision to the great fact, that it costs the people of these ancient countries more, in taxes, to furnish a guard to watch themselves, than is exacted from our own people to carry on the whole machinery of government, possibly their views might be modified somewhat. Possibly the spectacle of a great people exhibiting a spirit of subordination and respect for law, as a voluntary homage to a government which blesses them, and which is the work of their own hands, might wake up their ideas to the different aspect it presents, from that of a people who bow to the supremacy of the law with the craven spirit of slaves, and whose quiet obedience is the quiet of the tomb.

The broils which occasionally occur in some of our cities, rise with wonderfully disturbing power upon the vision of these men. But they seem to be blind to the fact, that these are mere harmless ebullitions compared to the destructive outbreaks which are frequently transpiring under the governments of the old world; and doubly blind to the fact, that nearly all our broils, and the greater portion of our crime, originate with the class of our population, who received their moral training under the very governments, whose civil order they so much admire.

We might pursue this subject to a much greater length, but let this suffice to illustrate our meaning. We will only add, that this is the class of travelers we left out of the account, when we said, "entertain no fears of monotony or surfeit."

We will further add, that we do not claim infallibility for ourselves. None of us can see the *beam* which is in our own eye, half as well as we can see the *mote* which is in our brother's. And in the application the reader may make of the above remarks, or of any other test, we shall not claim any special indulgence.

## VISIT TO THE WORLD OF SPIRITS, &amp;C.,

BY THE SAME.

Among the most memorable of our adventures, while sojourning in London, was a descent into the spirit world. We do not mean that we actually descended into the Tartarian regions, or found our way among disembodied spirits, but only that we went, on an exploring tour, through that dark, dismal, subterranean realm, known as the spirit vaults of London.

These vaults form an underground city, laid out in regular order, the streets, or alleys, crossing each other at right angles, and the spirits which dwell there, are wine, brandy, rum, gin, &c., &c. In this underground city are twenty-five miles of railway, running into every part of it, whose office work it is to aid the ingress and egress of the spirits which come there to sojourn.

We had heard our landlord (the same spoken of in our last number) speak of having pipes of brandy in these vaults, which had been there many years, ripening; and we were told that all the thousands of liquor sellers of any note in London, and all the wealthy, and the great, have their hhds, pipes and tierces there, and that the supply is replenished from year to year, so that when they make a draft upon it for use, they may select that which possesses the ripe qualities of age. There are spirits in these vaults, said to be more than a hundred years old.

The length of the vaults is not far from a mile, and the roof, or pavement overhead, is supported by massive stone pillars. From the roof, or ceiling, hangs suspended the gathered mould of ages, (as we have seen moss suspended from the limbs of certain trees, hanging two, three, and four feet down,) which gives the place a most dismal and gloomy appearance, as you make your way, by the aid of a lamp, along the avenues, lined on either side by the casks in which the spirits are embodied.

A certain precaution is enjoined upon all who enter this dreadful place, as necessary to be observed if they would ever return. Those who enter it with an empty stomach, very soon become intoxicated by breathing the air of the vaults, pervaded, as it is, by the etherealized spirits which have escaped from the casks; and if a person in this condition were alone, there would be no possibility of his getting out, for the same cause which prostrated him, would keep him prostrate. Hence all who enter must see to it that they are fortified against dan-

ger by full stomachs. We cannot speak from experience of the effect of neglecting this precaution, but we state the fact on the most unquestionable authority.

These vaults, we believe, are the property of private persons, to whom rent is paid for their occupancy. No spirits pass the ordeal with their favorite devotees, which have not been many years ripening in this dismal place, and, to find favor with the wealthy and the great, they must be very aged. Of course, prices range accordingly.

What the mysterious influence is, which develops the latent qualities of spirits, in these vaults, beyond the mellowing process of an ordinary warehouse, is more than we can tell. But there seems to be in the minds of the people, a sort of veneration for the witchery of the place.

And now that we are upon the ground, let us survey the remaining wonders around us. Here are the famous docks of the commercial metropolis of the world, excavated, as all the docks of England are, from the solid earth, forming basins, walled up all around, back a little way from the river, into which vessels slide through a canal, upon the rising of the tide, and locked in which they float in safety, while the canal through which they entered, and a great portion of the river bed, are left high and dry by the ebbing of the tide.

And here, close by the spirit vaults, are the great London docks, which contain ninety acres, and cost £4,000,000, or \$20,000,000. Upon these docks are located the mammoth spirit warehouses, tea and tobacco warehouses, and close by is the Queen's Pipe. See that huge column of smoke curling its way upward, fold upon fold, and darkening the heavens. It is the smoke of the Queen's pipe. But is the Queen such a smoker? Certainly she is. All contraband tobacco (tobacco forfeited to the government by attempts to smuggle) is burned, and that tall chimney you see, which carries off the smoke, is very appropriately called "the Queen's Pipe." This has been the custom from time immemorial. During the late war, however, this time-honored custom was intermitted, and the contraband tobacco was appropriated to the use of the Crimean soldiers.

And there is St. Catherine's dock, covering twenty-five acres, the cost of which was £1,700,000, or \$8,500,000. To clear the ground for it, 1250 houses were pulled down or removed, and 11,000 inhabitants ousted from their homes.

The West India docks contain 295 acres, and cost £1,380,000, or \$6,900,000. The East India docks contain 32 acres. Three miles in

extent, below the above, is about to be excavated to furnish additional dock facilities, at an expense of £1,500,000, or \$7,500,000.

In these magnificent docks is to be seen the most extensive and variegated collection of shipping anywhere to be found upon the earth's surface. The forests of masts, extending as far as the eye can reach, and from which stream the flags of all nations, (nations spread out all over the globe,) present a spectacle of grandeur and sublimity not often witnessed by mortal man.

We will only add, that of the enormous quantity of spirits, ripened in the vaults above described, the following amount is, according to official statistics, consumed in London alone, viz: 60,000 pipes of wine, and 2,000,000 gallons of other spirits, besides three million barrels of beer.

Then there are the gastronomics, consisting of 190,000 bullocks, 1,000,000 of sheep and lambs, 270,000 swine, 120,000 tons of fish, 2,400,000 barrels of flour, 11,000 tons of butter, 13,000 tons of cheese, and ten million gallons of milk, annually.

### REMARKABLE ARTESIAN WELL.

At Kessingen in Germany, or rather in German Austria, we turned aside to visit a somewhat remarkable Artesian Well. At a depth of twelve hundred and fifty feet, water impregnated with three per cent of salt, was reached. Underneath this lay four hundred and fifty feet of Carbonic Acid, which threw the water seventy-five feet above the surface, making one of the most magnificent fountains in the world. At this depth, seventeen hundred feet from the surface, a solid rock of salt was reached, supposed to be a thousand feet in thickness, and into this they bored two or three hundred feet, making about two thousand feet from the surface.

The question now was, how they could avail themselves of the rich treasure they had discovered, at such a depth. This question was soon solved by the ingenuity of the inspector. Three tubes, five, three, and two inches in diameter respectively, were inserted, one within another, the outer and largest extending only twelve hundred and fifty feet, and conducting off the three per cent water, while the other two, one within the other, extended down to the rock. The three per cent water falling among thorn bushes, is evaporated to nine per cent, which, in that state, is forced down through the second tube to the rock, where it becomes impregnated with salt to the amount of twenty-seven per cent, when it is forced to the surface again, and far above it, thro' the inner tube, by the same pump which forced it down; and evaporation finishes the process.

## OUR OWN AFFAIRS.

What will you do when the travels you have commenced, have run out—is a question often put? We have no great anxiety about that. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." We never doubted that Providence would put material enough in our way, and we have the pleasure of announcing already a valuable accession to our corps of contributors. A professional gentleman, who has traveled extensively in the South Western States, and in Mexico, and sojourned in the latter country for a length of time, has kindly consented to put his journal, (which is quite voluminous,) at our service, and it will doubtless add much interest to our columns. There are other gifted tourists, who have also consented to furnish us the results of their observations abroad, as soon as we can find room for them. So that no fears need be entertained on that subject.

There seems to have been a great mistake, on the part of many, in respect to the available resources of this Magazine. Not a few, we find, had taken up the idea, that Dr. Duffield's travels were published in book form, long ago, and that of course he could furnish nothing new or important for this work. And did not Mr. Isham publish a book, and publish in other forms—and what more can he have to say—is a question too which many have asked.

Be it known then, that Dr. Duffield's travels were never published in book form, and that his entire journal from the time he left this country, until he returned, is designed to be published in this Magazine. And be it further known, that, although Mr. Isham has published a book, and published not a little besides, in other forms, still the greater portion of his notes abroad, have never been published (in any form, and the portion too which relates to the most interesting countries on the earth. These things will all appear in the progress of the work, but, as they have doubtless operated to prevent some from subscribing, we have thought it proper to advert to the matter here.

Again, some are opposed to the idea of publishing travels in numbers, (liable as they would be to be soiled, and perhaps many of them lost,) alleging, that they are desirous of having the work complete, and therefore prefer waiting until the whole is finished, when they can get the bound volume in a fit condition for a library.

To such we would say, in the first place, that it is very doubtful whether these travels can ever be had at all, except in this form, by subscription. And, if published, in book form, what can now be obtained in one volume, will make three ordinary sized volumes, to be procured only at about three times the price. With a little care, the numbers may all be preserved in a fit state for binding. We shall endeavor so to arrange the contents, that the contributions of each author may be bound in a volume by itself.

To our friends we would say, that we have made a good start, but that the work cannot possibly be sustained at the present low price without a large accession to our list of subscribers.

# Magazine of Travel,

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[NO. 2.]

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## NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, D. D.

### CHAPTER V.

*Stratford on Avon, The Tower of London, the Tunnel, Westminster Abbey, St Paul's Church.*

I noticed that within the chancel railing, west of the altar, and not more than from 12 to 15 ft. from Shakspeare's tomb, is that from John a Coombe, the old usurer, whom Shakspeare so satirized. Columns stand before an entablature on the wall, supporting an arch, beneath which, is laid upon a table the effigy, in marble, of the old extortioner. Alas! how Mammon honors her votaries! Even in the house dedicated to the worship of God, wealth procures an honorable memorial for those that deserve it not! The ashes of those two men will not disturb each other, reposing, as they do, in "consecrated" grandeur! But who can tell what may have passed through their minds, or between their spirits, since they left their bodies, and may now be transpiring in the unseen world. Oh, of what little worth is a niche in a gorgeous cathedral, for a monumental statue or tomb, on which the curious, or idle, may gaze in sadness or sorrow! Lord give me a place "in the hollow of thy hand!" Let my spirit be with Christ, and I care not for monuments on earth, of marble or of brass! The pledge of my Redeemer for a resurrection to life is enough. Tis peace and hapiness to leave the corrupt and mouldering clay to thy disposal and preservation!

It affected me very unpleasantly to see tombs, bearing marble effigies of deceased persons, in one of the pews in the corner of the church—knights of the Clopton family, now extinct, the estate of the noble family to which it belonged having passed into other hands. The interior of the pew is partially concealed by a screen, yet occupied by persons attending on the worship. It is a superstition I dislike, which converts the place of worship for the living into a cemetery for the dead.



*Sept. 6th.* Expected to have visited Warwick Castle this day, but learning, on my arrival in the village, of there being races in the vicinity, and that the family had refused entrance for three days, I resumed my place in the diligence. It is said to be the most interesting castle, and richest in paintings, furniture, &c., of any in England. It is in the occupancy of the late Lord Brook, now Earl of Warwick. From Warwick I passed on to Kenilworth. On my way there, I saw the park full of deer, which continue to be kept in the very same grounds whence Shakspeare, when a young man, stole one of the ancestors of the present stock. Spent sufficient time to survey the ruins of the castle where Queen Elizabeth had been so sumptuously entertained by the Earl of Leicester, whom she passionately loved, but afterward turned against with malignant hatred, when she found that he had been secretly married to another. What solemn and woful comments has time made upon all the grandeur and corruption that once luxuriated there. Resuming my journey, I arrived at London about 9 P. M.

*Sept. 7th.* To-day I have visited the Tower of London and the tunnel, falling in with a few fellow countryman, Mr. Hoppin from Providence, R. I. Warders or guides dressed in livery, somewhat outlandish and antiquated, are in attendance to wait upon visitors to the tower. One is deputed to serve each company who may assemble during the interval of every half hour. They take you along their regular and oft-trodden track, and tell you, in language committed to memory and mechanically related, the story connected with various parts and objects in the great pile of buildings, whose early character and uses, were those of the palace, prison, and citadel of the Metropolis. It is more replete with historic associations than any other place in England. Some antiquarians ascribe its origin to Julius Caesar. Generally it is supposed to be the work of William the Conqueror. Bishops and Kings have both contributed to its enlargement and improvement, and both, in their turn, have suffered imprisonment within its walls. The government of this fortress is in the hands of a constable, an officer of high rank and influence, a lieutenant, deputy lieutenant, fort-major, physician, apothecary, gentleman-porter, gentleman-jailer, four quarter gunners, and forty warders, the latter of whom are the guides of the place. They date back the origin of their presence and service, as well as their name, to the days of Henry the VIII, whose yeomen of the guard they were, when and while, for privacy and the formation of an administration after the death of his father, he retired to and occupied the Tower. They wear the same sort of livery or uniform that was assigned to them in the days of Edward the VI. Persons of subordinate rank in the army, whose conduct has rendered them deserv-

ing of the distinction, generally receive the appointment. The "Tiger's gate," so called from the adjoining court, formerly occupied by "the Royal Menagerie," whose contents have lately been transferred to "the Zoological gardens," forms the place of entrance. You pass through streets, and ranges of buildings, a display of ancient heavy cannon, many of them commemorative of England's "glorious victories," and the sites of "the Grand Storehouse," destroyed by fire in 1841, to the White Tower as it is called, where you enter "the Horse Armory." It is a room 150 feet in length and 35 in width, in which a line of equestrian figures occupies the centre. Over the head of each is placed a banner designating the rank and date of the personage represented. The sides of the room, are decorated with figures in armour, and military trophies; and the ceiling, with arms and accoutrements arranged in fanciful figures, according to the taste of those who designed them. The guides point out to you a magnificent suit of equestrian armor, worn by Henry the VIII. and said to have been presented to him by Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, on the occasion of the marriage of that wicked despot with Catharine of Arragon. According to the taste of the times, and evidential of the ancient spirit of the Roman Catholic Church, the folds of this armour are embellished with engravings of legends of saints, mottoes, arms, &c., illustrative of ancient manners and customs. Near it are two male figures of the youths, Henry and Charles, sons of Charles I, both clad in the armorial suits worn by these lads. The suits of armor worn by the figures generally, are not those of the persons whose names they bear, and serve but to indicate the style of the armour used in different periods. Edward I, of the 13th century, is represented in the armour of his age, during whose reign, the glorious Scottish hero William Wallace, after confinement in the Tower and a pretended trial, was so brutally tied to horses, and dragged through Cheapside to Smithfield, and barbarously executed, leaving an eternal stain of infamy upon this monarch's glory. The gay and gallant Edward the IV, appears in an elegant suit with tilting lance. Among the armorial figures, a splendid tournament suit, originally gilt, and believed to have actually belonged to Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the celebrated court favorite of Elizabeth, is also pointed out to you. Its weight is said to be 87 lbs. In examining the various specimens of hand firearms, in use from the first invention of gunnery, exhibited in the different cabinets, I noticed one that might have suggested the idea, though of rude construction, of Colt's revolving pistol. Leaving this room you enter the White Tower, by a passage formed through the wall, some 14 feet thick, and find yourself in the room called "Queen Elizabeth's Armory." It is particularly remarkable as

the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh. Adjoining, is a dark closet of dungeon-like form, which is shown as his sleeping room. I noticed the memorials of three unfortunate inhabitants, rudely engraven in the stone and still legible, viz :

"HIE that IN DVRETH TO THE ENDE SHALL BE SAVID.

M. 10. R. RUDSON KENT A No 1553 "

BE FAITHFUL VNTO DETH VND I WIL GIVE THE A  
CROWNE OF LIFE. T. FANE 1554 "

T. CULPEPER OF DARFORD. "

At the far end of this room is an equestrian figure of Queen Elizabeth, in a costume said to resemble that in which she went to St. Pauls Cathedral to return thanks for the deliverance of her kingdom from Spanish invasion. Various sorts of weapons and spears are arranged in this room. Among them I noticed particularly what they called "*the Holy-water sprinkle*," a ball of wood, bristling with iron spikes, and fixed at the end of a long pole, used by the infantry from the period of the conquest to the days of Henry VIII. On the floor near the centre of the room is the beheading block, and near it the beheading axe or cleaver. Instruments of torture, as thumb-screws, iron collars, the cravat or "scavenger's daughter," intended to bind the head, hands, feet, limbs, and body, into the smallest compass, are duly pointed out to you. My heart sickened as I surveyed the extensive display of these horrid instruments of death and torture. They perpetuate, in grand display, the memory, of the ferocious cruelty of the age, and of the despots clothed with absolute authority. The cruelty of man towards man is even worse than that of the beasts. His reason, and so called "investigation," have made him excel the savage in methods of torture. I turned away with heavy heart from these scenes, and sighed as I passed the place of the grand store-house, and the church of St Peter *ad vincula*," where repose the ashes of persecutor and persecuted, the victims of ambition and tyranny, Bishop Fisher, Queen Ann Boleyn, Catharine Howard, the Earl of Essex, Lady Jane Grey and her husband—the glory and the shame of past ages.

From the tower I rode to the tunnel. It has been well exhibited in the different plates, and other representations of it I have seen, which have become so common as to render description unnecessary. I was surprised at the semblance of solitude it wears. It is not a thoroughfare, but a place of resort, for the curious, or the idle who visit it, and for whose entertainment, various contrivances are employed by persons having shops and tables for vending and displaying their wares.

The remainder of this day was spent in a visit to the magnificent cathedral of St. Paul's, which looms up in its solemn grandeur in the

very midst of the densest part, and centre of all the great business operations, of this immense city.

St Paul's Church covers two acres of ground, and is the largest protestant place of worship in London. Its dimensions are 500 feet in length, and in breadth of transept 250, and in height from the floor to the top of the cross 352; the floor being between seven and eight feet higher than the street. Its dome rises with great majesty, and from every quarter is conspicuous. The ordinary entrance is by the North door, nearest Pater Noster row. It was about the time of chanting the afternoon service in the choir, that I entered it. It is performed every morning and afternoon. During its continuance I delayed my walk through its immense area. It is a great mausoleum. Some fifty monuments range themselves in solemn grandeur around its walls, some of them of great taste and grandeur, erected at public expense.

The choir is separated from the nave of the church by a beautiful screen, and the entrance to it is through gates of wrought iron. The organ is supported by eight Corinthian pillars, of blue veined marble, and beneath it is the way of entrance. Above is a plain marble slab bearing the epitaph, in Latin, of Sir Christopher Wren, who lived over ninety years, and who is honored as the builder of this great temple. The epitaph closes with the words—*si monumentum requiris, circumspice*; "if thou seekest his monument look around," which seemed to me, when I first read it to have suggested the idea and part of the motto of the arms of the State of Michigan, to the author of the latter.

The organ contains thirty-two stops, and more than two thousand pipes, but from the reverberations peculiar to the building, it sounds as if it had greater power. The deans' stall and canopy, and others for the canons, vicars, and choristers, are adorned with rich carving. That of the Bishop confronts the Mayor's, and is adorned with the ancient Episcopal emblem of a pelican feeding her young from her own breast, while the latter's bears the city sword and mace. The reader's desk is between them, and is composed entirely of brass richly gilt. The Bible rests upon an Eagle with expanded wings. The "Episcopal throne," surrounded by a mitre, is placed at the end of one of the range of stalls, and opposite is the pulpit. The members of the Cathedral, who here conduct divine service, are the Dean of St. Paul, four resident canons, twenty-six prebendaries, twelve minor canons, and six vicars choral. Beneath the dome of this building, which has a light and elegant appearance, and in the octagonal area, formed by eight massive piers over forty feet wide, and the others twenty-eight feet—the charity children in the parochial schools of London, I learned, are annually gathered, in the month of June, to hear a discourse addressed to

them. Some ten thousand, it is said, are sometimes assembled; the sight must be deeply affecting. How strangely the grand and the good are here combined! But the religion is that of the state, and must be made, in some way, to correspond to the grandeur of the ruling powers.

The monument of Howard, the philanthropist, arrests the eye as you enter the south aisle from the central area. It is a well executed statue representing that devoted friend of humanity, in a Roman costume, trampling on some fetters, with a key in his right hand, and in his left a scroll, on which are inscribed the words, "Plan for the improvement of Prisons and Hospitals." Bishop Heber is represented kneeling with one hand on his breast, and the other resting on the Bible; Sir Ralph Abercromby as falling from his careering horse into the arms of a highlander; and Sir Andrew Hay on the arms of Valour; all magnificent sculptures. My attention was early arrested by the statue of Samuel Johnson, who is represented with a scroll in his hand, and in the attitude of deep thought. On the pedestal is the inscription of Dr. Parr, in Latin, beneath a monograph, and the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, setting forth the character and virtue of the celebrated English grammarian, critic and poet. The statues of Lord Cornwallis and Admiral ——— stand vis a vis, but a few steps further on. It would have required more time than I had at command, to give full and minute attention to all that presents itself in this enormous temple.

The crypt is a vast vault, divided, like the body of the cathedral into three parts, by immense pillars, and in it lie the remains of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Christopher Wren, and other distinguished dead. What a solemn place for reflection! O, of what little value is all this lying in state of the corrupt body and mouldering ashes, to the departed spirits! How the pomp and pride of ancient tyrants are perpetuated in the world, and the exhibitions of their vanity and self idolatry made in their sepulchral tombs and palaces, still doated on by poor, weak mortals! "All the kings of the nations, even all of them," says the prophet, "lie in glory, every one in his own house!" Alas! wealth, and mortal applause, make multitudes of inferior station ambitious of like grandeur in death! But it is all a vain and useless show. "Like sheep they are laid in the grave, death shall feed on them: and the upright shall have dominion over them in the morning, and their beauty shall consume in the grave from their dwellings." I would infinitely rather be able to add in faith with the Psalmist, "But God will redeem my soul (life) from the power of the grave; for he shall receive me," than have any assurance that could be given of costly sepulchral monuments, and

flattering tokens, and displays of homage, and admiration, from mortals. The faith of a blessed resurrection, is of infinitely greater value than splendid tombs and sepulchres and mausoleums for the dead. But when the state or religious authority undertakes to make and regulate religion and its influence in society, it is wonderful how sure it is, in some way or other, to attempt to place the reigning "god" on earth, among "the gods" on high, or as near as might be to the glorious Sovereign who has all authority in Heaven and on earth. What a marvellous revolution will the resurrection work in this respect! "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

*Sept. 8th.* Visited this day our accomplished and excellent plenipotentiary Abbot Lawrence, Esq, who has deservedly won their esteem, as well by his talents, as by his attention to his countrymen. The balance of the day was devoted to Westminster Abbey. This building, now one of England's great mausoleums, in which are interred her honored dead, had its origin in remote antiquity. Many marvellous legends are related by monkish writers concerning its foundation, too ridiculous to be repeated. Even the general belief of ancient historians, "that it was erected on the ruins of a prayer temple," has been discredited, since the careful examinations of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the Cathedral of St Paul. It is within the present century, that the neglect of this building, consequent upon the expulsion of popery by the reformation, has given place to proper attention and care, to preserve it from utter ruin and decay. It is now one of the most interesting places in all London for a musing, sentimental, or thoughtful stranger to visit. The present building dates from the days of Edward the Confessor, and its restoration by Christopher Wren, under direction of parliament, who skillfully executed the repairs and decorations proposed. It is built in the form of a cross, its nave, transept and choir, being arranged so as to present a symmetrical figure. Its length from east to west is 375 feet, and breadth from north to south 200. Its height, from the pavement to the roof of the lantern 140 feet. It contains nine chapels, of which those of Henry the VIIIth and Edward the Confessor are the principal. In these chapels are arranged the monuments erected to the memory of the illustrious dead. The guides or custodes loci meet the visitors at the general place of entrance in what is called the "Poet's Corner," or south transept. Here are monuments to Garrick, Addison, Goldsmith, Gay, Rowe, Thompson, Spencer, Southey, Chaucer, Cowley, Dryden, &c. In the different chapels, sleep the remains of many of England's king's, queens, and nobles. Along the aisles are arranged the monuments erected to the

memory of illustrious dead. Among the latter, my attention was arrested principally by the monuments of Dr. Isaac Watts, Sir Isaac Newton, and William Wilberforce. The monument to Dr. Watts is small, and of white marble, divided by a fascia, over which is exhibited his bust supported by genii. Underneath is a fine figure of the Dr. in the attitude of contemplation, while an angel opens to him the wonders of creation. In one hand he holds a pen, and with the other points to a celestical globe. That of Newton represents the great philosopher in a recumbent posture, leaning his arm on four folios, entitled Divinity, Chronology, Optics, and Phil. Prin. Math., and pointing to a scroll supported by cherubs. A large globe projecting from a pyramid behind, appears above him, on which latter, is delineated the course of the comet of 1620 &c., while, on the former, is seated the allegorical figure of Astronomy with her book closed. Curious bas reliefs represent the various labors of the philosopher. Among them, none is bolder, or more striking, than the device of his weighing the sun by the steelyard, illustrative of the application of the great principle of gravitation discovered by him. The monument of Willberforce represents his figure seated on a pedestal, ingeniously sculptured, and admirably expressive, of his age, and of the inward pleasure that seemed to dwell in his own serene and benevolent mind. The taste of this monument pleased me most of all. It represents the living, not the dead. The latter seems to be commonly preferred by artists, from the days of the Egyptians down, who often present the dead in the costumes of the grave, laid out, as it were, on the slab that covers the sarcophagus as though they were not yet encoffined. To me, all such representations are exceedingly offensive.

*September 9.*—This day has been also passed in Westminster Abbey. It has been recovered from the ruin to which it once seemed to have been abandoned; and being an honored place of sepulture for kings, and nobles, and gentry, is now one of the cherished sacred places of London. Of the nine chapels at the Eastern end, is that of Henry the VII, the most celebrated, and deemed one of the finest specimens of florid gothic in the world. The roof is of wrought stone, finished in the most delicate style. The choir of the Abbey is very beautiful, but the effect of the entire interior of the building is greatly diminished, by the number of monuments with which it is crowded—many of them in very bad taste. I record additional memoranda.

In the poet's corner, which opens into view upon entrance, repose the ashes of England's poetic geniuses who have contributed so much to celebrate her fame and greatness. The monuments of Ben Johnson, and the bust of Milton, arrested quickly my attention. But the record

made of his deed who placed the latter where it stands, is a specimen of disgusting littleness and vanity that offends and interferes with the contemplation of this tribute to the memory of one of England's greatest poets. Memorials of Addison, Goldsmith, Gay, Rowe, Shakespeare, Southey, Gray, Spencer, Chaucer, Dryden, and Thompson, engaged my solemn thoughts. As I stood and walked on the stone slabs in front of Shakspeare's monument, sacred to the memory, and covering the ashes of Garrick, Dr. Johnson, Campbell, Henderson, and Cary, lying side by side, I felt deeply impressed with the emptiness and vanity of mortal admiration. Of what avail, in the eternal world, to the disembodied spirit, can be the honor rendered to the ashes of the dead! Many of the epitaphs that meet the eye are anything but such as evangelical christianity would dictate. That of Gay, written by himself, tells indeed the story of his life; but a sober certainty in the unseen world has succeeded trifling and levity here.

It is inscribed on the front of the monument erected to his memory by his patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury, in his own words :

Life is a jest, and all things show it;  
I thought so once, but now I know it.

The poets corner excited rather painful than pleasurable thoughts; and I turned with deeper interest and calm delight to trace the memorials of men, who devoted the energies of their lives to enlighten and benefit mankind, rather than to amuse, excite and entrance: who have honored human nature, by preferring to address the judgment and understanding rather than the passions. I gave a passing view to the stately grandeur, in which, Kings, Queens, Dukes, Duchesses, Earls, Lords, Ladies, Bishops, Deans, and other lofty dignitaries of State and Church, repose in the various chapels of St. Benedict, St. Edmund, St. Nicholas, Henry VII, St. Paul, St. Edward, St. Erasmus, &c., &c. There were "the royal vault of George II," and tomb of Henry VII and his Queen, surrounded by those of Villers and Sheffield, Dukes of Buckingham, and others, and an urn containing the heart of Esme Stuart, son of the Duke of Richmond, all enclosed with gates of brass; and in the chapel of St. Edward, the shrine of the confessor dating A. D. 1065, and the tombs of Henry III 1272, Queen Eleanor 1290, Henry V 1422, Queen Phillippa 1369, Edward III 1377, Richard II and Queen 1399, beside other of later date, some thirteen in all.

In this chapel is kept the coronation chair made for Mary, wife of William III, and that more ancient, one made to enclose the stone, which superstitious tradition reports to be Jacob's pillar, brought with regalia from Holland by Edward I, and offered to the shrine of St. Edward in 1297, after he had triumphed over John Baliol, King of the Scots in



several battles. In this latter chair all the sovereigns of England, since Edward I, have been crowned. It is a coarse, cumbrous, homely looking affair, with a great rough stone sustained beneath its seat, commonly believed to be that on which the kings of Scotland sat at their coronation. But on the grand occasions when it is used, it is taken from the custody of these dead kings, and covered with gold tissue, is placed before the altar, behind which it now stands. How the superstitions of past ages are cherished and sanctified by a state religion! Above these chairs and along the frieze of this chapel's screen, are some legendary sculptures respecting the royal confessor—one of which tells, how the saintly monarch "was frightened into the abolition of the Dane-gelt by his seeing the devil dance upon the money casks," another of the Saviour's appearance to him—another, his vision of the seven sleepers,—and others "how he hid St. John the Evangelist in the guise of a pilgrim—how the blind were cured by their eyes being washed in his dirty water—and the story of the ring being given as an alms to St. John, and delivered to the king with a message foretelling his death. The tomb containing the body of this old sainted king, is composed of five wrought slabs of gray marble. It is said that the tomb was opened in 1774, by permission of the Dean, for the society of antiquaries, when the body was found perfect, having on two robes, one of gold and silver tissue, and the other of crimson velvet—a sceptre in each hand measuring near five feet; a crown on his head, and many jewels, and that "he measured six feet two inches," verifying the truth of the rumor for his ancient nick name of "Long Shanks."

What impositions have been and are practiced on the credulity of mankind!

A lofty and magnificent monument to Queen Elizabeth, and her sister, Queen Mary, erected in the chapel of Henry VII by James I, bears an inscription recording her character and high descent, and the great acts of her memorable reign. She is pronounced to have been "truly religious!" In the chapel of St. Paul is a colossal monument to James Watt, who improved the steam engine, and is honored as "among the most illustrious followers of science and the real benefactors of the world." The vanities, and sometimes monstrous and offensive exhibitions of taste, amid these memorials of the dead, provoked singular reflections. From a monument in the chapel of St. John, to the memory of Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale and his lady, I turned away with utter disgust. The lady is represented expiring in her husband's arms; while, slily creeping from the tomb beneath, Death, the king of terrors, a hideous spectacle, presents his grim visage, and points his unerring dart to the dying figure, at the sight of which, the husband, horror stricken, amazed, and with despair, clasps her to his bosom, to defend her from

the fatal stroke. It was some compensation for the feelings of shuddering horror at such a sight, to rest the eye upon a tablet to the memory of Sir Humphrey Davy, the distinguished votary of science, and eminent chemist. It is on the back of the monument of Gen. Wolfe, which looks into the chapel of St. John the Baptist. The gallant warrior is represented as falling into the arms of a grenadier, with his right hand over his mortal wound, while the grenadier points to glory in the form of an angel in the clouds, holding forth a wreath ready to crown a highland sergeant looking on sorrowfully, and two lions watching at his feet. What is the glory of mortals, but a fiction, at best! It makes little difference, whether it is done in marble, or on canvass, or in letters. Let the hand of the living Redeemer put the crown of glory on my head if it shall ever be honored with it. Short of this every other ambition seems worthless.

Among the monuments that particularly interested me, were those of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, and Drs. Isaac Barrow, Robert South, Stephen Hales, and William Outram, not all indeed for the taste and excellence of their sculpture, but as tributes to names of great worth.

I had expected to see the tomb of that excellent young prince, Edward the VI, but found that it had been destroyed. His remains lie at the head of the chantry containing the magnificent tomb of Henry VII, his grandfather. His sister and successor, Mary, erected a stately monument to his memory. It had some curious sculpture, representing the passion and resurrection of the Saviour, with two angels on the top kneeling; but the puritans, when in power, destroyed it as a relic of Roman superstition.

I lingered long in these hallowed precincts, and departed not till after the evening service. It is a grand place to revive and deepen historical and biographical reminiscences.

I have visited but little in the great metropolis of the world, expecting to spend more time on my return. It has afforded me, notwithstanding a great deal of rainy, foggy and uncomfortable weather, much satisfaction to ride and walk through its great thoroughfares, and try to form some idea of its vast business and extent.

London is an immense city, extending eleven miles east and west, and eight miles north and south, of which Charing Cross and the Royal Exchange form the two centres, of an ellipse. The river Thames runs between London and Westminster, and is at Waterloo bridge, some 400 yards wide. The tide flows 15 miles above London, and the port below "the London bridge," for three or four miles, is filled with shipping. Those engaged in the coal trade, have to anchor

below, and await their time in course, to pass up and discharge their cargoes. The city is said to number 11 000 streets, squares, courts, &c., and to contain a population of 2,000,000, making it the largest city in the world. Its principal public buildings are St. Jame's and Buckingham palaces, the new houses of Parliament, Westminster Hall and Abbey, the National Gallery, St. Paul's Church, the General Post Office and Royal Exchange.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### *Dieppe, Rouen, Paris and its celebrities.*

*September 10.* This evening I find myself at Dieppe, having tarried for the night on my way to Paris.

We left London at eight A. M., and passed, by railroad, thence through Surrey and Sussex, to New Haven, a short distance north of Brighton, on the shore of the British Channel. As we were whirled along, we had a passing glance at the Crystal Palace, now in course of permanent erection near Sydenham, once the residence of the famous poet Campbell, and soon found ourselves off the coast, in a small steamer, leaving the chalk cliffs of England behind us, on our way to France. The steamer, like most on the channel, was small, and uncomfortable, little better than our "tugs" that ply upon the river Detroit and the Lake and River St. Clair. There was not room enough for half her passengers, in its miserable apology for a cabin. The ladies, with but few exceptions, soon began to seek a place to sit down, or on which to recline their heads, for lying down was out of the question, as the rolling motion of the vessel and the fresh breeze from the ocean, that swelled the waves, induced sea sickness. The gentlemen had to do the best they could, to find places to sit or stand within the gun-wales of the little tub, and to put through some five hours with as much patience as discomfort. I have not yet seen, in all the coast and channel steamers around England, &c., anything to compare with our Ohio and Mississippi river boats, even of the inferior grades, for comfort.

The first thing that arrested my attention, upon entering the port at Dieppe, was a large crucifix, and an image of the virgin, giving due notice of our approach to a land of idolatry—to me exceedingly repulsive. We found comfortable apartments and accommodations in the Hotel des Bains, and for the first time, I began to realize more fully than I had yet done, that I was in a strange land. Dieppe lies at the

mouth of the river Arguæ, thirty-three miles north of Rouen, and one hundred and twenty-five from Paris. Its principal edifices are an old castle on a cliff west of the town, two churches, a town hall, theatre, library, baths, and a commercial and naval school. The port is enclosed by two jetties, and quays sufficient to accommodate a large number of vessels not over six hundred tons burthen;—but, at low water, the channel is almost bare. A branch of this stream bears the name of Bethune.

*September 11.* Left Dieppe at twelve M., having had time enough to visit the principal church and get the first view of a temple of idolatry in this anti-christian land. I noticed nothing worthy of remembrance, and the thoughts I bore with me from it were those of sadness and sorrow, in view of the deep debasement to which the human mind can be brought, by violating the command of God, which forbids the making of graven images, and, in direct disobedience to its spirit and letter, by bowing down before them. The worship of the *representation* differs radically from that of the *reality*.

The business of having our baggage transported, weighed and checked, which here occupies no little time, having been attended to by the hotel officials, we soon were in plight on our way to Rouen, where we arrived at 2.30 P. M. The railroad passes to the valley of the river *Seyne*, and pursues its general direction to Longueville and thence to St. Victor, where it crosses over table land, and finds its way along the valley of a small stream, that empties into the river *Seyne* near Rouen. We made no delay in this ancient town. It was but a bird's eye view I had of it. The river is spanned by a stone and an iron bridge. The town has a venerable aspect, and lies on a gentle acclivity sloping to the south. The streets, as I caught a view of them, seemed narrow, dark and dirty: its houses are built of wood, some faced with slate, and so high and crowded as to exclude a free circulation of the air.

The cathedral in this town, I learned, was rendered remarkable and attractive for visitants, as containing marble tablets, marking the place where was deposited the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, and the bodies of his brother Henry, and of his uncle Geoffry Plantagenet. The lion's heart has been in the keeping of the priests, and has become a source of profit. Leaving Rouen, the road crosses the *Seine*, and follows its general direction. The river, however, is very serpentine, and in some places makes long detours, when the road takes the shortest and most practicable route. I was quite surprised, and reminded of the woody regions of my own country, in seeing numerous forests along the skirts and near which the road passed. The cultivation, in the valley and

bottoms was far from what I expected to see. But very few houses were to be seen, as in the U. S., scattered over the face of the country, the habitations of the peasants, being generally clustered in little insignificant villages, and of rather low and mean construction. We crossed the Seine five times, as we ascended its course, before reaching Paris. Vineyards of moderate dimensions began to show themselves, appearing to the eye in the distance, like corn fields. No cattle were to be seen grazing in the fields in flocks, as with us,—and no fences separating farms and fields. Whatever animals were allowed to graze, were attended with some one to herd them. The Lombardy poplar tree seemed to be generally employed in some districts, to designate plots of ground, being planted around five acre, and ten acre lots, and its annual pruning, I learn, furnishes faggots for market. At some of the stations we were supplied with fine grapes, just beginning to ripen, and principally the white sweet water, which seemed to be extensively cultivated. The chief towns of note, through which the road passed were Bonnières, Mantes, and Poigny, from which latter place the road runs across the the Forêt de St. Germain. We reached Paris at half past six P. M., and from the depot, with little difficulty, or trouble, under the guidance of those whom we employed to attend to our wants, we directed our *cocher* to take us to the Hotel des Etrangeres. There are three hotels of that name in Paris, one in Rue Trenchant, near the Madeleine, but we designated that of Rue Vivienne, near the Bourse.

*September 13th.* Intending to remain but eight or ten days in Paris, my companion and I, determined to make the most of our time, and, at an early hour this morning, started for a regular day's work in visiting places of interest. The Place du Carousel, Palais de Tuilleries, the Jardin of the Tuilleries, Place de la Concorde, the Colonne Vendomme, the Champ Elysee, the Arc Triomphe de l'Etoile, and l'Hotel des Invalides, comprised the extent of our visits.

The open spaces, at the junction of streets, or of more than ordinary size, are called *places* by the French, some of which are rendered remarkable by the surrounding buildings, and others by their extent. The Place du Carousel took its name from a great tournament held there by Louis XIV., in 1662; but has only attained its present dimensions since 1849. The expense of the demolition and reconstruction, now going on for its enlargement and embellishment, are to be borne by the State and City conjointly. It is situated on the right bank of the Seine, between the Palais des Tuilleries and the Palais de Louvre, and will form, when completed, a quadrangular court, connecting these two former royal abodes. The object of chief interest in this place is

the triumphal arch built by Napoleon in 1806, in imitation of that of the Emperor Septimius Severus, at Rome. A triumphal car, drawn by four bronze horses, surmounts the attic. The horses have been cast after the model of the celebrated Corinthian horses, brought to Paris from Venice, where they occupied the piazza of St. Mark, but to which they were restored in 1815 by the allied powers, upon the establishment of the peace of Europe. An allegorical figure stands on the car, and on each side of the horses; over each column in front of the attic, is a marble figure of a soldier of Napoleon's army, in the uniform of their respective corps. Marble bas-relief sculptures, over the smaller archways, represent the memorable events of the campaign of 1805, as the victory of Austerlitz, the capitulation of Ulm, the peace of Presburg, the entering into Vienna, the interview of the Emperors, and the entering into Munich. The arch is said to have cost 1,400,000 francs; but its proportions are by no means appropriate to the spacious court in which it stands.

The palace of the Tuilleries was occupied by the President as his official residence. Visitors not being admitted while royal or noble personages were residing in their abodes, there was no opportunity for us to view the interior of this great pile of buildings, rendered of so much historical importance by the events which have transpired within its walls, and especially the abdication of Louis Phillippe. The exterior presents, in its extreme length, a façade of three hundred and thirty-six yards, its breadth being thirty-four. Its architecture is in the Italian style of the sixteenth century.

The garden of the Tuilleries, however, was free to our ingress. It contains about sixty-seven acres, extending over two thousand feet in length and nine hundred in breadth. Two parallel terraces run north and south from the extreme pavilions of the palace, and, sloping toward each other at the western end, meet on the level of the garden. From the southern terrace, which is wider and higher than the northern, you obtain a commanding view of the river Seine and the palace. The flower-gardens are laid out in front of it, separated from the broad walk between them, and the rest of the garden by fosses, and inclosed with netted iron railings. The grounds are laid out in a formal style, and assume, from the size of the parterres, more an air of grandeur than of picturesque beauty. Three basins, and numerous groups of statues, looking down upon you as you pass, ornament this part of the garden. An extensive grove to the west, divided by a long avenue, is filled with large full grown palm trees, limes, elms and chesnuts, contrasting finely with the beauties of the gay parterres. The flowers of autumn were in full bloom; marigolds, astors, chrysanthimums, dah-

lias, verbenas, fuchsias, balsams, &c., &c., and different ever-blooming roses; none of which, however beautiful and cheering as they appeared, excelled the like varieties I have seen in well cultivated gardens in the United States; nor was my attention arrested by any new or rare species of flowret or shrub. Beyond the grove is a large octagonal basin of water, surrounded by smaller parterres; and north of it, and of the flower-garden, is a fine alley of large and ancient orange trees in boxes, very formally and artistically trimmed, which are placed there every summer, and in fall removed to a spacious green-house. This alley, and the adjoining terrace, are the most fashionable promenades for the Parisians, who, I was told, in the cool evenings of summer, stroll together here in groups, conversing with their characteristic gaiety, or occupy chairs, furnished at two sous a-piece. On Sunday afternoons, it is said, the crowds that throng this alley become almost a compact mass. It is also the favorite resort of children and old persons. The statuary, which appears in profusion in the garden, is very rich; much of it classical; but however it may please the votaries of "the fine arts," it does not suit either my sense of propriety, or taste. The gross nudities standing in every direction, where crowds of both sexes throng, is much too near an approximation to the state of things in ancient Greece and Rome, for my ideas of a virtuous and high-toned moral state of public sentiment. Nor can I at all conceive of any benefit whatever to be gained by the exposure of a nude Bacchus, and Hercules, and Apollo, and Antinous, a Centaur subdued by Cupid, the Muses, Venus pudica or impudica, the rape of Cybele by Saturn, and similar achievements by celebrated sculptors.

At the northwest end of the garden of the Tuilleries, and between it and the Champs Elysees, is the Place de la Concorde, or sometimes called Place de Louis XV. It took the latter name from the circumstance, that, the municipal authorities, intending to erect a statue in honor of that monarch, he appropriated the space it occupies. The original equestrian statue of bronze was destroyed by the order of the Legislative Assembly, and melted down into cannon and republican two sous pieces of coin, and a large plaster figure of Liberty substituted for it. In front of it was erected the guillotine, on which were immolated the victims offered to their idol by the mad atheists of that day, and the place took the name of the "Place de la Revolution." The king was represented on horse-back, in a Roman costume, and on the four angles of the pedestal stood the figures of Peace, Prudence, Justice and Strength, which led the wits to perpetrate the following pasquinade:

"O la belle statue! O le beau pedestal!  
Les vertus sont a pied, le vice est a cheval."

## LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS.

BY WARREN ISHAM.

[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER XII.

*The darker shades of Mahommed Ali's character continued, taking the ownership of land, conscription, one-eyed soldiers, Ibrahim Pacha, Abbas Pacha.*

To carry out his various projects of reform, and sustain his military enterprises, he was necessitated to resort to the most oppressive taxation, and when the landholders were no longer able to pay the taxes he imposed, he stripped them of their possessions, and became himself the proprietor of most of the lands in the country, allowing the rightful owners simply a small life annuity.

To fill up the ranks of the army, he resorted to conscription, tearing away the poor peasants at his pleasure from their homes, to be sacrificed by thousands in his campaigns. In one instance, he waylaid the great pilgrim caravan on its way to Mecca to weep over the tomb of the prophet, sacrilegiously seized a thousand men belonging to it, and pressed them into his army. Scarcely was there left an able bodied man in the country, insomuch that the tilling of the soil was left to little boys and girls.

Having frequently met with one-eyed men, and those who had suffered the loss of fingers, I inquired the cause, and was told, that they were thus maimed when children, that they might be exempt from liability to be pressed into the army by Mahommed Ali. I was also informed that there were female operators, skilled in the horrid work, who went about from house to house, to perform the revolting office for a price. But Mahommed outwitted them, and put a stop to the practice by levying a regiment of one-eyed soldiers.

Still, as I have said, Egypt is the better for his having lived. I was told by old residents of Cairo, that formerly the fellahs used to come into town half naked, or covered with rags, whereas now there is



scarcely one to be seen that has not a decent covering for his body, generally a coarse, cotton gown, belted around the waist. Traveling too, which was formerly attended with much peril, is now comparatively safe in every part of Egypt.

The improvement in the condition of the peasantry, however, has principally taken place since the present incumbent, (Abbas Pacha) has held the reins, for though he is an inefficient man compared with Mohammed Ali, still, as he has not the same ambitious schemes to accomplish, he is not necessitated to grind the people down, to the same extent, by taxation, so that the salutary reforms of his grand father, united with the season of repose now enjoyed, are working out favorable results.

Mohammed Ali died in 1849, having the previous year resigned the government into the hands of his son Ibrihim, who, after administering it for the brief space of two months, died, and his son Abbas, succeeded him.

Ibrihim was a great warrior, and conducted the campaigns of his father. His bloody victories have given him a place in history, but he deserves the detestation of mankind for his heartless cruelties. To sport with human life, was but pastime with him. When his victorious army entered Aleppo, that city contained a population of 200,000, but such havoc did he make with human life, that only 75,000 remained when he left. And this is but a specimen of the cruelties he practiced throughout Syria, in the Morea, on the Eastern coast of the Red Sea, and up the Nile. He was literally a moral monster. A characteristic anecdote of him was narrated to me in Cairo. To sustain life, the poor fellahs are in the habit of carrying upon their backs, or swinging from the shoulder under one arm, skins of water from the Nile to Cairo, in the hope of realizing a few coppers by the sale of it. As these poor creatures would come panting into the town under the burden, (having brought it beneath a burning sun, a distance of two miles), it was Ibrihim's favorite amusement, to sit in his window and shoot arrows at the skins they bore, transfixing them, and letting out the water upon the ground; and, if he happened to kill the carrier himself, it detracted nothing from his amusement.

This monster was the favorite son of the Pacha, and into his hands he resigned the sceptre in 1848. For two short months he administered the government, to the detestation of all, and died, a victim to his vices, leaving the viceroyalty to his son Abbas Pacha, whose principal occupation had been ram-fighting.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*The magicians of Egypt, serpent-charmers, introduction to a serpent, horrible exhibition in the street, the black art professed only by one tribe, allusion to them in scripture, foretelling future events.*

Egypt swarms with magicians now, as it did in the days of Moses, prominent among whom is a class called serpent charmers. I have not turned aside a single footstep to witness any of their performances, but they have been often obtruded offensively upon me in the street. Soon after my arrival in Cairo, I was sitting beneath the shade of an acacia tree, taking lessons in Arabic, from one of my Arab "friends," when, upon hearing approaching footsteps, I looked around, and in a moment more, I was a full rod from the spot, in an opposite direction, with a sentence half spoken on my lips.

As I had turned my eye, a man stood within a foot of me, with a serpent coiled around him, having his head protruded directly toward me, and eyeing me as though he wanted me for a meal. I besought my Arab companion to send the man instantly away, which he did. His snakeship was spotted, somewhat like the rattle snake, but appeared to be much longer. In two or three instances I was shocked in a similar manner. These serpents are said to be of the most venomous kind.

Those who follow this occupation are called *serpent charmers*, and they go about among the foreigners on the public promenade, in the hope of picking up a few coppers from those who have a taste for such entertainments. One branch of their occupation consists in charming serpents away from houses, and ensuring exemption from them for a price.

But if you want your hair to stand on end with horror, you must witness a procession of them moving along the street, with serpents coiled about their necks and twisted in their hair, which they tear and rend with their teeth without harm, uttering yells of religious ejaculation, foaming at the mouth, howling and swooning, accompanied by a band of women, whose gesticulations, contortions, and convulsive shrieks pierce your very soul with horror.

Such are the sights to be seen in the streets of Cairo. These performers sometimes go so far as to eat their writhing victims alive. I did not witness the spectacle, but an old European resident of the place, assured me, that he had seen them perform the horrid act. They are said often to carry them nestling beneath their caps, twisted in their hair, apparently from a fondness they have contracted for them.

The professors of this branch of the black art, are said to belong exclusively to a particular tribe, who claim to be the special favorites

of heaven, their immunity from harm being ascribed to the protection of the prophet. On the other hand, it has been asserted, that they are rendered invulnerable by the use of an evergreen plant; but how it is, I have no means of knowing—the revolting facts only having been cognizable to me.

Distinct allusion is made to these serpent charmers in the scriptures, from which one would infer, that they sometimes fail in their incantations, “charm they never so wisely.” And in Ecclesiasticus, it is written, “Who shall pity the charmer that is bitten by a serpent.”

There is another class of performers, who employ the magic art to describe absent and distant scenes and objects, with startling effect—scenes and objects, concerning which they could have had no possible previous knowledge, posting you up on any particular matter, concerning which you ask information, to your heart’s content. Two British consuls, have recorded their surprise at the truthfulness of their descriptions, notwithstanding they continued incredulous.

Jugglery, slight of hand, in all its various forms, is practised with masterly success, as a common pastime for the people. There seems to be no end to the tricks of the juggler here, no dark secret of success which he has not thoroughly mastered.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

*Great Mohammedan festival, general arrangement of the worshipers, their strange evolutions, their transports, their exhaustion, blessing imparted, the great annual miracle, the whirling dervishes.*

My first entrance into Cairo introduced me into the midst of a vast multitude of the faithful, assembled from far and near, to celebrate the great annual festival in honor of the prophet, commencing on the 20th of December, and continuing fifteen days, the most interesting part of which was yet to transpire.

As the camp-ground was upon the great square, in the immediate neighborhood of my hotel, I often lingered about the grounds in passing, under the inspiration of the occasion. The performers were divided off into circles, separate and independent of each other. There were big circles and little circles, in each of which various parts were constantly being enacted. The largest was perhaps a hundred feet in diameter, the circumference of which separated the performers inside from the throng outside. Around this entire circumference on the inside, and facing the outside crowd, extended a ring of men, each standing with his right arm over the shoulders of the one next to him,

and all moving slowly around the circle to the left, swinging their bodies backwards and forwards, and, as they swung backwards, raising the left foot, and bringing it violently down again, as they bowed themselves forward, each movement advancing them a little around the circle, all repeating aloud the name of God, crying incessantly *Allah! Allah! Allah!*

As I approached, many of them were so hoarse from the effect of thus vociferating the name of God, that they could scarcely articulate at all; some foamed at the mouth, and not a few were so exhausted, that they had to be held up by those next to them. Occasionally a chorus would break forth *Hi! Hi! Hi! Will never die! Will never die! Will never die!* Some would break from the circle in transport, two or three feet from the ground, clap their hands, scream out the name of God, and swoon away, while others less excitable, moved calmly around, repeating the name of God distinctly, and without emotion.

The outside throng seemed to be very solemn, and there was quite a strife among them to get near the ring of performers, as they passed around, and I observed, that they seemed to regard it as a great privilege to be seized hold of convulsively by the exhausted and foaming ones, and to aid in holding them up as they passed. I also observed, that those who were far gone, took pains to breathe upon those who pressed towards them, and, upon inquiry, I was told, that a special blessing was supposed to be thus conveyed, and that the struggle in the crowd was to get within reach of the holy influence.

Inside this circulating ring, the ground was covered with persons in a sitting posture, in the midst of whom there stood bolt upright an old man with a heavy white beard, his eyes shut, and his head in perpetual motion, not exactly backwards and forwards, nor yet to and fro side-wise, but partly the one and partly the other—just such a motion in fact, as any one can make by describing a circle with the tip of the nose. There stood the venerable man by the hour together, with his olfactory as true to the circle as the needle to the pole. I was told he was a great saint.

Similar evolutions were at the same time going on in various smaller circles near by, and also in the tents, with this difference, however, in the motion of the head, that the tip of the olfactory generally described an arc instead of a circle, sometimes like a rainbow in its natural position, and sometimes like the same inverted, but always apparently with geometrical precision.

But the great feat, the performance of the annual miracle, was to come off the last day. A horse was to be ridden over the bodies of

the devoted ones without hurting them, by reason of the special interposition of heaven. I was early upon the ground, and secured a position highly favorable to observation.

The way being cleared, various processions with banners passed along, crying, *Allah! Allah!* until they became so exhausted, that many of them had to be held up, and then appeared the consecrated ones, prostrating themselves at full length, side by side, upon their faces, with their arms folded under their heads, all crying, *Allah! Allah!* incessantly. There were so many, that lying close to each other, they extended several rods, forming a compact causeway.

And now there was seen approaching a dignitary splendidly attired, and mounted upon a charger. As he slowly neared the prostrate bodies, he appeared absorbed in thought—his lips were in motion, his right hand gently patted his breast, while his left held the reins. The horse moved calmly forward, deporting himself with a solemnity befitting the great occasion, and, putting one foot upon the body of the first man, he planted the other upon the next, and thus stepped from man to man over the entire series, taking good care not to hurt any of them, if he could possibly help it, by placing his feet upon the least vulnerable part of the body, viz: just below the shoulders, first a fore foot, and following it a hind one upon each man, having evidently been trained for the purpose.

After the horse had passed over them, some of them arose to their feet of their own accord, while others were taken up by their friends and borne away, crying, *Allah! Allah!* Those who were taken up appeared to be helpless, whether from the injuries they received, or from the exhaustion consequent upon their extraordinary devotions, I had no means of judging.

I see no necessity of any one's being hurt in such an operation, unless the horse's foot should slide down the side of the body, a contingency which he took good care to guard against. To account satisfactorily for entire immunity, we have only to consider, that only one half the weight of the horse and his rider, rested upon any one individual at the same instant, a weight not exceeding four hundred and fifty pounds, while the horse was unshod and smooth footed. Any able bodied man ought to be able to stand that.

I was in a position to see the whole performance, standing about two or three rods from the bodies, and in full view of them, on one side of the passage way left open for the horse to pass, and the moment the animal stepped from his road way of flesh and blood, I was taken from my feet by the moving mass, and carried right to the spot where they were taking up the bodies.

The officers employed in keeping back the crowd, were not at all delicate as to the means they employed, beating the foremost ones with their clubs without mercy, when the entire mass would sway back before them. On one side, back of the crowd, there was a fosse, some six or eight feet deep, and five in width, and lined, bottom and sides, with a cement as hard as rock. The crowd being assailed on that side, and beaten back, the hindermost ones were crowded over into the fosse, filling it brimful.

I stood among the foremost ones, and sometimes forward of all the rest, but in wielding their clubs, they always contrived to miss my person, though often hitting the Arabs who stood almost behind me. This was from no affection for me as "a christian dog," but from having the fear of the stars and stripes before their eyes.

On another occasion I witnessed the performances of the whirling dervishes, also esteemed by these people, I believe, as the effect of a supernatural agency, and a great religious achievement; and an achievement it certainly is of some kind, of a most extraordinary character, though I do not see how it is possible to connect it with religion. The performer stands forth, and commences turning round and round, slowly at first, but increasing in velocity, until by and by he gets into a perfect whirl, and spins like a top, with extended arms; and, what is wonderful, he sometimes continues to spin thus for a full hour without stopping.

There is another class of dervishes so religious, that they will take their mouths full of live coals, chew and swallow them with impunity, or hold them in their open mouths, blowing them into a glow with the breath.

I have seen them so religious too, that they would *seem* to run daggers right through their own bodies without hurting them. I have also seen them fall upon the point of a stiff sword, and balance themselves upon it, without touching any thing else, but I was told of an instance in which the point slipped from its place, and pierced the body of the performer, killing him instantly. These exploits are performed under the auspices of the prophet.

There is no end to the forms of religious fanaticism here. And yet, the mass of the people seem not to be affected by it. Indeed I believe there is downright infidelity in the mass, and that, but for custom and authority, they would throw off the yoke. The entire thing looks too much like a farce to be honestly adhered to by any one.

## CHAPTER XV.

*Start for the pyramids, dykes, optical illusion, ascent of the big pyramid, view from the summit, exploration of the interior.*

On a fine January morning, I mounted a donkey, and started for the pyramids of Ghiza, the largest in Egypt, located some ten miles from Cairo, on the opposite side of the valley, upon the borders of the great Lybian desert.

My direct course would have been nearly West, but my Arab assured me that the water was not yet sufficiently dried away, and that I must go double the distance, if I would avoid the danger of being swamped. He was mistaken, as I found on my return, but I yielded the point, and he took me a circuitous route of more than twenty miles, amid luxuriant crops of wheat, flax, lentils, trefoil, &c., through villages with their contiguous groves, and anon tripping along for miles upon dykes raised ten, twenty, thirty, and even forty feet above the level below, serving the double purpose of dams to regulate the overflowing waters, and of high-ways through the liquid expanse during the season of the annual flood—and I found myself approaching the pyramids to the North, my donkey man having followed upon the full trot the whole distance.

I had taken a sort of circular sweep partly around these gigantic structures, and the appearance they presented was imposing indeed, shelved as they are upon an elevation a hundred and fifty feet above the level of the valley I was traversing. But grand and imposing as they appeared, I was not impressed with any thing like a full sense of their magnitude, until I drew near, and felt the humbling power of their awful presence. Their very large size upon the ground, however, neutralizes, to some extent, the effect of their extraordinary height. A tower, not more than fifty feet through at the base, and rising to the same height, (near five hundred feet, or about thirty rods) would be more readily appreciated for its altitude, than if its base, like that of the great pyramid, were spread out over an area of eleven acres of ground.

There was one effect I noticed in nearing them, which struck me with peculiar force. When less than half a mile distant, the blocks of stone of which they are composed, some of them four feet thick, and thirty feet long, appeared no larger than common brick, through one of the purest atmospheres in the world, at the same time that objects seen isolated and alone, at the same distance, and through the same atmosphere, did not contract upon my vision to less than half their real magnitude. I ascribed the effect to the extraordinary size of the

structures, the stones of which they are composed bearing about the same proportion to them in magnitude, that common bricks do to an ordinary sized edifice.

The next thing was to prepare for an ascent, and for this every facility was at hand. An Arab Sheik, with a tribe of dependants, is constantly upon the ground, through the traveling season, to aid all who desire it for a price. No one, I believe, attempts to ascend without aid, but some require more, and some less, the fat and lazy requiring three persons each, one to each arm, and one to boost.

The layers retire as they ascend, each one forming a step, varying in both width and height, from a few inches to three or four feet, presenting a very irregular and jagged staircase, reaching from bottom to top, upon all the four sides.

With the aid of two men I commenced my ascent. By the time the twain had mounted a step, I managed to get one foot upon the edge of it, if it was not more than two feet high, and then stiffening myself a little, was pulled up bodily. If it was higher, I was literally dragged up.

Having toiled up, up, up, until I fairly drooped with fatigue, my helpers and comforters seated me, and, thinking to speak encouraging words, told me we were half-way. O dear! I thought we were almost up, and did not thank them for dispelling the delusion. But there was a great object to be achieved, the pyramid was to be scaled, and I was to stand upon its top, and I girded myself afresh, and upward urged my way, until the last weary step had been taken, and stood in triumph upon the top of the greatest pyramid in the world.

The summit once gained, all sense of weariness was gone, and I felt new vigor running through all my frame, under the exhilarating influence of the scene which opened upon my view. Far beneath, in the midst of the dismal waste, was a belt of living green, stretching Northward and Southward far away, threaded by the Nile, spotted with villages, and all alive with a busy population, but bordered and invaded, on either hand, by glittering sands, which spread themselves out, in drifted heaps, like the waves of the sea into the great deserts of Lybia and Sahara, three thousand miles away, on the one hand, and into the Arabian desert, on the other, presenting one everlasting solitude, unbroken by voice of man, or song of bird, or yell of beast, save when the caravan pursues its trackless way across them, followed by the vulture and the jackal, in quest of the carcasses it has left in its train.

The top is about thirty feet square, covered with massive stone, and looks as though it might originally have risen to an apex.

With reluctant step I commenced my descent downwards to the



earth; but the laws of gravitation had now turned in my favor, and, with the new stock of energy I had acquired, my task was easy. Indeed, with my two helpers to hold me up, I found I could make quite a show of speed in ambling from rock to rock.

Arriving within thirty or forty feet of the bottom, on the North side, we paused at the opening which led to the interior, and entered with lighted candles, descending a passage-way about three or three and a half feet square, lined with polished granite, at an angle of twenty-seven degrees, half sliding and half creeping, until we had reached a distance of near one hundred feet, in a direct line, when, turning a little, we entered another similar, though ascending passage-way, crawling up, up, up, nearly double the distance we had descended, and, at the end of it, found ourselves in the queen's chamber, so called, an apartment seventeen feet by fourteen, and twelve in height. By another similar passage-way, we were conducted to what is called the king's chamber, which is thirty-seven feet by seventeen, and twenty in height. Both apartments are formed of highly polished slabs of rose-colored granite.

Many other passages and apartments have been discovered, but not of equal note. There is a passage downward some two hundred feet, called the well, and another of equal depth communicating with it at the bottom, and also with an apartment sixty-six feet long, cut out of the solid rock which forms the foundation of the pyramid.

Nothing, I believe, has been found in this pyramid (the largest) by the moderns, except a sarcophagus of rose-colored granite, eight feet long, three feet wide, and three deep. In the one near it, a little smaller, were found a sarcophagus and the bones of a bull, the latter being one of the degrading objects of worship to which the ancient Egyptians bowed themselves down.

There are traces, however, of both these pyramids having been entered long before they were explored by modern adventurers, and particularly by the early Saracen conquerors, some of whose names are inscribed upon one or two of the apartments. An Arabian author states, that the great pyramid was entered by Almamoun, caliph of Babylon, about ten centuries ago, and that he found, in a chamber near the top, a hollow stone containing a statue, which encased the body of a man, having on a breastplate of gold, set with jewels, to which was attached a sword of inestimable value, with a carbuncle the size of an egg at his head, shining like the light of day, and upon the figure were characters written which no man understood.

As we were about to leave, an Arab was induced, by the offer of a piaster or two, to undertake to go up and down the great pyramid in

the shortest possible time, and he accomplished the feat in just two minutes and a half, skipping from rock to rock with the agility of a gazelle—a feat which, with the aid of two men, I was a full hour in achieving. The distance from bottom to top, cannot be much less than forty rods.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

*The Pyramids—Design of their Projectors—when Built—by whom—Herodotus' account—Tombs in the neighborhood—The great Sphinx.*

We left the reader still gazing upon the pyramids of Ghiza, those stupendous piles which have measured four thousand years of the world's history; and what a thought it is to entertain, that they may yet stand through all time, to be melted down in the fires of the last day!

Nothing less than this will answer the design of their projectors, self-glorification having doubtless been uppermost in their thoughts. The kings of Egypt seem to have regarded their own glorification as the chief end for which a considerable portion of the human race were created, each one doing his utmost to leave behind him some imperishable monument to his memory, at whatever cost. Upon a tomb in Upper Egypt, was to be seen, in the days of Herodotus, this egotistic inscription, "I am Osymandyas, king of kings, if you would know how great I am, surpass my works."

Doubtless these enduring piles were designed for the three-fold purpose of self-glorification, of tombs for their builders, and of temples of worship. Their enduring character was not only adapted to perpetuate the fame of the builders, but also, in connection with the practice of embalming, to preserve the body inviolate, to be reanimated, after the long series of transmigrations to which the soul was supposed to be doomed, had been passed through, while the remains of objects of worship found in them indicate their use as temples. An Indian Brahmin, after hearing a description of them, pronounced them to be temples at once, and there is said to be considerable resemblance between structures of this kind in Egypt and India.

According to the best authorities, the oldest and largest of the pyramids (the one I ascended and explored) was erected twenty-one hundred years before the christian era. It is stated by Herodotus, that, as a preparatory work, ten years were consumed in building the causeway across the valley from the west bank of the Nile, on which to transport stone—which road, in some places, was forty-eight feet high,

being built of polished marble, and adorned with the figures of animals; a work, he adds, scarcely inferior to that of building the great pyramid itself.

The same author says of the monarch who built it, that he "barred the avenues to every temple, and forbade the Egyptians to offer sacrifices to the gods, after which he compelled them to do the work of slaves. Some he condemned to hew stones out of the Arabian mountains, and drag them to the banks of the Nile; others were stationed to receive the same, and transport them to the edge of the Lybian desert. In this service a hundred thousand men were employed, who were relieved every three months." He adds, that "the pyramid itself was the work of twenty years—all which seems to show, that the government, at the time, was in possession of a foreign race of kings, who were hostile to the religion of the country. And it was at this very time, that the Shepherd Kings are allowed to have had possession of Egypt. It is supposed, with good reason, to have been from the hatred thus generated in the minds of the Egyptians, that shepherds are said to have been an abomination to the Egyptians, when the family of Jacob arrived in the land of Goshen.

These pyramids appear to have been erected a short time previous to the captivity of Joseph, according to the calculations of our best chronologists. The numerous other pyramids of Egypt, some of which are but little smaller, were built during the thousand years which followed, the earlier part of which term of time embraced the period of Israelitish bondage in Egypt; but we have no evidence that the Israelites were employed upon any of them. So far as appears, they were tasked only in making brick, doubtless for some kingly structure. In proof that they were employed upon the pyramids, however, we are told, that the workmen upon those structures were fed upon leaks and onions, and that the Israelites in the desert sighed for the leaks and onions and the garlic which were given them in Egypt; but this only proves that both they and the workmen on the pyramids had the same fare.

According to ancient historians, the pyramids were overlaid with polished stone. The top of the smaller of the two large structures, is still thus encased. It is supposed that rude hands have been laid upon them, stripping them of their beautiful exterior, to be appropriated to other uses. This casing is said by one author to have been covered with hieroglyphics sufficient to fill ten thousand volumes.

From the top of the great pyramid, and indeed from its base, is to be seen a great number of tombs stretching away to the north and to the south, as far as the eye can reach, and it verily seemed like being

in the midst of a vast city of the dead. Some have assigned to these mausoleums of the dead a greater antiquity than that of the pyramids themselves, but the more probable opinion is that they are more recent, and are constructed from the beautiful casings of the pyramids, which have been stripped off for the purpose. They are built, for the most part, of huge masses of stone, of irregular surface, but nicely adjusted to each other, with flat roofs, having parapets of stone, and presenting an interior, stuccoed, and painted, the amusements and occupations of the people being represented on the walls. Mutilated statuary, finely wrought, and decayed mummies, are also abundant.

From the same point of observation are to be seen the pyramids of Abousir, rising upon the view a short distance to the south.

A little way from the great pyramids, and on a scale of magnificence to correspond with them, is to be seen rising out of the sand, the head and shoulders of that nondescript monster, so much in favor with the ancient Egyptians, the Sphynx. All that now appears, the head, neck and shoulders, thirty-five feet in height, represent the human form, while its body, that of the lion, in a recumbent posture, with its paws projecting fifty feet forward, sleeps in undisturbed repose beneath the sands of the desert. It was uncovered by the French, near the beginning of the present century, and the stretch of its back was found to be a hundred and twenty feet. It contains interior apartments, and there are entrances both upon the back, and at the top of the head, the latter, it is suggested, having subserved the arts of the priests in uttering oracles. The countenance is placid and benign, and is supposed to represent the ancient Egyptians, the features not being very unlike those of the present race of Nubians, but more nearly resembling the European than the negro.

This monster is said to be cut out of a spur of the mountain rock, of which it still constitutes a part. It was doubtless an object of worship, the remains of small temples and altars having been discovered in front of it, between the fore legs, with the effects of fire upon the latter, as though burnt sacrifices had been offered.

This wonderful statue is represented by those who have seen it in an uncovered state, to have exhibited a most marvellous beauty and symmetry of parts, and to have excited the astonishment of travelers beyond anything to be seen in Egypt.

But it was a mere pigmy to the image which one of the creatures of Alexander proposed to construct to his memory, by converting Mount Atlas into a statue, one foot of which should contain a city of ten thousand inhabitants, while from the other a river poured into the sea. There could scarcely have been, however, a serious thought of executing it.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*Preparations for ascending the Nile—Vessel all to myself—Laying in Provisions—The Orango Woman—Scene at the Consul's Office—The seven Clubs—Description of my Vessel.*

From the time of my first setting foot in Egypt, I had kept in view my purpose of ascending the Nile, as far as Nubia. And now the time had come that I must go, or run the risk of being deserted by the north wind before reaching my destination, and overtaken by the simoom of the desert on my return, for January was already upon me, and scarcely two months remained for the trip.

For more than half the year, embracing the winter months, the wind blows from the north, or up the Nile. Toward the close of February, or the first of March, it veers round to the east, and soon settles in the south, breathing over Egypt the hot blasts of the desert, during the entire spring months, all traveler's scudding away at their approach.

Generally, some half dozen travelers, more or less, unite, and employ a dragoman to take them the trip for a specified consideration. When I was in readiness to go, however, there were no foreigners in Cairo to join me, and it was getting too late in the season to wait for new arrivals. I was reduced to the necessity then, either of incurring the expense of both dragoman and vessel for myself alone, or of attempting an anomaly in Egypt by playing the dragoman for myself.

I chose the latter alternative, caring not a fig for the opprobrium which was to come along with it, by reason of my thus relinquishing all claim to consideration as "a gentleman." As those who clubbed, however, had only the fourth, fifth, or sixth part of both vessel and dragoman each, I flattered myself, that, with the whole vessel to myself, and the stars and stripes waving at mast-head, I would have at least as much dignity afloat as the best of them.

Down I hastened to old Boulac, where lay every variety of craft the country afforded. My errand being known, I was besieged at once by captains and owners, all fierce for a bargain. But I soon bluffed off the whole tribe of vociferous applicants save one—with him I struck a bargain for a trim, two masted vessel, (called a Nile-boat), having a very comfortable cabin for four persons, to be manned by a captain and six men. My entire stock of Arabic was exhausted in the operation, to say nothing of the borrowing I did.

The next thing was to lay in a stock of provisions. My inventory was soon filled, but one thing I had forgotten, a supply of oranges and lemons, and in laying in these, I had all I could do to make the vixens believe that I knew what it was, in Arabic, to be cheated. The orange

woman put a gold piece upon me for two or three piastres more than I knew to be its value. I appealed to a grave Mussulman standing by, but he assured me that I was wrong and the woman right, said he would be my friend, and assist me in any further purchases I wished to make. And so, taking him along to the lemon woman, I took good care to present, in payment for the lemons, the gold piece I had received from the orange woman, when it was promptly refused, except for the value I had put upon it. Turning to my new made friend, I upbraided him for his treachery, when, without uttering a word, he took the disputed piece, returned it to the woman from whom I received it, and brought me the exact change, and then slunk away.

Our craft was now manned and provisioned for a voyage of two months, but we were not near ready yet. The "pomp and circumstance" of taking the owner and captain of the boat before the American Vice-Consul General, to impress upon them a sense of their impending responsibilities, remained to be enacted. Three copies of a contract, covering as many sheets of foolscap, were drawn up by said functionary, for a fee of three dollars, to be signed and sealed, one for each party, and one to be put on file in the Consul's office.

The object was to burden them with an awful sense of their responsibilities in reference to the important matter they had undertaken, which was no less than to transport a subject of the American government many hundreds of miles up the Nile, and bring him safely back. Aside from appliances of this kind, there is no confidence to be placed in their faithless pledges; but, such children are they, and so trained to look with terror upon governmental authority, that such a farce is not without its effect. It was amusing to see with what trepidation the twain stood in the august presence of the Consul.

I thought we were now ready, and repaired to the landing for the purpose of embarking, when, lo! the captain refused to start, until I should put the vessel in a state of defense, assuring me that otherwise he could not be responsible for my safety. I asked him *what defence?* *Seven clubs*, he said, a club to each man, as a protection against robbers and dogs, costing three and a half piasters each, a dollar in all. After some demurring, I submitted to the demand, the vessel was armed, and, everything being right now, we spread our sails to the breeze.

But what is a Nile-boat? We can scarcely be said to have gotten under way, until this question is answered, and so I will dash off some sort of portraiture, taking my own craft for a pattern.

By measurement, it is seventy feet long, with breadth of beam in proportion, having bow and stern, and indeed its entire structure quite

vessel-like. The snug little cabin, the floor of which is nearly on a level with the deck, though calculated for but four persons, might accommodate six, but I have found it quite an advantage to have it all to myself, with pen and ink.

In front the roof projects, forming a portico, there being a seat on either hand, outside the door, where one can sit by the hour together, to watch the edying current, the passing sail, the sporting water fowl, the retiring landscape, the drifted sands, and the far-reaching ledge which walls up the valley of the Nile.

But the masts and the sails—to what shall I liken them? Who has not seen an old-fashioned well-crotch, with a sweep poised in its fork forty feet long, the big end resting on the earth, and the little end lifting itself up on high, with a pole dangling from it, and a bucket, “the old oaken bucket,” “the moss-covered bucket,” “that hung in the well?” That is it exactly, only leave off the pole and bucket, and, instead of a crotch, have a small post about the same height, to the top of which the sweep is attached by a pivot.

The sweep is seventy feet long, and is to sustain a single sail of the same length. The sail is triangular, and, as one of its sides is attached to the sweep its entire length, one of the three angles is of course at the top of it, and another at the bottom. But the upper angle is very sharp, while the lower one is almost a right angle, which would of course bring the third angle pretty low down. To this a rope is attached, which, being fastened to the deck, completes the arrangement.

The lower or big end of the sweep rests upon the deck, and when moved to one side of it, the upper end projects over in the opposite direction, and *vice versa*. The only changes necessary to accommodate the sail to the veering winds, or rather to the variations occasioned by the frequent windings of the river, consist in thus moving it from side to side.

Some boats have two of these enormous sails and others but one—mine had two. When the wind is rearward, or nearly so, the two sails project in opposite directions, wing-like, but so frequent are the windings of the river, that the boat scarcely has time thus to spread its wings, before a change is necessary. With a side wind both must project one way.

Thus rigged, provisioned, manned and armed, we spread sails, and were soon careering before the wind, plowing our way up the strong and powerful current of the Nile.

## SKETCHES OF BORDER LIFE.

BY A CIVIL ENGINEER.

### CHAPTER III.

*Camp Life—Game—Supper—After Supper—A Snake!—Ravines—Hazel Bushes—Dish of Soup—A Dilemma—Evening's Entertainment—Melons—Cornfields—State of the Country.*

I returned at night with a load of game sufficient for the wants of the whole party, after satisfying the voracity of our miscellaneous troop of dogs. The squirrels were rejected as requiring too much labor in dressing; pigeons, they had all got sick of, and I appropriated the prairie chickens to my own use, without troubling myself to ascertain their tastes and opinions regarding them. I never met with a richer delicacy than a young and tender prairie chicken, broiled on the coals, well buttered, and served on a chip, or a clam shell. The impromptu cooking and table service, adds a zest that can only be appreciated by those who have tried the experiment; appetite never fails under such circumstances. The veriest dyspeptic in the world, taking the daily exercise required of us, varying from five to twenty-five miles, breathing the clear fresh air of the prairies, and sleeping in the open air at night, would not turn away from a prairie chicken, or a half a dozen plump quails, which he had broiled, salted, peppered and buttered to a nicety; with a sweet potato a foot long, hot from the ashes before him, all done with his own hands, and, to the best of his recollection, just as "his mother used to do it," for that, as far as my observation extends, is the necessary point by which perfection is attained, and is the "*ultima thule*" of man's ideas in regard to the art of cookery. It will be readily surmised, that I did full justice to my supper, and performed some gastronomic feats that convinced my new acquaintances that I had seen service before, which opinion they did not hesitate to express.

After supper, the pipes were called into requisition, and the crowd soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. The effect of the supper, and the stimulating weed, soon began to manifest itself in the jokes and good humored sallies, that passed rapidly back and forth. The events of the day were freely discussed, and woe to any one who had given cause, ever so slight, for a "rig," for he seldom heard the last of it.



If some unlucky wight had turned a back-handed somerset to avoid a "massasauga," or fell into a slough up to his ears, his misfortunes were detailed for the benefit of the party, with such additions and embellishments as suggested themselves to the narrator, leaving the true version of the affair entirely in the background, while the hero of the tale was obliged to content himself with being laughed at, till he got a chance to return the compliment. The engineers in the meantime, with maps and diagrams spread upon the ground, deliberated on future courses, traced "profiles," or calculated angles and "traverses."

As the night wore on, each man wrapped himself in his blanket and sought a resting place in the tent, or in the open air, as suited his fancy. The silence gradually became general, interrupted only by an occasional snore, and sometimes by the indistinct conversation carried on by a pair who had sought a bed upon the prairie grass at a little distance. Soon all were asleep, and I had slept an hour or two myself, when I was awakened by the cry of "Snake! snake! bring a light! Halloo! Oh Lord" accompanied by a bound of six feet into the air of Fred the Kentuckian. A light was speedily found, and displayed that personage holding on to the tent pole, and kicking with all his might at the empty air. His efforts, however, were not entirely in vain, for he soon brought down a moderate sized garter snake around his ankle, which he sent flying through the air, and seemed much relieved. The incident did not cause much excitement among his comrades, who only raised their heads, and laughed at him till the woods rang. In the morning not one of them recollected having seen the snake, and nearly convinced him that he had had a fit of "delirious tremendous." For myself, I confess it made me a little nervous, and I did not go to sleep so readily as before, but I soon got accustomed to even that.

At day light the cook was called, a fire built, and breakfast cooked, consisting of fried ham, potatoes, bread, and butter, coffee, and the invariable accompaniment of every meal in Iowa, a tin can of molasses. It is generally eaten with bread as a dessert, though a favorite camp dish is a mixture of about half and half of molasses and pork grease, a dish that I can recommend as a dainty of the first order. It requires a little fortitude to commence with it, but soon it becomes a favorite dish, and is in universal use in the pinery camps. Fred had need of all his activity at meal time, to keep dishes filled as fast as they were emptied, for there is no place equal to the camp, to give an appetite; pork, potatoes, and every thing, are greedily devoured, with two or three pint cups of coffee, an egg being broken in it in place of cream.

The pipes were then filled, and lighted, and all stood ready for the

day's work. We were engaged in exploring the ravines connected with the tributaries of the Mississippi at that time, in search of feasible railroad routes through and over them. These ravines and bluffs are from fifty to two hundred feet in depth, and are covered with a dense under growth of hazle brush, which grows to a height of ten or twelve feet, and so thick that nothing can make headway through it, except the long nosed hogs that roam these jungles in an almost wild state. The operation of clearing a line was therefore, very laborious, and not more than from half a mile to a mile-a day was accomplished. If the camp was within half a mile of us at dinner time, we generally went there to dinner, if not, the teamster brought it to us. This meal generally consisted of game of some kind, that the cook managed to kill in our absence, he loading all the guns in the camp, and lying in wait for whatever chanced to come in range first, so that the dinner stew often consisted of conglomerate ingredients, prairie chicken, squirrel, pigeon, rabbit, pork, and occasionally of frog's hind quarters, done to a nicety ; while at other times some adventurous old sow, approaching too near the muzzles of Fred's battery, had occasion to mourn the loss of a fine roaster or two.

Upon one occasion, we had procured a good sized piece of beef from a farmer who was butchering, which we found very agreeable for a change, and 'did 'not leave till all was gone but the bones. These, it was decided, should be made into soup, and all hands expected a grand treat on the occasion. Each one had a receipt to offer for its concoction, whose chief recommendation was that it was the way his mother made it when he was a boy ; and I may remark, that I have always noticed, that when a man gets into camp, away from the concoctions and queer mixtures of professional cooks, he always reverts at once to "the way his mother did it," and in fact, I don't know that I ever saw a man that did not think his mother the best cook in the world. But to the case in question. The soup was duly "did," and sent out to us at eleven o'clock in the morning.

I went to the wagon to look at it when it came out, and was delighted with the prospect before me. I could not resist the temptation of tasting so delectable a compound, and searched round for a spoon for that purpose, but to my surprise none was to be found. I did not realise the extent of our calamity, until I reflected that we were five miles from camp, with nothing but soup for dinner, and no spoons to eat it with, the same as dinnerless, and worse, tantalised as we were, with the long expected dish, now placed before us in all its fragrant richness, without being able to taste it. And then I always was inordinately fond of soup. But he had ruined all by forgetting the spoons.

I fell into a brown study on the subject, and set my wits to work for a remedy. It chanced that I had read, when a boy, stories of camp life, and one of a party of hunters, who were in a similar predicament, only their soup was made of dried peas, and therefore not to be compared to ours, so I determined to profit by their experience. I went to the creek, a half a mile off, and selecting a good sized clam shell, fitted a handle to it by sticking it into the end of a split stick.

Making sure that every thing was right, so as to admit of no failure, I took them apart, put them in my pocket, "and bided my time." When dinner hour arrived, a grand rush was made for the wagon, and "soup!" was the cry. The cover was taken off the kettle, and all gathered around with open mouths. Teamster was rummaging for spoons, and the boys were getting impatient, and "Hurra, them spoons!" saluted him half a dozen times before he announced the fact, that the spoons were all safe in the camp five miles away. Dismay was pictured on every countenance at hearing this, and imprecations fell thick and fast upon the head of the unlucky cook. Gazing with blank looks into the kettle of soup, they asked "what's to be done!" Drawing forth clam shell and stick, with a grand flourish, I fell to work in good earnest. It would be impossible to describe the various emotions depicted in the countenances that surrounded me, as they sat gazing at me without a word, watching each mouthful as it rose from the dish.

By the time I had got through, a detachment arrived from the creek with a supply of clam shells, and I kindly offered to loan the use of mine, foregoing any further operations upon the dinner, in consideration of having eaten at the first table.

Supper was the crowning glory of the day. After a hard day's work, climbing bluffs and threading hazle thickets, and a ride to the camp of some miles, the enjoyment of a hearty supper and evening's rest, can hardly be appreciated by one who has not experienced its delights in the camp itself. Gathered around the camp chest, which served the purpose of table, seated on boxes, kegs, reversed jugs, or any thing else that came to hand, little ceremony was used in helping each man himself to what he wanted.

As may be supposed, all the forms of politeness were summarily dispensed with, while, at the same time, perfect good humor was maintained, for a man could commit no greater folly than to lose his temper in such a case, as he invariably brought the whole battery of small arms against himself by such a course. The only resource was to wait patiently till an opportunity presented itself for his revenge, which was generally not long in coming, when he was fully seconded by his late

tormentors. Supper ended, the "cut and dried" was passed around and never refused, as clouds of smoke soon testified.

Conversation soon became brisk under the influence of the weed, and the good feeling inspired by the hearty supper, and various and marvellous adventures were related, and as most of the party were old campaigners, they were neither few nor far between. Stories of actual experience in the pine woods of Maine, the Black Swamp of Ohio, "fever nags," "Egypt" in southern Illinois, the land of "High winds" that bounds Lake Michigan on the West, Florida, Texas, all came in for a share. The party mostly belonged to that nomadic class of men who are the pioneers of all our railroad projects, men who pierce the wilderness and explore the solitudes of the prairies in advance of civilization, regardless of toil, privation and hardships, of which those who ride at their ease in after days over the finished railroad, have little appreciation. Like the mariner upon the wide ocean, they follow the course pointed out by the unerring needle, through pathless wilds, and over broad prairies; binding the wilderness to civilization by the frail links of the surveyor's chain, and loving a profession honored by the Father of his Country above the comforts and luxuries of civilized life.

Such men as these must necessarily meet with strange and chequered experiences, the recital of which, by the camp fire, mingled with a spice of the romantic, or such quaint fictions and embellishments as suggest themselves to the relator, excite often a thrilling interest. The young beginners listen with open mouths to the tales of some old campaigner, detailing dangers past, long marches performed with incredible loads, short allowance of food, escapes from famine, wild beasts and serpents. These "yarns" are always retailed to friends at home, by the youngsters, the relator himself being the hero of the tale, to the great admiration of wondering mammas and sympathizing sisters.

And then again the conversation would turn upon home and friends far away, and the many loved associations of childhood, or the merits of certain fair friends who occupy a prominent place in the recollections of each individual, and which particular lady he feels bound to support, in defiance of all opposition, as the "ne plus ultra" of female loveliness and virtue. Carpet sacks are ransacked for the "counterfeit presentiments" of these fair ladies, and many comparisons instituted and remarks elicited as each is successively brought under inspection. Of course no agreement on the subject could be expected, for Jerry, the Missourian, thought the daguerreotype of his "Lorahamy," which had cost him three "bits" in St. Louis, and in which his Dulcinea appears in a red dress and flaming turban; much preferable to the

bright eyed Buckeye girl, or the dark haired favorite of the "Old Dominion" boys. Each retired from the contest more convinced of the charms of his favorite, and bestowing upon her a closer place in his affections from having in the heat of argument attributed to her so many virtues and beauties that he actually convinced himself that she was the paragon he represented. A young engineer, away in the farthest wilds of Minnesota, brought out the picture of the idol of his heart, a beautiful black eyed Wisconsin girl, which, as it passed around, gratified his pride by the remarks it elicited, until it was saluted by a bystander with, "Hallo, E— S—, as I live!"

He had recognized an old acquaintance and joined with his friend in her praises. Certainly, if these fair damsels knew the extent of these little demonstrations, they might be pardoned in feeling flattered, for such exhibitions of feeling come from the heart, and are prompted by no desire of flattery or stimulations of gallantry.

About this time the thousands of melons that filled the cornfields of Iowa were ripe, and that delicious fruit presented itself from every farmyard in all its richness. There can be no more grateful sight, upon a sultry day in August, to a man, fatigued, hungry, and tormented with thirst, than is presented by a watermelon patch, filled with the bounteous crop of that fruit, which an Iowa soil inevitably yields. The farmers generally mix the seed with their corn, at the time of planting, (as farmers at the East do pumpkin seeds), and consequently they have an abundance for all, with plenty left to rot on the ground.

Even the form of asking for them is generally dispensed with, because not required or expected, and when we came to one of these fascinating spots, everything was dropped, and all hands disappearing among the tall cornstalks, soon returned with a load which was thrown upon the ground in a pile, and quickly devoured.

The people of Iowa are as yet in that unsettled state which is common in all new countries. Their farms are for the most part enclosed and under cultivation, but in a very imperfect manner, and there is no more common expression in the mouth of a New England farmer visiting that country, than such as, "What shiftlessness," "what waste." The prudent, hard-working policy of the Eastern farmer is no part of their system.

The soil yields, without the bestowal of much labor, crops that are amply sufficient for all the wants of the cultivator and his family; and time and again I have seen whole fields of wheat, corn, or oats abandoned to the weather and not even harvested, sometimes for want of help, at others from want of inclination.

## TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH WEST.

BY GILBERT HATHAWAY, ESQ., OF LAPORTE, LA.

## CHAPTER I.

HELENA, ARKANSAS, Oct. 185-.

DEAR R——: You see from the place where this is written, I have fairly set out on my contemplated southern tour, and it is with pleasure I embrace this early moment to commence the correspondence promised you when last we met, discussing the fare of "mine host" of the justly famed Astor.

You did me the honor to appear pleased with my relation of adventures in my journeyings in the South, and requested that I would, as opportunity offered, let you know of my whereabouts, the kind of people I might meet, the country and climate through which I might pass, and should any adventures befall me, to give them to you by way of letters.

I have started, and as you perceive, I have not forgotten the promise I then made you.

It was at the close of one of those beautifully brilliant days, which are so common near the borders of Lake Michigan, in the month of October, when I took leave of my friends in the beautiful city of L—, and in a few moments was being hurried over the earth with the speed of the rail car. But, as is quite frequent by this mode of conveyance, we were "detained," and instead of reaching Chicago in two hours, as the bills have it, we were fully five in making the journey. Owing to the lateness of the hour, and the crowded state of travelers then in the city, I was compelled to spend the balance of the night on a sofa in the parlor of one of the fine hotels of which that city may justly be proud.

Again, on my journey to St. Louis, I was detained, many hours, and thus lost the opportunity of securing a state room on the boat, in which I anticipated descending the river when I left my home, she having left at the advertised hour, which certainly is an anomaly in the history of river navigation. But, as fortune favored me, by which I procured passage in a fine boat, with but few hours delay in that thriving city, I had no real cause for regret, as I improved my time in reading the

many matters of interest presented to a stranger in and about its borders.

The boat was well found, and finely officered, and the company in the cabins such as travel at this season of the year on this river—some New Orleans people, and “lone river” planters, returning from northern summer rambles; some invalids seeking the warm and genial skies of the South, in pursuit of health, with here and there an adventurer seeking employment, no matter what, so that he could “put money in his purse,” with a few of that class of ubiquitous people who are to be found wherever a “penny is to be turned” in a small way, by way of notions and other wares, yclept Yankees; with many of those who usually occupy the front part of the cabin on all western rivers, engaged in smoking, spitting, drinking and betting!!

We were much longer in making Cairo, which place, as you are aware, is at the confluence of the Ohio with the “father of waters,” than is usual. The river was low, and many a sand bar held us fast, till by means of the shins and windlass, and appliance of steam, the boat was literally lifted over them. These operations are quite effective, but occupy much time, and unless a person is well stocked with that faculty of which Job is said to have been well supplied, he would be annoyed beyond endurance. You have never experienced the delays always attendant on the navigation of western rivers, at most seasons of the year. You, when you wish to go to any point in the neighborhood of your quiet city, can calculate with much certainty on the hour of arrival. Not so on these waters. So you cannot appreciate our situation. Our delays, by reason of the many bars on which we grounded, brought most vividly to mind the scenes of the year before, when I undertook to pass the same ground, when, as you will recollect, I was some two weeks in making the mouth of the Ohio from St. Louis.

As it was my intention to leave the boat at Memphis, I sought no acquaintance with the passengers, as I am in the habit of doing, on long routes, but devoted myself to my books, of which I have a goodly supply, and my pen, with which I make full notes of all passing events; with the hope that the dear ones at home may on my return, take some pleasure in perusing. The city of Cairo, of which I have made mention, is the scene of several bold efforts of ambitious men, to found a large city. Its position is such that it must, in the settlement of the valley in which it is situated, command a large and very extensive trade, unless its low position prevents. The point of land between the two rivers on which it is laid out, is low, and subject to overflows from both rivers in high stages of water. The side on the Mississippi is lowest; in front a large sand bar stretches far into that stream, ren-

dering its approach from that quarter quite out of the question. On the Ohio side, the bank is high, and the landing good for the largest class boats at almost any stage of the water.

Several companies in years past, have undertaken, by means of levees, to prepare the plat for building, but for want of sufficient means, or other causes, all failed, and it seemed as though the spot was doomed to afford habitation for the snake, the frog, and kindred "*varmints*" till the Illinois Central Railroad took hold of it, when, as by magic, the thing moves forward, and ere long the dream of the enthusiast will be fully realized. Already you hear the sound of the hammer and saw, in the erection of habitations and stores, and mine host of a three story hotel, dispenses the good things of earth to hungry crowds, at the rate of two dollars per day.

We remained at this point a long time. Our captain was anxious to fill up his boat before proceeding below, and so waited the arrival of small boats on the Ohio. This delay was of more than twenty-four hours duration—a great delay you would say—but be patient. You are not on a river boat, where such a thing as punctuality is not known in any thing except the regularity of the meals, and attendance at the bar.

This detention afforded me ample opportunity to examine the plan of the city, and learn the purposes of the buildings. In company with some three or four passengers, I went round the city on the levee that has been thrown up, of some three and a half miles in circumference, built by a company some years ago, and which is now quite overgrown with rank weeds and bushes. The Illinois Central Railroad comes in on the East side, and runs in front of the city on the Ohio side, on a high embankment. Large iron pipes of some eighteen inches caliber, are placed in this embankment, on a level with the surface within, which are calculated to drain off the water which may fall in the inclosure, or naturally percolate through the embankment. This of course can only be available when the water of the river is lower than the surface within. When the water is above that level the company expect to free the city from water which may accumulate there, by means of steam pumps of great capacity. Should these means prove effective, and the ground made suitable for building purposes, the progress of the place must be rapid. The fact of its position, the extensive railroad terminating there, the great uncertainty of river navigation above this point on either side, from low water or ice, and that the river is always navigable below this point for the largest class of boats, insures its progress, and it must, in a few years, greatly interfere with the business of St. Louis.



Our captain, having obtained all the freight and passengers he could hope to within any *reasonable* time, gave orders to get up steam; and soon the James Robb was rounding out from the wharf boat, into the clear water of the Ohio, the sparkling brilliancy of which was quickly lost in the turbid wave of its confluent.

At Memphis I spent a day, where I met an old acquaintance who was formerly a practitioner in the "profession," but now engaged in "railroading," having a heavy contract on a road from that place to Little Rock. Like most men who abandon a legitimate and certain business for one of an untried, and really uncertain character, he was sanguine of success; and although others have failed, yet some have succeeded; he was well assured that *something* would turn up in his case, which would lead to fortune. So great were his expectations, that I suppose a very large sum would have been demanded for an interest in his contract. May his expectations be realized, is my wish.

Memphis is situate on a high bluff, on the Tennessee side of the river, and generally is well built. Some four railroads coming into town from different directions, are under contract, and cars beginning to run. It is an improving city of some 20,000 inhabitants.

Like most Government operations, the navy yard at this place has proved an expensive affair, and of but little or no value. Who but a mad man would think of building a ship at a point where there is barely sufficient water to float a boat, simply because timber and material for cordage were handy? It has cost millions of money, and has not been of a farthing's value to the Government. Finding that no use of the great outlay could be made, in the way designed, or held out by the originators of the scheme, they have endeavored to turn it to some account by the introduction of extensive machinery for making cordage; and after years of delay in getting matters into operation, it has been found that every pound of rope manufactured, costs some twenty per cent more than the same article can be purchased for in the neighborhood, made by private enterprise. But, then, what matter? It has afforded opportunity for certain politicians to make capital in their way, and secure fat places for epauletted dignitaries of the American army.

I was much disappointed in not meeting at this place a young gentleman and his wife, whose acquaintance I made in the South last year, and in whose company I returned from Galveston to Memphis. We passed through many trying scenes together, and, as not unfrequently happens, became very much attached. Mr. S— was a young man of fine appearance and unusually well read in his profession—a Kentuckian by birth and education, with much of the high-toned chivalry for

which the sons of the "bloody ground" are so widely known. The father of Mrs. S.—, Mr. W.—, a planter of Kentucky, had settled on the Cibolo, Texas, where the road from \_\_\_\_\_ to San Antonio crosses this stream, the season preceding the one we met, when the parties were married, and, at the time referred to, were on their return to Kentucky, it being their wedding trip. I learned that they had subsequently settled in this city, and was quite anxious to renew my acquaintance.

We were on the same ship from Indianola to New Orleans, and from congeniality of taste and thought had formed a mutually pleasing acquaintance. When we arrived at New Orleans, the yellow fever was raging to a great degree, some one hundred and ninety deaths having occurred the day before. We were all disposed to remain in the infected city but as short a period as possible, and were led to take the first boat up the river, without regard to her comfortable accommodations. The first thus presented proved to be the "Brown," a freight boat, but with cabin accommodations better than usual on this class of boats. But the great rush of passengers made our quarters very uncomfortable. What state-rooms there were the ladies took possession of, and all gentlemen, no matter whether they had wives in company or not, were compelled to seek the best places that could be found for sleeping. The boat furnished a few cots, for which the steward, for hiding and reserving till night, received a handsome fee for each. The cabin floor was each night filled with sleepers, made very uncomfortable from close proximity to all sorts of unpleasant characters, to say nothing of roaches and other creeping things, in a hot climate, and rendered more so from the heat of the boilers, which were immediately beneath. I was fortunate to secure a place on the dining table some two or three nights, and once or twice a cot by speaking to the steward at an early hour in the morning.

The next morning, after leaving the city, it was rumored that we had a case of yellow fever on board; which rumor was fully confirmed on the second day by the death of the party—the captain of the steamboat *Grand Turk*, who had taken passage with us, for St. Louis. This occurrence filled us with alarm and apprehension, and much foreboding of what the future would develop. The fever continued to spread among the deck passengers, of whom we had several hundred, and deaths occurred every day till we reached the *quarantine*, a few miles below the city of destination. It was our custom to stop each night and bury those on the bank of the river who had died in the course of the day. At the quarantine there were taken ashore some five persons, either dead or dying with this dreadful disease, but none

from the cabin. Several cases had occurred there, but by good attention from fellow passengers they had been saved.

When the health officer came on board, one poor fellow, who had been confined to his birth several days, but who was getting better, looked upon the quarantine with perfect horror, and begged of the passengers not to allow him to be taken off at this place. In order to save him, a *ruse* was resorted to with the view of deceiving the officer. He was dressed and placed between a couple of barrels on the deck, just in front of the cabin, a slouched hat was pulled over his head and face, so that when the dapper little M. D. made his appearance and dashed through the boat, with the haste of a person who supposed he was pursued by fiends, it is not at all surprising that he did not detect the deception. The barrels on each side supported the invalid in a sitting posture, and enabled him to escape unnoticed. He was brought to St. Louis in safety, where he recovered from the attack.

This was a memorable passage. Besides the number lost by fever, two died from small pox, and one, a young man, was lost overboard in the night, to say nothing about a serious fight between a deck hand and the mate, in which the latter was badly stabbed, and left on the river bank. A cloud of gloomy sadness rested upon every countenance, and had it not been for extraordinary efforts on the part of a few passengers, in keeping all parties as cheerful as possible, it is thought the number of deaths would have been fearfully increased. You can well imagine, that a passage, which was extended to about double the length usual on ascending the river, and filled with so much that was horrifying, was calculated to render the situation of a young and delicate bride, reared with the refinement to be found in the best families in the State of her birth—one of the most unpleasant and trying character.

I learned from parties here, that having tasted the genial sweets of a former residence in the valley of the Cibolo, and the great comfort of being near her mother, had induced Mr. S— to emigrate to Texas.

The Memphis and New Orleans packet is among the few boats that can be commended to travelers—properly furnished in all regards and exceedingly well managed. I took passage for this place, and found the usual number of passengers—more families, however, than at other seasons of the year, returning to their winter homes, after having spent the summer in the more northern States. Many children were among them, which at times rendered the ladies' cabin quite musical with their difficulties in various ways. Black nurses were moving hither and thither on errands of duty, creating an enlivening scene.

## PILGRIMAGE TO ALDERBROOK.

BY C. D. RANDALL, ESQ., OF OLDWATER.

"Come in the spring-time to Alderbrook, dear friend of mine, whatever name thou bearest, come when the little birds are out, careering, stark mad with joyousness on their giddy wings."—*Fanny Forrester.*

It was January, 1857. The cold wind, as it swept over and among the hills, blew the drifting snow right in our faces. Closer around us the robes were drawn, to keep out the cold, which to an uninitiated Wolverine was the realization of an imported Greenland. There was a hill to our right, and a smaller one on the left, and we were speeding swiftly over the snow, down a little valley, which I judged *might* be passably pleasant in the summer time, but one could not be very ideal about scenery, when the thermometer was twenty degrees below zero. Our horse was of that proud race to which Bucephalous belonged, but differing somewhat from his illustrious predecessor in spirit and speed, it required the united inducements of corporeal punishment and prospect of oats ahead, to prevent our actual freezing. We had been out about three miles from Morrisville, N. Y., to Leeville, and were now returning by a different route. My companion had interested me in pointing out the interesting places; but to do my best, I could see no particular beauty in rugged hills covered with snow and ice, whose trees, straight and long, were shaking their shriveled snow covered limbs like so many stationary ghosts trembling with western ague.

The broad prairie, beautiful with its farms and flowers; the grand old forests, sublime in their solitude, ever had the best charms for me. "But," insisted my companion, "they *are* beautiful in the summer time. Especially this valley we are passing through, which is Alderbrook."

"Alderbrook!"

"Yes."

"Not Fanny Forrester's Alderbrook?"

"The same—there is 'Underhill Cottage.'"

"Alderbrook!" Back—way back in the past, with lightning speed went memory, on her golden wings, bringing up to the present a thou-

sand sad and pleasant associations, mingled with my own, and the day dreams of the writer of 'Alderbrook.' Fanny Forester! How I had learned to love that name. I had read her 'Alderbrook,' in the rainy days of spring-time, when youth's visionary imaginings were brightest, and many a time with book in hand I had thought, read, and dreamt, as with a kindred spirit, with whom to commune was happiness. Fanny Forester, as a woman and writer, had been my favorite. As a woman, heroic, self sacrificing, a true christian, [whom God knows never had a spark of hypocrisy] and true woman, devoted to her family and the suffering cause of the India Mission, she was without parallel—and I loved her with that love which we bear for those whose exalted and holy character seems so much beyond ourselves, and too pure for earth. As a writer, original, true to nature in her village sketches, she always presented us beautiful pictures; and even in her sad stories there ran such a vein of good natured humor, that we were often provoked to laughter when we felt more like crying. At the same time, she threw, with a deep home thrust, a lesson to our hearts, which, while it startled, fixed itself upon us with its good influences forever. Among American female writers, her 'Alderbrook' stands alone like a beautiful temple of its own peculiar structure, and without a superior. Her history, sad, yet beautiful, passed hurriedly before me, first of her early life in "Underhill Cottage," there in the pleasant village of Morrisville; a short distance from 'Alderbrook,' where she wrote occasionally for local newspapers, which neither increased her fame nor fortune; where she taught school to assist in supporting her family, who were poor, and her father, a carrier of the mail through Morrisville, and where she wrote her rather saucy letter to N. P. Willis, then editor of the N. Y. Mirror, who so appreciated her writings that he engaged her to correspond for his paper, from which time she rose rapidly into public notice and fame. Afterwards her 'Alderbrook' sketches are published—then she becomes the wife and fellow missionary of the devoted Jubson. She goes to India, labors there until health fails her, and then she comes back to her native land, to lie down and die in her father's house, and her sisters and mother's arms.

\* \* \*

"Come in the spring-time to Alderbrook, friend of mine,"

'Fanny' had said in her 'Underhill Cottage,' and here it was mid winter. Well, I felt I was one of her 'dear friends,' even if I had unconsciously disobeyed her invitation. Mine was a pleasant surprise. 'Alderbrook!' At the mention of the name Bucephalons came almost

to a dead halt. The thermometer [if we had had one] seemingly rose twenty degrees. The wind blew less severe; the sun shone brighter, and I could almost imagine the snow off the valley and hill, and the little silvery Alderbrook, leaping out of its icy fetters, like a freed spirit, and go bounding along with its May day laughter, and could see as Fanny Forester had of Alderbrook long ago:—

“ ——— the fresh green wood,  
The forest fretted aisles,  
And leafy domes above them bent,  
And solitude,  
So eloquent!  
Mocking the varied hues that blent  
In arts most gorgeous piles —.”

Before us was ‘Underhill Cottage.’ It is now no longer ‘Underhill,’ for the highway which formerly passed above the house, now winds along the base of the little hill, below. The cottage is small, and consists of a story and half upright, with a wing on either side. ‘As Fanny’ has said, “The house is very low in front (now back) and has an exceedingly timid, modest bearing, as is some times the case with houses.” The eglantine, the roses, and the clematis, which she tells us beautified her home, are no longer there. The house wears an old look, and withal tells that its best admirer has there no longer her home. It is now far from being what she said it once was, “with its white walls and nice white lattice work, looking amid the budding vines, all folding their arms about it, like a living sleeper under the especial protection of Dame Nature.” It stands but a relic of its former beauty—a faded shrine, and the goddess of the place departed. The little brook across the road in front of the house and beyond the little meadow, which was, which ‘Fanny’ has called the “bright laughter,” now wears in summer and winter, the same sombre sadness, and, like its former admirer, laughs no more, for men more practical than ideal have been there, and the once beautiful streamlet sleeps below the heavy pond which lies above it, and its music is hushed forever. Ere I was aware, we had passed the cottage—through the valley, and were again in the streets of Morrisville. There, in this village, stands the house where she and her family were living when she first came into public notice. The house is one and a half stories high, fronting the street, now painted a dark slate color. In front stands a beautiful row of young pine trees, which I was told Fanny herself assisted in planting. They look as pure and beautiful as her own bright fame, and green as her memory is in our hearts. Both herself and her father’s family are here spoken of in the highest terms of respect and friendship by their former acquaintances. It appears that none knew Fanny Forester, but to love her.

It is only a few steps from this former home of hers to where is now the office of the "Madison County Observer," the time-honored and lineal descendant of the "Alderbrook Sun," which she so facetiously said "rose of a Wednesday morning." It is a living curiosity, and had circumstances admitted, I should have been happy to have seen the editor who succeeds in maintaining a journal of the democratic faith in a republican town, village and county. Surely he must be a remarkable man and well deserving the commendation of his party. But Fanny Forester was no politician, and so we are digressing. The village is not now as when Fanny wrote. Instead of two churches, there are three; a large and beautiful hotel on the "Hill," stores, shops and offices without number, and here and there dwellings which would be an ornament to the city. Though it is not exactly as Fanny's "Alderbrook," yet the halo of romantic beauty thrown over it by her village sketches, renders it an attractive and interesting place for all her readers.

The next day, a very pleasant ride over hills, through valleys, past rich "hop farms," over canals and streamlets, for about seven miles, brought us into the beautiful and classical village of Hamilton, whither we had come on a visit to Mr. and Miss Chubuck, the father and sister of Fanny Forester. They were living here in a beautiful residence, the gift of the sister and daughter. We found Mr. Chubuck at home, who gave us a very kind reception. We were soon joined by Miss Chubuck, to whose sociable and agreeable attentions we were indebted for our very interesting visit. Mr. Chubuck is quite an old man, somewhat bent with age and feebleness. His wife, we were told, had died some two years ago. She was apparently the favorite with Fanny, for in her writings I knew not that she ever spoke of else but her mother. He is of medium stature, and bears a slight resemblance to "Fanny." There is a resemblance between Miss Chubuck and Mrs. Judson, more than we usually note between sisters. She was very kind and ready to interest us, which gave additional pleasure to our visit. This was the house to which Mrs. Judson returned from India—the home in which she had died. Her wish had been granted, which she had made in her "Little Molly White:" "Oh, let me die in the country where I shall not fall like a single leaf in the forest, unheeded.  
\* \* \* Bury me in the country amid the prayers of the good and tears of the loving. \* \* \*

'Then if around my place of sleep,  
The friends I love should come to weep,  
They might not haste to go.' "

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## NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY REV. GEO. DOFFIELD, D. D.

### CHAPTER VII.

*Place de la Concorde, Champs Elysees, Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, Temple de Humanite, Buonaparte's Tomb.*

The statue of Liberty was removed; and in 1800 it assumed the name of "Place de la Concorde." Different projects were entertained for erecting another statue, which were frustrated by revolutions, until, finally, the renowned relict of ancient Egypt, one of the two monolith obelisks that stood in front of the great temple of Thebes, the modern Luxor, at great expense, and to the great honor of the science and skill of savants and workmen who removed it whence for centuries it had stood, it was successfully reared where it now stands. This magnificent stone, which bears on three sides hieroglyphical memorials of the grandeur of Sesostris, one of the proudest of ancient Egyptian kings, is of sienite granite, seventy-two feet three inches high, seven feet six inches at its base, and five feet four inches at the top, weighing, as computed, some five hundred thousand pounds, or two hundred and fifty tons. Its erection took place during the reign of Louis Phillippe, on the 25th of October, 1836, as the inscription on the pedestal records. The plinth on which it stands is a block of granite, fifteen feet long by nine feet square at the bottom, and eight at the top. The pedestal on which it rests is composed of five blocks of granite, each twelve feet by five and three feet; and the height of it and plinth together is twenty-seven feet, making the whole height of the column a few inches less than one hundred feet. On one of the faces of the pedestal, are engraven, gilt sections of the machinery used at Luxor in removing and embarking the obelisk, and on another those employed in Paris for its re-erection, the entire expense of which is said to have been 2,000,000 of francs.



Two beautiful fountains near it, play from circular basins fifty feet in diameter, and give a pleasing effect to the scene. The grounds are not yet completed; but when the gardens shall have been laid out, and the trees and shrubbery arranged, the Place de la Concorde will form a beautiful connection between the Tuilleries and the Champs Elysees. But all its beauty and splendor, and highly ornamented ever-flowing fountains, can never obliterate the remembrance of the horrid and tragic scenes of blood and murder perpetrated here. Twelve hundred persons trampled to death in a panic produced during the rejoicings held in honor of the marriage of Louis XVI!—his execution by the guillotine!—and, during nearly two years of reign of terror, from the murder of Charlotte Cordery, Brissot and his colleagues, Marie Antoinette, and more than two thousand eight hundred persons immolated before the statue of Liberty!

The Champs Elysees stretch to the northwest from the Place de la Concorde, and afford one of the finest and most extensive promenades of which any city can boast. They are so well arranged, that it can be turned, if Parisian gaiety requires it, into one vast ball-room, and be illuminated like the day itself. From the Place de la Concorde to the Barriere de l'Etoile, the length is about one mile and a quarter. Here, on Sundays particularly, the population of Paris becomes fused—shop-keepers, workmen, operatives, professional men, velvet aristocracy, cashmere shawls, humble merinos, coarse tartans, youth, gaiety, and beauty, of both sexes and all ages, meet in close proximity, and jostle each other. In the groves are stalls for the sale of toys and gingerbread, jugglers, tumblers, squeaking punches, and all manner of attractions for the juvenile race. Parties of all classes occupy chairs, hired for two sous, or the wooden benches placed at intervals along the sides of the avenue; splendid coaches roll past in grand procession along the road; cafe houses, scattered among the trees, offer entertainment; and various sorts of public amusements invite the loitering crowds. Here all the public fetes are held; and here a stranger finds abundant opportunity to see and study the gaieties, courtesies, peculiarities, and social hilarities, of the ever fickle, noisy, chattering, and laughter-loving Parisian population.

On the elevated ground, which terminates toward the northwest of the Champs Elysees, is to be seen the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile. It is one of the most conspicuous and attractive of all the monuments of Paris. The idea of it originated with Napoleon; its erection was decreed in 1806, but it was not completed till 1833. It consists of a large central arch, ninety feet high and forty-five feet wide, over which stretches an imposing entablature and attic. A transverse arch fifty-

seven feet high and twenty-five feet wide, crosses it, dividing the interior part of the pile into four piers. The height of the entire structure is one hundred and fifty-two feet, its breadth one hundred and thirty-seven, and width sixty-eight. Its entire cost is put at 10,432,000 francs. The façades are toward the Champs Elysees and Neuilly, and each pier, of its principal fronts, is ornamented with a projecting pedestal, on which appear, groups of sculptured figures, wrought on the surface of the monument. The frieze and the cornice above are both ornamented with sculpture—the latter at intervals with projecting lions' heads. Compartments, filled with alto-relievo, occupy the spaces between the cornice and frieze of the general entablature. The attic, also, crowned with a cornice and plinth, and ornamented with masks, is divided by pilasters into different compartments; on each pilaster is sculptured a laureled sword, and in each compartment a circular shield bearing the name of some brilliant victory.

The vaults of the arches are cut into apartments, containing roses, and the spandrels adorned with colossal allegorical figures. On the inner side of the piers are inscribed the names of victories, and under the transversal arches those of generals. The sculpture is very grand and impressive. It will well repay hours of careful study. By the aid of published descriptions, I gave them a thorough examination. The northern pier of the eastern principal face bears on its pedestal a group representing the departure of the French army in 1792. The Genius of War summons the nation to arms, and warriors, of different ages and in different costumes, are seen arming and hastening to battle.

The dimensions of this, and of all the corresponding groups, are, in total height, 34 feet, and each figure 18 feet. "The southern pier of the same front has the triumph of 1810, represented by Victory crowning Napoleon. Fame surmounts the whole and History records his deeds; vanquished towns are at his feet. On the western front, the group of the southern pier represents the resistance of the French nation to the invading armies of 1814. A young man is seen defending his wife, his children, and his father; a warrior behind him is falling, slain, from his horse, and the Genius of the future flits over and encourages them to action. That on the northern pier is the peace of 1815; a warrior is seen sheathing his sword; another, more aged, is taming a bull for purposes of agriculture, while a mother and children are seated at their feet, and Minerva, crowned with laurels, sheds over him her protecting influence." The most admired ornaments of this arch are the alto-relievo of the compartments above the impost-cornice, which constitute an unrivalled series of modern sculpture. All

the other groups are in antique costumes, being allegorical, and are valuable as faithful representations of the uniforms of the times. The southern compartment of the eastern side, represents the surrender of Mustapha Pasha, at the battle of Aboukir. The northern compartment of the same side, is filled with a group of the death of General Marceau. Above the arch and impost-cornice of the northern side of the monument is a magnificent composition, the battle of Austerlitz; on the western front the northern alto-relievo is the taking of Alexandria; the other group is the passage of the bridge of Arcola. On the southern side of the building, the compartment answering to the battle of Austerlitz, is the battle of Jemmapes. Behind General Dumouriez is a portrait of Louis Philippe, at that time Duke de Chartres. The frieze is occupied on the eastern, and on half of the northern and southern sides, by the departure of the armies. The deputies of the nation grouped round the altar of the country, distribute flags to the troops. There are portraits of all the 'great characters of the epoch 1790-2 included in this composition. The corresponding portion of the frieze, on the other sides of the building, represent the return of the armies, who offer the fruit of their victories to regenerated France. The series of bucklers, thirty in number, inscribed each with victory, on the attic above the entablature, begins with *Valmy*, and ends with *Ligny*. Under the main arch are the names of ninety-six victories. The allegorical groups on the other arches represent the conquest of the armies of the north, east, west and south, the names of the generals corresponding to them are placed beneath, numbering 384. Winding staircases in the two eastern piers, lead to several halls, "and from the platform at the top, one of the finest views, of Paris and its environs, may be had." Opposite the arch is the Hippodrome or Circus, a polygonal edifice of sixteen sides, built of stone, with an elegant pedimented porch to the east, surmounted with a bronze figure of a horse. It is devoted to equestrian performances, and is said to contain sixteen circles of seats, capable of holding six thousand persons. I gave it but a passing glance, devoting my chief time to the Arc de l'Etoile. Here, thought I, stands the monumental record of the bloodshed, and pillages, and ravages of war waged by the most renowned of modern conquerors, whom God, in his providence, employed, for a season, as the instrument of terrible scourges upon the nations of Europe. And this they call glory! The marble for a season preserves the memory of infamous deeds, and mortals adoring, call it honor, fame!! But God makes a different estimate of all this work of blood. He broke the rod He had employed, when He ceased from His scourgings; and although now, the name of Napoleon may

stand emblazoned in the annals of fame, the marble will perish, "the name of the wicked shall rot," and the Emperor of the French, like the Pharaohs of Egypt, be little known and less cared for. The marble monument may dazzle the eyes of those who love the praise of mortals, or aim at popularity; but what one generation rears another destroys. Whom one age glorifies another reprobates. Lord let my name be recorded, not on the annals of fame, or costly tablets of marble, but in "the Lamb's book of life!" and let me rather stand "a pillar in the temple of my God," upon which my glorious Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ may "write the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God."

The Hotel des Invalides, which was the last place I visited this day, is an asylum for military invalids. At the revolution of 1789 it took the name of Temple de l'Humanite, and under Napoleon, was called Temple de Mars, when the number of its inmates was frightfully augmented. At the restoration it resumed its original title. The buildings cover 16 acres of ground, and inclose 15 courts. The institution is under the direction of the Minister of War; and is governed by the Senior Marshall of France, assisted by a staff, composed of one general of division, one colonel or lieutenant-colonel, who acts as major of the Hotel, with eight adjutant captains; one almoner, two chaplains, one principal physician, surgeon and apothecary, and ten assistants; 26 sisters of charity, and 260 servants of all sorts. The police of the institution is after the military mode; and it constitutes a little world in itself. It is as little as the nation could do for its old or wounded and disabled soldiers. Conducted by the custos through the apartments, he gave opportunity to see the culinary and refectory arrangements, and the tables spread for officers and soldiers. The service of the officers' table is of plate, given by MARIA LOUISA. Three different courses are served for the three divisions, into which the inmates are distributed. They all wear the same uniform, and are furnished alike with bread, meat, vegetables and wine. Each one has his bed, straw, and wool mattresses, bolster, and a press for his clothes. The buildings are capable of accommodating, comfortably, 5000 invalids. Some 15 pieces of artillery, captured at Algiers and Constantina, bearing Arabic inscriptions, and two mortars, fruits of victories by the French army, are mounted along the fosse. The front of the Hotel is upward of 600 feet long. It is four stories high, and divided into three pavilions, the central one being decorated with Ionic pilasters, supporting an arch, on the tympan of which is a bas-relief of Louis XV. on horse-back, on the pedestal of which is the following Latin inscription:

"*Ludovicus Magnus, militibus regale munificentia, in perpetuum providens, has cedes posuit, A. D. MDCLXXV.*"

Statues of Mars and Minerva adorn the entrance. Napoleon founded a library for the institution, which contains 17,000 volumes.

It is in the church belonging to this institution, and forming a part of the great pile, in which rest the ashes of Napoleon. Formerly there were two churches, but when the works now in progress, for the completion of his sepulchre, are finished, they will form but one. In a chapel dedicated to St. Jerome, in a church called the Dome, the body of the Emperor, when brought from St. Helena, in 1840, found a temporary resting place. Of the great pageant and funeral pomp connected with its deposit, we have heard nothing parallel in modern times. The tomb, when completed, will be magnificent, of which the following description may furnish but an incomplete idea. "An immense circular crypt has been dug in the centre of the church; the sarcophagus containing the remains of Napoleon will be placed in the crypt, resting on a platform, accessible, by three steps of green marble. A gigantic slab of porphyry, weighing 135,000 lbs., and brought from Lake Onega, at a cost of 130,000 francs, covers the crypt. Below, a gallery, paved in Mosaic of the richest kind, and adorned with marble bas-reliefs, representing the principal passages of the Emperor's life, runs all round the sarcophagus. Twelve colossal caryatides, in white marble, support an upper gallery, from which the interior may be viewed. These caryatides represent War, Legislation, the Arts, and Science. Before the tomb is a magnificent altar, in black marble with white veins. Four lofty columns of the same material, support the canopy of the altar, which is approached by ten broad monolith steps in marble of Carrara. The entrance to the inner gallery passes under the altar, and is flanked by the tombs of Bertrand and Duroc. The marble employed has cost 1,500,000 francs. The tomb has cost about 6,000,000 francs up to this time. The following inscription (translated) is to be placed in letters of gold on the coffin of the Emperor :

"**NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE, BORN 15TH. AUG. 1769, CHEF D'ESCADRON OF ARTILLERY AT THE SIEGE OF TOULON, 1793, AT THE AGE OF 24; COMMANDER OF ARTILLERY, IN 1794, AT THE AGE OF 25; GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY OF ITALY, IN 1797, AT THE AGE OF 28; HE MADE THE EXPEDITION TO EGYPT IN 1798, AT THE AGE OF 29; WAS NOMINATED FIRST CONSUL IN 1798, AT 30; CONSUL FOR LIFE, AFTER THE BATTLE OF MARENGO, IN 1800, AT THE AGE OF 31; EMPEROR IN 1804, AT THE AGE OF 35; ABDICATED AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO, IN 1815, AGED 45, AND DIED THE 5TH OF MAY, 1821, AGED 52.**"

And of what value, it occurred to me, is all this grandeur to the soul of the deceased Emperor? It may serve to shape and stimulate the idolatry of the French people, as does the tomb of Mahomet that of the Musselman, or do the shrines of numerous saints in papal churches, the superstitious veneration of Roman Catholics. But it can never expiate the guilt of blood shed in torrents, nor soothe the remorse and anguish of a guilty conscience!

The hotel des Invalides is on the south side of the river Seine, in going to which, I crossed the suspension bridge, called Pont des Invalides. It is in a line with the Avenue d'Antin, which leads from the "Rond Point," or Etoile Champs Elysees, a circular place embellished, with a fountain midway between the Place de la Concorde and the Barriere de l'Etoile. The bridge is 350 feet long and 24 broad, with a carriage road and foot-way. It forms a convenient connection between the Gros Calloire and the Faubourg. St. Honore stretches across the Seine from the Quai de la Conference, in front of the Cour la Reine, on the north, to the spacious Quai d'Orsay, on the south side of the River. The waters of the Seine were not clear, like the streams of our mountain regions. Whether occasionally only, from recent rains, or habitually, from the nature of the soil, I cannot say, but they were always, when I saw them, turbid and yellow. A government vessel, manned and rigged like a frigate, lay anchored in the stream. At first sight it excited my surprise, knowing that the navigation of the Seine admits only of boats; but upon inquiry, I learned that it is used as a school, for the education of youth in naval tactics.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

*Paris continued—Church of Notre Dame—Catacombs—The Louvre—Versailles—Grand Trianon.*

*Sept. 14th.* Visited the cathedral of Notre Dame, and ascended the tower. While on its summit, the great bell, with deafening sound, struck the hour of 12. I thought with horror of the fatal signal its huge and barbarous tongue, as some accounts I had seen, stated it had given for the slaughter of the poor Huguenots, and of the torrents of blood that had flowed in Paris during the massacre of the Protestants on St Bartholomew's day, and realized deeply, the hideous corruptions and abominations of popery.\*

\*This, however, upon examination, I find is not correct. It was from the belfry of the Church of St. Germain de l'Auxerrois, long considered the royal parish, the Louvre and the Tuilleries being considered within its precincts, that the fatal signal was given, and responded to, from the Palais (now *de Justice*) for the commencement of the massacre, on the eve of the Fete of St. Barthelemy, 24d August, 1572. The bells of this church tolled the whole of that dreadful night. From a house that stood near its cloisters, a shot was fired at the admiral de Coligny, a short time previous to that memorable tragedy. This building escaped the ravages of the revolution of 1789, but in that of 1881 everything within it was destroyed, though it was one of the most sumptuously adorned of any church in Paris.

The church of Notre Dame is a great pile of buildings, in the Gothic style, thrown together in that style of architecture—externally, in some parts, of ancient and rugged appearance, and internally, of solemn grandeur. Neither its original foundation, nor its principal reconstructions and repairs have been satisfactorily determined. But there is no doubt, from discoveries made in 1711, of an altar dedicated to Jupiter, and the foundations of an ancient building, that it occupies the site of an old Roman pagan temple. It takes its present name of Notre Dame from one of its chapels, which Childebert had dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

It is built in the form of a cross, having an octagonal eastern end, and double aisles surrounding the choir and nave, with a complete series of lateral chapels. From its western end rise two lofty towers, after the manner of those of Westminster Abbey, which were evidently intended to support spires. They want the spires, to give them proper effect. The appearance, they present, of an unfinished condition, detracts from the general effect of the building. You feel disappointed in beholding it; and the imagination impromptu, seeks to supply the defect, leaving you with the conscious conviction, that the skill of the architect, or the funds of the proprietor, failed before its completion. I have seen some attempts at the Gothic style of architecture in the United States—*rudis indigestaque moles*—a rude, ill-digested, ill-shapen affair, with a square tower, that would puzzle the most partial beholder to trace its resemblance to anything like what it was proposed by it to represent. In criticizing them, I have been told that square towers on Gothic buildings were common on cathedrals and churches in Europe. I have seen, also, drafts made by professed architects, as designs for new churches, in which the like deformity to my eye, held a conspicuous place. But the towers of the cathedral of Notre Dame were evidently designed to support lofty spires. The failure of resources, so common in large Roman Catholic buildings, to complete the design, is a sufficient reason for the imperfect appearance they present. But it seems to me a very vitiated taste, a blind passion for the sombre and outre style of antiquated building, to adopt into, and attempt to imitate, in new edifices, the manifest defects and imperfections of their works, who had not sufficiently counted the cost before they began to build.

Were the towers of the cathedral of Notre Dame surmounted by lofty and appropriate spires, the building would have a much greater effect than it now confessedly has. Its great dimensions, and its very early and pure pointed style of architecture, however, make a strong impression. The length of the building is stated to be 390 feet; the

width of the transepts 114, height of vaulting, 102 feet, and of the great towers 202. The length of its nave is 225 feet, and width 39 feet. The roof is 356 feet long, formed of chestnut timber, and rises 39 feet above the vaulting. The diameter of its circular windows is 36 feet, and of the pillars of its nave 4 feet.

The western is the principal front, and presents the most remarkable feature of the edifice. The spacious portals lead into the nave and aisles, being a series of retiring arches, embellished in their intermedial mouldings with representations, of angels, saints, and scriptural figures. The sculptures, which adorn the portals, are intended to represent the angels sounding the last trump, the tombs opening, and the dead rising, the separation of the righteous from the wicked, the Saviour on his throne, worshiped by the Virgin and John the Evangelist, with angels bearing emblems of the crucifixion. I have often been struck by the ignorance, betrayed in pictorial and statuary representations, of scenes and events recorded in the Scriptures—as of Ishmael, being represented as an infant, and the like; but it was new to me to learn, that “the trump of God,” with which Paul says “the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven,” had been converted, by the artist and the directing priests, into a *band* of angels with trumpets! The taste and bold conceptions, of what I must sometimes call impious artists, however, are of more value and authority, with those that prohibit the reading of the Scriptures, than Bible statements. Figures of Moses and Aaron; of the Saviour treading the wicked beneath his feet, while Satan is dragging them to hell; of the rider on the red horse in the Revelation, and other sculptures also, adorn the arch of the *Portail du Milieu*, the middle door. The sides of the entrance present 24 bas-reliefs of 12 virtues and as many vices; and others, of Abraham departing for Canaan, and offering up Isaac; two of Job, one as beholding the destruction of his flocks and herds by a torrent, and the other as reproved by his wife. Statues of the 12 Apostles, newly made, fill the niches from which their predecessors had been destroyed during the revolution of 1793. Those other patriarchs and kings of the Old Testament also destroyed at the same time, have not yet been replaced. Scenes of Scriptural history in the life of Joseph and of Christ, the visit of the wise men to Bethlehem, their offerings, &c., are sculptured in the compartment of the tympan above the door of the *Portail Ste. Anne*. At the summit is a shockingly impious attempt to represent, the Eternal Father in His glory, surrounded by the prophets, beneath him the Paschal Lamb, and still lower the Saviour attended by saints and angels.

The *Portail de la Vierge* or of the Virgin, which leads into the left



aisle, is of similar character, only the Virgin figures more conspicuously. The most interesting of all the bas-reliefs, of this, or either of the other entrances, are the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and the agricultural labors appropriate to each of the months of the year, on the door-posts. There is an amusing conceit of the artist, among them, representing the sixth sign, Virgo, by a sculptor forming a statue, said to be that of the Virgin Mary! The different ages of man, in six stages, from youth to senility, and of the temperature of the year, in a corresponding number of bas-reliefs, are exhibited on different sides of this pillar. I did not remain long enough to make a minute examination of this building, adorned so copiously with its bas-relief sculptures, of the same general character with those I have described. The interior is not, however, as rich as the exterior. I was very unfavorably impressed with its dingy and dark appearance. The arches of the nave are pointed, and the piers bold, with large capitals. The pillars of the aisles are alternately, circular columns, and clusters with twelve slender columns each. The chapels are plain, in keeping with the interior. An immense vault extends the entire length of the nave, which was formerly appropriated for the interment of the canons, chaplains, choristers, &c., of the cathedral, but of late years has not been so used. A curious bas-relief, forming part of the tomb of Etienne Yver, represents, in the upper part, the scene of the last judgment, and in the lower, a man rising from the tomb, near which is a body *covered with worms!* It is nearly 400 years old, and in shocking grotesque taste.

The organ in this building is 45 feet high, 36 broad, and contains 3484 pipes. This church suffered greatly in the revolution of 1789, when most of its ornaments were destroyed; but, under the Empire, attempts were made to collect and restore the works of art, of which it had been robbed. The lateral chapels, once remarkable for their splendor—their walls being covered with marble and finely carved work, enriched with gilding, and embellished with sumptuous tombs, belonging to families—were stripped of their riches in 1793. Many of them have been repaired, and contain paintings of the annunciation, of the crucifixion, of the Virgin, of saints, &c., like those in Catholic churches generally, called “works of art.” The fountains for the “holy water” are two enormous sea shells. The sacristy of this church, once enriched with gold and silver utensils, sparkling with precious gems, and with costly vestments, and the coronation robes of Napoleon, was desecrated by the populace, in 1831—at the sacking of St. Germain de l’Auxerrois and the archbishop’s palace—who, headed by officers of the National Guards, destroyed everything that came with-

in their reach. The robes were torn to pieces for their gold embroidery, and the damage done irreparable. An elaborate picture of the interior of the Cathedral, by a celebrated artist, and nearly completed, remaining on the easel in the vestry, was cut into a thousand pieces. Statues of Louis XIII and Louis XIV, on either side of the high altar were both destroyed. The vengeance of the mob seemed to delight itself in dishonoring this great seat and centre of Roman Catholic idolatry in Paris, whose influence had been felt in former ages, for the support and flattery of arch-bishops and kings, that delighted in deeds of infamous and bloody persecution against protestants. At the revolution of 1793, the remains of four arch-bishops, which had been interred in a vault, not shown to strangers, beneath the choir, were disinterred for the sake of their leaden coffins, and the entrails of Louis XIII and Louis XIV, contained in leaden coffins, in another and smaller vault, shared the same fate. How striking and pointed is the retribution of Divine Providence! The very bowels of those proud persecutors must not be allowed to rest in peace, but be exhumed for the sport of an infuriate mob.

I perceived, both in this church and in the Madeleine, that seats, or old-fashioned French rush-bottomed straight-backed chairs, are rented, at the rate of one or two sous, to persons, who enter the church, and that women go round during the service to collect the money, which they put into a chest, till at the close of the service, one of the priests takes it and carries it into the sacristy. The more I see, of the mummery and robberies of Popery, the more I am amazed.

We failed to-day in getting into the catacombs, having learned that there are no permits granted for entrance, because of the dangerous condition of the ceilings—stones continually dropping and rendering it unsafe for visitors. The catacombs have their entrance a few steps to the right of the Barriere d'Enfer, a singular juxtaposition, as it struck me, in view of the name. They are immense receptacles for the bones of the dead. The contents of the cemetery of the Innocents, and other burial places, were removed, during the last century, into the ancient quarries, which had existed beneath the southern part of Paris, extending under the Observatory, Luxembourg, the Odeon, the Val de Grace, the Pantheon, the streets of La Harpe, St. Jaques, Tournon, Vangirard, and others. The ascertained extent of these quarries, is about 200 acres. It is supposed that, taking into the estimate the galleries along which these excavations extend, they undermine one-sixth part of Paris. The principal part of them lie under the faubourgs St. Marcel, St. Jaques, St. Germain, and Chaillote. Indications having been observed, of some sinkings having taken place,

engineers and workmen were employed to examine them thoroughly, and put props under the streets, roads, churches, palaces, and buildings of all sorts, in danger of being engulfed. The removal of the bones from the cemeteries took place at night, priests following and chanting the burial service till they reached the catacombs, where they were tumbled in heaps down the shaft. Since that, the bones have been arranged; arms, legs, and thighs being regularly and closely piled together, with rows of shells to relieve the uniformity. Those occupying the part along the sides of the gallery, are piled from the floor to the ceiling, and behind them are deposited the smaller bones. It is estimated, that these catacombs contain the remains of at least 3,000,000 of human beings.

*Sept. 15th.* The fatigue of yesterday secured a night of sound repose. Our hotel is completely French. None but the gargon can speak a word of English, and he just enough to attend to the calls of the guests at the table d'hôte. We have comfortable apartments on the second story, to which we ascend from the interior of the court, around which the buildings of the Hotel des Etrangeres, No. 9, Rue Vivienne, are situated. We cannot, indeed, look out from them upon the gay world that throngs the streets, but are compensated for this by the absence of all its noise to disturb our slumbers, and our own absence from our apartments through the day. We rise at a late hour in the morning, caring not, after the fatigues of the day, to do more than leisurely prepare ourselves for *dejeuner*, which is in readiness at 10 o'clock A. M. After that, we pursue our weary way through the "sights" that invite strangers in this gay and giddy metropolis.

The domestic habits of the French differ totally from those of our own country. The streets, the cafes, the shops, the places of resort, contribute a large amount to the Frenchman's enjoyments. He cares but for his cup of coffee and biscuit when he rises, and postpones his *dejeuner*, answering to our breakfast, till from 9 to 10 A. M. Soups, light viands, and fruits, in several courses, are served, each in its turn, and by itself. Our American breakfast of tea or coffee, with steak, chops, or other accompaniments, had to be specially called for, which, after the last two days' experience, we have ordered to be served in our apartment, a la mode de l'Anglais. The *caffe* has no attraction for me. Dinner is served up at 4, P. M., by which time we are pretty well fatigued and willing to withdraw from "sight seeing." The dinner runs through a series of courses, for about two hours. Every dish is first placed upon the table, while you are partaking of a previous course, and then removed, to give place to another, by which means we are kept advertised of what is coming. The order of suc-

cession, sometimes has, to my ideas<sup>and</sup> taste, a touch of the ludicrous. Soup, fish, meats, fowl, &c., and the peculiar preparations of the French cook, all come, one after the other, and vegetables, fruits, nuts, &c., in their turn, each by itself—spinach without eggs, and peas, and vegetable marrow, toward the close of the feast. As for potatoes you must call for them when you wish them. A quart bottle of “vin ordinaire” is placed between every two plates, and replenished as often as demanded. The Frenchman guzzles his wine, slightly diluted with water, along with every course. It is mild, weak, acid, and somewhat astringent; well adapted as a corrective of the limestone water, so apt to be deleterious, in its effects, toward the close of summer and in autumn. It has a little alcohol in it, and in potency, so like the water cider of the United States, that it would require a much greater capacity than of ordinary human stomachs, to contain enough to intoxicate. I doubt not, from its character, so far as I could judge, that it must be made, much in the same way that our farmers make the water cider, after the first pressure of the apples, by pouring water on the pomace and suffering them to remain a day or two before putting them under the screw a second time. I am not surprised, therefore, that there should be less intoxication observable here, than in our own country, where such a drink as the “vin ordinaire,” free from all enforcing alcoholic additions, suits and satisfies the taste of the masses. What I have seen of it, and its common use here, has confirmed me in the opinion, I have long entertained, that if, while in our own country, we labor to banish intoxicating liquors, as unquestionably we ought to do—with as wise and determined measures as we would poisons and pestiferous influences, producing disease and increasing mortality, to say nothing of the impoverishment and increased expenses, engendered by the use of fiery liquors, often drugged to give them force—we would promote the cultivation of the vine, and the manufacture of a cheap beverage, devoid of strong alcoholic stimulus, such as the low wines or diluted “vin ordinaire,” of this country, we would do as much, if not more to promote temperance, than has yet been accomplished by prohibitory laws, with provisions and penalties so rigorous as to prove irritating. The poor man here finds a healthful and refreshing drink, possessing a wine, that has preventive virtue against the summer and autumnal diseases, appropriate to limestone regions, and which a few sous will purchase by the quart for him. It is even cheaper than tea or coffee, and being generally substituted for them along with food, has formed a taste among the masses, which renders enforced and intoxicating liquors undesirable to them.

Intending to devote most of our time this day in a visit to the Louvre, we started early from our hotel, and passed along Rue Vivienne, by the Bourse, to the Boulevards des Italiens and des Capucines, Rue de la Paix, to the Place and Colonne Vendôme, and from thence through the Rue St. Honoré to Rue de Rivoli, and the Place de Carrousel, to the Palais Louvre. The shops, on Rue Vivienne and the Boulevards, are very beautiful and fascinating, full of rich displays of all sorts of attractive wares. They are not, however, so grand and extensive as some I have seen in New York and other American cities.

The Bourse or Exchange, called the Palais de la Bourse, is a fine piece of architecture. It is in taste and style, like the church of the Madeleine, situated on the Boulevard des Madeleines, at the head of Rue Royal. The French call it a *chef d'œuvre des chefs d'œuvre*. It occupies the site of an old convent, and has been built in the present century. It is in Grecian style, in form a parallelogram, surrounded with Corinthian columns, after the general manner of the Greek Parthenon. Here all the great operations of exchange take place, and the sessions of the Tribunal of Commerce are held from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. It is the temple of mammon upon the abode of the holy daughters of St. Thomas.

Various omnibuses start from its immediate vicinity; but no such confusion and crowds occur, as I have witnessed at the Exchange in Philadelphia, which is also the starting point of numerous lines of such public conveyances. A small ticket office stands in the open space, into which you can enter, and having purchased your ticket for any part of Paris to which the omnibuses run, take your seat and await the time of its departure. A female is in attendance, and supplies you with tickets. Having occasion yesterday to pass to the Champs des Mars, I entered and obtained a ticket, when *two* instead of one were furnished. Madame immediately began to make her explanations, but she spoke so exceedingly fast, that, although I repeatedly urged *doucement*, *Madame, doucement*, and she seemed to attempt a slower speech, yet, my ears, little accustomed to discriminate French utterances, proved utterly at fault, and I failed to comprehend her, most zealously seeking to make me understand. Happily, a young German, sitting on one of the cushioned benches, stepped up, and, in his own language, asked me, if I could speak German, of which I had not as full knowledge as of French, but which, being more slowly uttered, I much more readily comprehended. My eye had been much more familiar than my ear with the French language, and having wholly studied it, by help of books, having never had the opportunity of learning by the ear, I found the first effort of my own mind in attempting to speak, was to

place the phrase before my mind, and read it previously in my own thoughts; a very different effort from thinking in the language. The matter was quite ludicrous to myself, though apparently to no one else. But for the young German, I should have been utterly at a loss. From him I learned that the second ticket was to entitle me to a passage in another line of omnibuses, which would take me up where it crossed the track of that in which I should leave the Bourse; the latter passing into and continuing along the Boulevards and dropping its passengers at the points of intersection with those running across this great thoroughfare. The incident led me to some reflections on the defective manner in which foreign languages are generally taught in our American schools. If teachers would begin with words and phrases, and lead their pupils to think and express their thoughts by oral sounds, with which their ears had been familiar, and which their memory had stored up, it would be more in accordance with the manner of teaching the child, to speak. The grammar would be easily and better learned afterward. The practice is of radical importance. Children learn language first wholly through the ear, and a great deal quicker than through the medium of the eye and books.

The Place Vendôme is on the site of an old convent, which Louis XIV appropriated and embellished, and which thence bore the name of Louis le Grand. It is an octagonal area, having four large and four small sides. It is surrounded with fine buildings, and until the first revolution in 1792, an equestrian statue of Louis XIV occupied its centre. It now is distinguished by a column erected in honor of the French armies, after a plan given by Napoleon, in 1805. It is 45 metres or 148 feet high and 4 metres or 13 in diameter, resting on a pedestal 8 metres or 26 feet high, and 5 metres or 16 feet broad. The shaft is veneered with 276 plates of bronze, formed out of 1,200 pieces of cannon, taken, by the French armies, in their battles with those of Germany and Russia. The plates are disposed in spiral lines, and are adorned with bas-reliefs, representing the principal exploits of the campaign of 1805, until, and comprising, that of the battle of Austerlitz. In the interior, a spiral staircase, of 176 steps, as dark as Erebus, affords opportunity for ascending to a gallery, resting on the capital of the column, surmounted by a statue of Napoleon on foot, in the simple costume of his grey overcoat, with a three-cornered cocked hat on his head. A signal is passed from the top to the bottom and *vice versa*, upon the descending or ascending of visitors, to prevent their meeting on the stairway in the dark. From the summit of this proud majestic monumental memorial of the Emperor of France, we had a magnificent view of the city and environs. The Place Vendôme is

rendered, by this rich and splendid column, one of the most remarkable localities in Paris—perhaps in the world! What marvellous reminiscences does the column record! It would not be surprising, if the military chieftain should, ere long, be adored as a saint by his idolatrous worshippers.

The Palace of the Louvre, of all other places in Paris, deserves the most to be visited and admired. Weeks and months might be profitably spent in its museums, in connection with studies in the fine arts and antiquities. In point of architectural taste and grandeur, it has rivals; but, in its treasures, none. Here is to be found the most complete collection of the chefs-d'œuvre of all the great masters, both ancient and modern. The French pronounce it so magnificent, and so varied, in the richest productions of art, so intelligently and admirably selected, classified and arranged, as to make it a museum the most interesting and curious of any in Europe. To visit Paris and not see the Louvre, is, as they say, to go to Rome and not see the Pope. A stranger had better never own he had visited the former, if he should be so unfortunate as not to have seen the latter; for, the Louvre is Paris itself *tout entier*, in whatever it possesses, most noble, worthy, grand, and imposing; the chef-d'œuvre of chefs-d'œuvre, the temple of taste, the mansion of sciences, the glory of the fine arts. Much as I admire its collections, I could not be transported into such extravagant laudations, being somewhat naturally, as well as religiously, opposed to the use of hyperbole and superlatives; especially when my own observation and comparisons would not authorize them, but render the use of them ridiculous or vainly presumptuous. Such excess may suit the French taste, and, those of mercurial temperament like them, but the claims of sober truth, and its value, render it, to me, exceedingly disgusting; and, in spite of myself, lower those that indulge in them, greatly, in my estimation.

Originally, the Louvre was not only a house of pleasure for the kings of France, but a fortress for defense. Its ancient tower was famous in feudal times, and became the great centre of royal authority. Charles IX., Henry III. and IV., and Louis XIII., XIV., and XV., contributed to its enlargement and embellishment; but for the foundation of its present renown, it is indebted to the Republican revolution, and the genius of "the Great Napoleon." Its museums are classified and subdivided, according to their nature, and the greater or smaller number of halls or apartments they occupy. One division comprises all the sculptures, distributed into two distinct classes—ancient and modern. The second division comprises the paintings of all the great masters of different schools.

## LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS.

BY WARREN ISHAM.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*My captain and men, their character, had to be treated like children, yield only to stern authority, a pitiful tale, perilous adventure.*

The description of my outfit is incomplete, without some account of my captain and men, but that could not well be given until I had tried them.

Like children they behaved well at first, performing their duties with great alacrity, and, as we were borne along by a stiff breeze, we advanced rapidly the first day or two, passing the pyramids of Ghiza, of Abousir, of Sakhara, and Dashour, towering at intervals upon the left bank of the Nile, a distance of some sixty miles, it being my intention to push my way up, without loitering, five or six hundred miles, to the world-renowned ruins of Thebes, as the first stage in the ascent, leaving many interesting localities to be explored on my return.

But matters soon began to wear a less promising aspect. As the novelty of the thing passed away, my men grew remiss, and the wind often lulled away, when the boat had to be towed lazily along, at the rate of a mile an hour, until it freshened up again. This, however, afforded me an excellent opportunity to explore the country. While the men were towing the boat, it was my privilege to climb the bank, and ramble through the fields and villages, to see the sights. In this way indeed I became pretty thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of rural life in Egypt, being thus thrown into daily contact with the Fellahs, or peasantry of the country.

In spite of my most energetic remonstrances, my captain would persist in making port at night, to lie idly by until morning; or, if I set up my authority, and insisted on his taking advantage of a favorable wind to go on after dark, he would be sure to get to sleep and run the vessel aground before we had gone far, and then come to me with the pitiful tale, that it could not be got off till morning, so that, though



I had men enough to relieve each other every three hours through the night, I found we lost more time in the attempt to proceed, than to lie lazily by.

And even in the day time, they would often get to telling stories and run the vessel fast aground, when all hands would strip and plunge into the Nile to boost her off, making nothing of it, and often seeming to enjoy the sport, like amphibious animals. Much time was thus lost.

I have spoken of exercising authority, which may sound out of place as coming from the mouth of a passenger, but the necessity of it only verifies the remark I have already made, that there is nothing in Egypt like any thing I have ever witnessed before. These people seem to have no way of estimating a man's consequence but by the measure of authority which he exercises over them. I had to threaten to bring the captain before the consul very often, to make him good.

Nor was I deemed impertinent in interfering with the management of the vessel. Ours was a swift running craft, but observing one day boat after boat passing and shooting away from us, I asked the captain if our sails did not want changing, to which he replied, that they were all right. But, as the boats kept passing us, and, noticing that their sails were adjusted differently from ours, I directed him rather authoritatively, to change them to the same position—which he promptly did, and no more boats passed us.

On another occasion I ventured upon an exercise of authority verging, it may be thought, upon presumption, but the exigency seemed to demand it. The call for *bucksheish*, (present) was incessant. For a time I bestowed it freely, but the more I gave, the more they asked, and seemed to expect, and I thought it time "to turn over a new leaf" with them, not designing to deny them utterly, but to tutor them to a becoming reserve in their applications, and put them upon their good behavior.

The vessel was in port, and the captain sulkily refused to put her upon her course, until I had complied with their demands, which I was equally determined not to do at that time. There was a fresh breeze blowing, and there the vessel lay; the season was wearing away, and I had no time to lose. Persuasion was useless. I had tried every gentle expedient in vain, and, after holding a little council with myself, I determined to "try what virtue there was" in harsher means. Holding a little cane in my right hand, I raised it threateningly, and, fixing my eye upon the captain's, ordered him, in a calm, decided tone, to loose the vessel from her fastenings, and put her before the wind. Instantly he did as he was told, and, in a moment we were careering on our way.

The man who thus trembled in every nerve at this farcical display of authority, stood six feet and a half in his shoes, or would if he had had any, and I would as soon have grappled with a bear. But I knew beforehand what he would do. So cowed by oppression have these people become, that they have not the spirit even of children. Like children they become insolent by indulgence, and *vice versa*, quail under the exercise of authority.

Not long after this, the captain came to me with the pitiful tale, that they had run out of provisions, and were just ready to starve, and should starve to death, if I did not give them a bucksheish to buy provisions with. And to enforce the affecting appeal, they would make excursions into the fields, and come on board with clover and roots, which they would take care to chew in my presence, that I might see how near they were to starvation, while they were equally careful that I should not see them take their meals.

Suspecting how the case stood, and, keeping a sharp lookout for dinner time, I stepped forward at the lucky moment, raised a sail which concealed them from view, and lo! there they all sat around a huge dish of lentils, with d' houra bread, onions, &c., in great abundance. They were a little disconcerted by the unexpected visit, but it cured them of their importunities, and also of their appetite for clover and roots.

Another source of annoyance and delay arose from the extreme social proclivities of the captain and crew. Whenever they met a fellow Arab, there was a play of social sympathies at once, and an opening wide of the flood-gates of intercommunication, just as though they had been old acquaintances, long separated, and were overjoyed to see each other, when in fact they had never met before in their lives, and never expected to again. My captain often loitered away his time with his new made acquaintances, when the fresh wind was blowing, and beckoning us on our way.

But, with all the provoking negligence of my captain, I must do him the justice to say, that he was very watchful of his charge. In all my excursions, he manifested much solicitude, lest some evil should befall me—more, however, I apprehend, from having the fear of the consul before his eyes, than from any affection for me. I always went armed with a club, but still my good friend, the captain, always kept an eye on me, and often followed after as a sort of body guard.

I had generally been very venturesome, but, on one occasion, I came so near getting into trouble, that I became more wary. I had wandered a considerable distance from the boat, nor did I know that the captain was any where within hailing distance, when I met an Arab

with whom I exchanged salutations, upon which he advanced right up to me, so near, that I could not use my club, and I jumped across a wide ditch, and he after me, and by the time he was fairly over, I was ready to spring back again, and just at that moment the captain made his appearance, hawling out lustily, as though something awful were going to befall me. The Arab ran away, and the captain came up to me in great trepidation, upbraiding me severely for venturing away so far alone, and assuring me, that in a moment more the fellow would have disarmed me, and had me in his power.

## CHAPTER XIX.

*Progress up the Nile—New Oddities—Water Lifting—Rural Villages—A bit of Experience—Pigeons and Pigeon Houses—Girls with their Pitchers of Water.*

A world by itself, as Egypt certainly is, scarcely less so is each division of it; insomuch, that the tourist, who has stumbled upon oddities, at every step, in Lower Egypt and enters upon his trip up the Nile, supposing that he has seen them all, finds them, to his surprise, thickening upon him at every turn, as he ascends, and of a type as diverse from those he has seen below, as the latter are from the common-place objects of other countries.

The water wheel, with its revolving buckets, dipping and pouring, in ceaseless evolution, gives place to the "crotch and sweep"—not the majestic sweep, such as used to tower over the wells of our ancestors, whose place (O tempora!) has been supplied by the pump handle—nor such, indeed, as points towards heaven, from the decks of their own Nile boats; a single one of which, if properly pivoted and poised, would avail to raise the water of the Nile at a lift—but tiny sweeps, consisting of a scraggy limb of a tree, ten or twelve feet long, and often spliced at that—such as are sometimes erected by a truant boy for pastime—not mounted upon the noble "crotch," but suspended by a string from a cross-bar, only four or five feet high, which rests, at each end, upon an abutment or prop of dried clay, or a small upright fragment of a tree. Thus poised, the big end of the sweep projects back not more than two feet, terminating in a huge globe of sun-burnt clay, as a bucket-lifter. This contrivance is in use in parts of Lower Egypt, but not as an elevator upon the banks of the Nile.

It requires three or four and sometimes five of these little bits of sweeps, one above another (each receding a little), to raise the water from the Nile to the top of the bank, each one elevating it four or

five feet to a reservoir, from which it is taken by the next above and raised as much higher, the uppermost one raising it to the trough, which conducts it off into the field.

The bucket is generally a skin, with a hoop, to give it form at the top. Of course it cannot be operated to advantage as you would operate an old oaken bucket, and yet, though twice as large, it is brought up dripping full at every lift, and to a tune to which the machine just mentioned could never be made to move. As it descends, it is swung a little to one side, from a right line, and, just before it reaches the water, it is brought back so as to scoop it brimful, just as you would scoop up a dishful. I have stood, watch in hand, and seen twenty buckets full thus scooped up in a minute, by a single machine, meaning by this term, crotch and sweep, man, bucket and all. Sometimes, for the sake of economy, there are two sweeps to a single cross-bar.

There is often a set of sweeps thus rising, one above another, every quarter of a mile, on both sides of the river, sometimes for a great distance, so that we had them multiplied upon us on the right hand and on the left, before us and behind us, at all times of the day. And a spectacle it truly is to see them all moving to the loud strains of the operators, which, meeting and mingling, swell into a chorus that resounds through the Valley of the Nile. Nor less a sight is it to see their naked bodies (all naked except round the waist)—observe their symmetrical forms, and witness their elastic movements, their sinewy muscles taking turns at their task, as they are brought into play in lowering and elevating the buckets.

From the trough the water flows out in a main raised channel, as I have described, which soon branches off in different directions, and the whole surface of the field being divided off into beds or squares, say ten to twenty feet each way, with raised edges or little embankments, all round them, the flowing tide is let into them, one after another, and the moisture is thus equalized.

And thus in parts of Lower or Northern Egypt, a single blinded ox (a little creature that passes for an ox,) performs the labor in elevating the water of the Nile, which requires the service of three to five men, in Middle and Upper Egypt. This looks as though the latter were several centuries behind the former in improvement, but when it is considered what cheap things men are in Egypt, it is difficult to say on which side the advantage lies. Of how much more value is a man than an ox—said the Saviour, but here the interrogatory seems to be reversed.

Another new and interesting phase meets the eye in ascending the Nile, in the vastly improved appearance of the rural villages, as seen

from the river. What more delightful prospect can be presented, in an almost treeless land, than beautiful groves set with clustering domes, and looming upon the vision, at intervals, from the rising grounds on which they are located?

These beauty spots operate like a charm in the distance, but it is only in the distance that the illusion is to be enjoyed. As you draw near, the enchantment vanishes away, the reality opens upon you, and, perchance, comes up into your nostrils. You did not see the town at all—nothing but the trees and the pigeon houses, the mud huts of the inhabitants being so low and insignificant that you did not even get a glimpse of them—mere mud pens, six, eight, or ten feet square, having the bare ground for a floor, and covered often with 'dhoura straw, thrown loosely over the top, with a hole upon one side to crawl in—perfect bee hives, swarming with human beings, especially in some localities.

And they are filthy to match. Lizzards are often seen darting about their exterior, while the single interior apartment is all alive with that nimble little creature, whose whereabouts has never yet been discovered, to say nothing of more slow-paced, shabby domestics. In illustration of the general uncleanness which reigns within, I will relate a bit of my own experience. Having been told that I could get goat's milk in abundance, at the villages to put in coffee, I despatched a man for a bottle of it, but feeling some misgivings about the region of the stomach, I followed after. Falling in with a girl bearing a pitcher of water from the river, I thought I would test her social accessibility, and so I questioned her, in my broken way, about the milk, when she said, with a sort of half smile and half leer, "*Aio taata*—Yes, come with me." Arriving at the hut, the mother was called out, and, our wants being made known, she crawled in, and in a moment more, came crawling out again, through the low aperture, with an earthen jar of milk in her hands, her two thumbs being clasped inside and her eight fingers outside of it. The rim of it was besmeared with dirt, in which goat's hair was deeply imbedded. It was handed to the damsel to pour out, and with her eight dirty fingers planted inside, and her two thumbs outside, she commenced the operation, and, as the milk ran over the rim of the vessel, it became turbid and discolored, by the alluvium which it swept away with it over the little cataract. Augh! I paid the price, gave the milk to my Arabs (a perfect God-send to them) and was henceforth satisfied to drink my coffee without milk.

But those pigeon houses—it is wonderful to see the contrast between the low, shabby dwellings of the people and these palatial dove-cotes,

towering from their midst, often surmounted with beautiful domes ornamented with designs. It is said, that in some parts of Upper Egypt, every young man is required, as an indispensable preparatory step to matrimony, to possess himself of a dove-cote. This is where the land is too high to be overflowed. Those who understand the resemblance of pigeon manure to guano, will be able to appreciate the wisdom of such a regulation. They also supply an occasional grateful morsel to the poor peasant.

These birds generally resemble our wild pigeons, though often they are more like our domestic doves. They are seen in great numbers in the fields, along the river banks, and are frequently shot for game by travellers ascending the Nile. I have often seen them darkening the air around their magnificent cotes, reminding me strongly of the beautiful imagery of the prophet, "As clouds and as doves to their windows."

Sometimes the villages are located a little back, and, as the first indication of their existence, you observe a covey of young girls, clad in coarse, dirty, tattered raiment, with tattooed faces, set off, perhaps, with ringlets and eardrops, descending the bank with their huge pitchers or water pots, wading into the river deep enough to dip them full, and then, after aiding each other in elevating them to their cushioned heads, making the ascent (often steep and slippery), only by placing each foot always in the same indenture.

The bottom of this vessel is oval or egg-like, while it bilges out hugely in the middle, and terminates in a narrow neck at the top, with a handle on each side. The point which rests upon the head (centre of gravity,) is upon the sides, say six inches from the bottom end, giving it an oblique position, like the pole of the earth. These vessels contain three, four and five gallons each, and yet girls eight, ten and twelve years old, will balance the tottering things thus poised, without touching a finger to them, as they would ascend a steep which I could scarcely climb pitcherless and unencumbered—and ascend, too, chattering and cackling as they go.

On one occasion, two girls set their pitchers down when they arrived at the top of the bank, and as they were engaged in a brisk conversation, one of the rotary things started, of its own accord, and rolled itself back down the bank, breaking in pieces in the descent. The poor girl looked intently after it, but, with the stoicism of a true Moslem, not showing the slightest emotion. After standing motionless a moment, she raised both hands and eyes to heaven, uttered what seemed a pious ejaculation, and then, descending, filled the bottom part of the broken vessel with water and bore it away homeward. I

have been often thus reminded of the Old Testament damsels, whose lot it was to perform similar household duties, using the same kind of vessel and carrying it, doubtless, in the same manner.

I should perhaps, add, again, that the above description refers more especially to the *rural* villages, there being, occasionally, a commercial town along the Nile, with houses of unburnt brick, which presents a somewhat different aspect; though, as to the essentials of vermin and filth, there is but little to choose.

## CHAPTER XX.

*Sights on the Nile—Pottery piled upon it—The Potter's Wheel—Earthenware in Egypt—Its Extraordinary Properties—Straw—Scripture Illustration.*

The north wind, while it bore us on our way, opposed an irresistible obstacle to all vessels coming down under sail. Vessels, however, laden with the products of Middle and Upper Egypt, were constantly passing us, all dismasted, so as to present as little resistance as possible to the wind, their naked hulls drifting with the current at the rate of forty miles a day. The cargoes most conspicuous to view were those of pottery and straw.

The pottery, however, constitutes both boat and cargo, and, in this double capacity, is quite a little curiosity. To set it afloat, the large earthen jars are fastened together, bottom upwards, on the surface of the water, to form a float. Being thus filled with air, they will bear up an immense weight without sinking, and one tier is piled upon another, until a cargo larger than could be stowed upon any boat, is accumulated. If need be, the second and every succeeding tier, may be also inverted, though, generally, I believe, the bottom one does not sink below the surface. These stacks of pottery, thus piled upon the bosom of the Nile, are floated hundreds of miles, to their destination, in perfect safety. In case of a blow, it is easy for them to take refuge in a sheltered place.

Egypt seems to have been pre-eminent for its pottery from a very early period of its history, as the fragmentary remains of it, everywhere conspicuous, amid the ruins of ancient splendor, abundantly prove. And, what is remarkable, that ingenious device, the potter's wheel, the operation of which I have witnessed, with absorbing interest, in our own country, is the same in construction with the one I have often seen in operation upon the banks of the Nile, and both are as identical with a machine of the kind I have seen portrayed upon the walls of the tombs painted three thousand years ago, as though they

had been patterned from it. That Egypt possessed this improvement at that early day, is thus made manifest, and the same thing is evident from the form of its ancient pottery.

It was here, undoubtedly, that the Israelites learned an art which has furnished some of the most striking imagery employed by both prophets and apostles. "We are the clay and thou art our potter, and we all are the work of thy hands," says the prophet, and who is not familiar with the illustrations of the apostle, drawn from the same source?

So natural and striking is the analogy between the work of the creator in moulding the body of the first man, and that of the potter at his wheel, moulding the shapeless mass before him into form, that it commended itself to the notice of the Egyptian priests, anterior to the use made of it in the scripture. Upon the walls of a temple here, erected some three thousand years ago, is represented a god, with body and limbs in the human form, surmounted by a ram's head, in the act of turning, with his foot, the potter's wheel, while his hands are employed in fashioning a lump of clay, revolving upon it, into form. From the hieroglyphic inscription surmounting it, "Knum, the Creator," &c., has been made out.

Earthenware is still in extensive use by the peasantry of Egypt, as it was in the days of the Pharaohs. The entire furniture of their earthy huts consists of a few earthen dishes, and one or two earthen water pots—that is all.

It is also in extensive use in the large towns, for domestic purposes, and in extensive use everywhere, for water pots, bottles and pitchers, on account of the extraordinary property claimed for it as a water cooler. In the large English hotel in Cairo, which is furnished in good European style, water is always set upon the table in coarse, ugly looking, earthen bottles, the sight of which is repulsive enough, but the many cool, refreshing draughts I took from them, were just so many drafts upon my regards in their favor and I could not help liking them. I found, by my own experience, that while water will very soon become warm and unfit to drink, in the thickest glass bottles, it will keep cool for hours in these ill looking receptacles, even when exposed to a hot sun. The effect is due of course to the chemically non-conducting property of the clay.

But there is an additional extraordinary property claimed for the ware manufactured in a particular locality, Kenneh, in Middle Egypt, which is famous for the extent of its potteries. To the vessels made from the clay in that vicinity, is ascribed a savory perfume, which gives to water an aromatic flavor, highly grateful to the taste, and the



ware manufactured at that point, actually commands a higher price in the market, on account of this supposed extraordinary property ; a property, by the way, which my sense of taste is not sufficiently refined to detect.

The clay best adapted to pottery or any other use, is to be looked for, of course, back toward the outer edges of the valley, as the deposit near the river bank is sandy, while the finer particles which form the constituents of clay, not being so readily precipitated, are held longer in suspension, float farther from the channel with the overflowing tide, and are deposited in the comparatively still water near the ledges.

I said *pottery and straw*—there is no end to the cargoes of wheat straw (chopped) which float down the Nile. At Old Cairo, I strolled one day past an immense yard piled full of it. It is the great straw market, where cargoes from up the Nile unlade. Camels were constantly passing in and out, loaded down with it ; some delivering it from the vessels, and others taking it away for private use.

It is for fodder, and especially for camels, that it becomes so important an article of commerce. The camel is always like himself, a creature of the desert. The sweet nourishing hay, so much to the taste of other animals, is poor picking for him—compared with it, he esteems straw a real luxury, for it approximates much nearer in character to the prickly shrubs which he crops with so much zest, from his native sands.

The thought struck me that this might furnish a key to the mystery involved in the complaint of the Israelitish bondsmen, that they were required "To make brick without straw." This seems to have been regarded by them as a grievous hardship ; but if, as is generally supposed, the straw was needed to mix with the clay, it was no hardship at all, for what concern was it to the bondman, if his master chose to have it left out rather than to furnish it ? And besides, there is no better clay in the world, for brick than is to be found along this valley, and it is of the same quality now as when the Israelites bowed themselves to their task, and of course there was no necessity for straw to mix with it. They were not required to perform an impossibility, or to do what was thus rendered much more difficult and oppressive, for they could make brick as well without straw as with it.

But though clay was abundant and of good quality, it was to be looked for as I have already said, at a distance from the river, and near the outer edge of the valley, to which the finer particles, which form clay, are borne with the flowing tide, while the coarser and heavier particles are thrown down sooner. It is plain, then, that camels were needed in the operation, first to transport the clay to the river bank,

and then to transport the water from the river to the brickyard. And it is equally plain, that fodder was necessary for the camels, and if the straw was not furnished for their sustenance, they might just as well have been without them; and if, for lack of fodder, camels could not be employed, and, as a consequence, their places had to be supplied by the bondmen, that would be a grievous hardship indeed, and well might they complain, bitterly, as they did.

I will simply add, that this being the country where the manners, customs and domestic habits of the Israelites were formed, and with which they always had considerable intercourse, almost as many things meet the observation here to illustrate the pages of scripture history, as in Palestine itself. Not a day passes without presenting me with objects suggestive of some phase of sacred story, and reminding me that I am in one of the "Lands of the Bible."

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## CHAPTER XXI.

### *Story of Hunchback.*

My captain and men, in common with their countrymen in general, spent much of their time in story telling, collecting in little squads upon the deck, each taking his turn in entertaining the company. While thus engaged, as I have said, they would often run the vessel aground, perhaps right in the midst of a merry laugh; and sometimes, after having tugged in the water up to their necks, to get her afloat, they would run her into the sand a second time, before a single story was ended, when the same scene had to be acted over.

Sometimes I would linger within hearing, and slyly participate in the entertainment. I could not, of course, with the scanty stock of Arabic I had acquired since I had been in the country, spell out the entire gist of their stories, but I could often understand enough to interest my curiosity. On one occasion, particularly, I became so much interested, that I requested the narrator to repeat his tale two or three times, and thus, with some collateral help, I completely mastered it, and I congratulate myself upon being able here to give a copy of it in English. It is scarcely excelled in unique drollery by the best in the "Arabian Night's Entertainments," and it has the same general characteristics of humor and wit, without the slightest regard to probability in the incidents of the narrative, an extravagance which seems to pervade all Eastern tales.

"About four Malagas from Tanta," commenced he, "is the village of asses. The people there are so stupid that they cannot count

their own feet. But one man in the place ever progressed so far as that in the science of numbers, and he became so famous that pilgrimages are made to his tomb. The whole town once lay a-bed all day, thinking the sun had not risen, because the Muezzin had the sore throat and could not call them to prayers.

"One day, as a woman of the village of asses was going for a pitcher of water, she saw something under a palm tree, and she thought she would run, but she saw that it had arms, and legs, and a head, but was hunchbacked and deformed, and she could think of nothing to liken it to, and she thought it was brought there by the birds, and so she came and sat down by its side and said 'Little crooked thing, whence comest thou?' And he said 'Hak!' And she shook him again, and said, 'Oh, most wonderful! Who art thou, and what is thy name?' And he said 'Hak, Hak!' And she said, 'I will adopt him for the drollery of his name.'

"Hunchback grew up to be a man, and became as famous for the oddity of his mind as for that of his person, and eventually he rose to great distinction in the village of asses, for his superior wisdom. But the honors heaped upon him by the simple people around him made him ambitious and vain, and he said 'I will go to the great city of Cairo, to seek my fortune;' and so, with two dozen fowls and what else he could pack upon an ass, he started on his way.

"Arriving in Cairo, he met a man, who said to him, 'O, Hak, Hak! I have heard that the people of Kaffir Hemmir believe that all wisdom consists in a long beard; sell me your fowls and I will give you a cosmetic which will make the beard grow long in a night.' And so Hak-Hak sold him his fowls, and, receiving the cosmetic in return, hastened back to the village of asses to proclaim its virtues. And, as a crier went through the streets, he lifted up his voice and said 'O ye people of Kaffir Hemmir, come and buy a cosmetic, which will make the beard grow long in a night;' and so great was the joy of the inhabitants, that they ran against one another, as they hastened to get a supply of the precious drug, while it lasted; and before night his whole stock in trade was gone.

"The people of the village of asses all dreamed of being in paradise that night, and of having every wish gratified, as soon as it rose in their minds. But morning broke, and lo! the beards of the men all dropped off, and their wives set up such a laugh at their expense, that they all ran away to get out of sight; but, jostling against each other as they ran, and seeing that all were in the same plight, they took courage and concluded to go back and make the best of it; and they all returned to their houses.

"Next day the people of the village of asses held a great council, to determine what should be done with Hak-Hak, who had brought so great a disgrace upon them. For a time the council was greatly divided in opinion, some advising one thing and some another; but at length it was proposed to sack him and throw him into the Nile, and all the people of Kaffir Hemmir said 'Amen!'

And they sacked him and put him on an ass, and gave him in charge to a keeper to do to him as the council had determined. And his keeper journeyed on with him until it was time to feed; and he took the sack and laid it down by the path, and, while the ass was feeding, he laid himself down and fell asleep; and as he slept, a shepherd came along with a flock of sheep, and, seeing the sack, and through a hole in it, an eye, great fear fell upon him, for he had never seen a sack with an eye before. And he said, 'O sack! tell me, what meaneth this?' And the eye became a mouth, and said, 'I am Hak-Hak! I was commanded to go and marry the Sultan's daughter, and because I refused, they have put me in this sack, and are compelling me to go.' And the shepherd said 'O, Hak-Hak, how gladly would I exchange places with thee!' And he untied the sack and Hak-Hak jumped out and he jumped in, and so delighted was he with his change of circumstances, that he gave Hak-Hak his flock of sheep.

"The next day the villagers were struck with great fear to see Hak-Hak coming into town driving a flock of sheep, for they supposed he was risen from the dead, and had come back to punish them, and they all ran away; and Hak-Hak lifted up his voice and said, 'Ye people of Kaffir Hemmir, why do you run away? Come back to your houses.' And they ran so much the faster.

Meantime, Abdallah, awaking out of sleep, had replaced the sack upon the ass, and journeyed on. Arriving at the Nile, he threw it in, with the exclamation, 'Into the hands of the prophet I commit thee, O Hak-Hak!'

"Returning to the village of asses, he lifted up his eyes, and lo, there was Hak-Hak and the people all running away, and he was afraid, and ran away too, and they ran all night without stopping, supposing that Hak-Hak was after them.

"But Hak-Hak was not so foolish—while the people were running, he went into their houses and ate the good things they had left behind. The next day he sent a messenger, who cried aloud and said, 'O ye people of Kaffir Hemmir, this is the message that I bring unto you; that ye give to Hak-Hak your daughters in marriage, and he will be at peace with you—do this and come back to your houses.' And so

the people of the village of asses recovered from their fright, gave their daughters in marriage to Hak-Hak, and went back to their houses."

I will add, that I have since seen some fragments of this story, a very imperfect version of only a part of it, in print, as narrated by an English traveller, who doubtless derived it from a similar source. There is no end to the funny things that may be culled from the conversational droppings which are continually falling upon the ear here. The above is but a specimen of the innumerable tales, of a kindred character, which every one, who is at the pains, may gather up and preserve. They have professional story-tellers, whose special business it is to spin "yarns" of this sort, for entertainment, at social gatherings, especially at coffee houses.

The scene of the above is laid in the Delta, Tanta being about midway between the two branches of the Nile. It is famous for the semi-annual pilgrimages made to it in honor of an eminent saint sepulchred there. The great pilgrim army assembled at his tomb, every six months, is said to amount to a hundred and fifty thousand persons, many of them from afar. A great fair is held by the devotees at the same time.

## CHAPTER XXII.

*Interview with Egyptian Ladies—Spinning Cotton—Novel Mode—Cotton as a Product—The Men of Egypt—Their Character and Habits.*

Scarcely did I enter a cotton field upon the banks of the Nile, without scaring up women, who ran like deer at my approach. I did not so much wonder at their running, as that they should be there at all. There were no signs of their having been employed in picking cotton, though the bolles were open, and the crop of course, mature. I noticed however, that each seemed to have something in one hand as she ran.

Luckily, I came upon a brace of them unobserved, and, lo, they were spinning cotton, picking it from the bolles and sitting themselves down beneath the shade of the little cotton trees to spin it up. The mystery was now solved—it was the spinning apparatus, with the yarn on it which was borne away with them, an affair so light and simple, as to be no incumbrance to them in their flight. It verily seemed the product of the very first thought ever expended upon a spinning contrivance. I lingered in breathless silence to witness its operations, edging along so near that I had no difficulty in mastering the philosophy of it without stopping. But, just as I had gotten past, and was quickening my steps a little, I looked around, and, lo, the two ladies were half way across the field, "streaking it," for their huts, their rags flying in the wind.

Who has not, when a child, amused himself in twirling a top? That is it—the child's top is a perfect image of the spinning machine I am attempting to describe, only bend the wire pivot on which it turns, at the bottom of the knob, into a hook—that makes it complete. Now turn it bottom upwards and commence spinning. The handle thus being turned downwards, forms the wooden spindle, around which suppose a thread to be commenced at one end—pass the other end through the hook at the top and hold it, together with a lock of cotton, to which it is joined, in one hand, while, with the other hand, you seize the lower end of the spindle and give it a twirl. It will continue to twirl long enough to twist a thread two feet long, as fast as it is drawn out by the descending weight of the machine, which hangs suspended from your hand by the thread it is spinning. By the time it has ceased to twirl, your thread is twisted, which you will wind around the spindle with your hand, slipping it off the hook for the purpose, and then slipping it back again to repeat the twirl, until your spindle is full.

Such is the spinning machine in use throughout Egypt at the present day. I have looked for it among the pictorial representations upon the tombs without success, and yet, I doubt not it is thus memorialized as an implement in use with the ancient Egyptians. I have often seen it in use in the towns and villages, as well as in the cotton fields.

Can anything be more primitive? And to find it in operation in the fields, beneath the shadow of the plant which yields the cotton it spins—what earlier or cruder stage, in domestic manufacture, can be conceived, unless it were to twist a thread with the fingers? It seems to ante-date the pyramids. Not even the flax-dressing process I have described, savors more of antiquity.

I said "beneath the little cotton trees"—the cotton plant of Egypt being a triennial, as large the third year of its growth as a peach tree of the same age, and more ample of leaf, to afford protection from the sun.

The Valley of the Nile is admirably adapted to the production of cotton, of a quality equal to that of our sea island; and, as peasant labor here is cheaper than slave labor with us, they might easily undersell and supercede us in the markets of Europe, if they had energy enough, protection (of private rights) enough, and land enough. To develop the resources of the country, however, in this as in other particulars, a Mohammed Ali is needed at the helm.

But, while the women ran away, I had evidence enough in this very excursion, that the opposite sex show a disposition to cultivate your

acquaintance, even to rudeness, approaching you with a disgusting familiarity. Their salutations, however, are rather sentimental than otherwise. Their "good morning!" (*salama!*) is uttered with emphatic warmth, accompanied by a sentimental movement of the hand, first to the breast and then to the forehead. But there is another form of salutation practised by the better class, which, perhaps, is still more sentimental, and which consists in touching the right hand to yours and kissing it just at the point of contact. It is a delicate substitute for kissing your hand. Both methods have struck me rather pleasantly.

Their readiness to divide with you even to their last crust, has, I think, given rise to erroneous impressions, in reference to Arab hospitality. It seems to me that appearances have been mistaken for the reality. I would not wantonly spoil any man's good opinion of any representative of our common humanity, wherever he may turn up; but, really, so far as my own experience and observation go, I cannot endorse the certificates of character which have sometimes been too hastily given. I have often been the recipient of their favors, sometimes officiously obtruded upon me, but never that I did not detect a lurking expectation, that they would be far more than indemnified by a *bucksheish* in return, and a manifest *disappointment*, if the anticipated boon was not forthcoming; and I have had them come running after me for it, when I have been a little remiss in my reciprocations. And I will go farther and say, that those who are most officious in their proffers of kindness, are often the very ones to turn round and rob you, the first favorable opportunity. I have had them steal from me in the very act of conferring a favor, that method being taken to cover the robbery. Still, for humanity's sake, I should hope, that some of them are honest. Alas, how sear does the human heart become under the blighting influence of oppression—how barren of every virtue!

In passing through the villages, it is common to see groups of men squatted upon a divan around the interior of a coffee house, or ranged along the exterior, enjoying the luxury of the pipe, telling stories and making merry. Wonderful, indeed, is the play given to their social sympathies, by the inspiration of coffee and the pipe. These gentle stimulants seem to have an effect upon them analogous to that of tea upon the softer sex, only more marked, and for the same reason, viz., that their systems have never been inured to the stronger stimulants, and thus had their finer susceptibilities burned out. The mass of the people never drink intoxicating liquor. If it were not forbidden by the Koran, they have not the means to obtain it, and they are not accustomed even to the stimulus of meat.

# SKETCHES OF BORDER LIFE.

BY A CIVIL ENGINEER.

*G. Hathaway*

## CHAPTER IV.

*Want of a market, cornfields, their extent, railroads, effect of them, western hospitality, wolves, a tragic scene, attending a singing school, a backwoodsman, his lingo, neighborhood spree, removing to a new camping ground, mosquitoes, nature's concert disturbed, a predicament, rattlesnakes, whiskey as an antidote, a case, curiosities.*

The market is at a distance, the roads in a bad state, and the cost and trouble of transportation so great, that the farmer prefers to live entirely within himself, and leave the work of exportation to those who have convenient markets and better facilities.

Corn is the main article of culture, and pork the staple for what exportation is carried on. The cornfields of Iowa and Illinois are matters of such notoriety, that it is not necessary for me to recapitulate the details. Their size and extent are not exaggerated by the accounts that we see of them. I have stood upon a level prairie surrounded by corn in all directions as far as the eye could reach, and a person may ride days at a time and not lose sight of cornfields. This only occurs in Illinois and the eastern parts of Iowa.

It remains for the railroads now in progress to develop the resources of this vast and productive region, and do for it what the railroads of Illinois have done for that State, viz: bring its furthest corners within a few hours' ride of our great lakes and seaport markets, and secure to the Iowa farmer the advantages now possessed by his eastern brethren. The people are a generous, hospitable and social class of inhabitants, and a traveler is never refused a bed and the very best that the house affords. The information he brings from the outer world is eagerly received, and, in most cases, considered an ample equivalent for all trouble and expense.

The sojourner must be content with corn bread, pork and potatoes, sweet butter, and rich milk, and these he is always welcome to. As there are no taverns except in villages, every farmer hangs out the latch-string for travelers, and in fact he can do no less in common humanity, for a traveler compelled to traverse the prairies in the night, soon loses his way and wanders he knows not whither.

Of wild animals there are few. The prairie wolf, a small gray



wolf that burrows in the ground, is dangerous to sheep, but does not attack men, except in very rare cases, when driven to desperation by hunger, and emboldened by overwhelming numbers. In the timbered regions the black wolf is sometimes found, very large and fierce, and is a dangerous enemy when urged by starvation. During the winters of '54 and '55, (which were unprecedented for severity,) not only were men, women, and children frozen to death, but some fell victims to the ferocity of these ravenous beasts. A case of peculiar aggravation fell within my notice during the winter of '55. A man and his two daughters, while on their return from singing school, on a dark and stormy night, were attacked by three large black wolves. The three were all upon one horse, and had opportunity neither for escape or defence. One of the girls, paralyzed by fright, lost her hold, and fell, and was quickly torn in pieces. The father and sister hastened away, with the shrieks of the poor girl in their ears.

An illustration of the peculiar severity of a winter on the prairie may be found in the fact related to me by a farmer, of his having had thirteen head of cattle frozen in their tracks in one night. Some lay upon the ground as they had composed themselves to rest the night before, and others stood upon their feet, stark and stiff, a fearful comment upon the practice of leaving cattle exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, without shelter, as is the common custom.

The population of Iowa is intermixed with a portion of southerners, mostly from Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, who, as a class, form the poorest part of the community, possessing the least enterprise and energy of any of the inhabitants of that State, as their dilapidated cabins, and poverty-stricken appearance plainly show. The people have introduced many of the southern provincialisms, which being intermixed with the eastern idioms, form a dialect peculiar to the country. "I reckon," "I allow," "let on," and such like, are derived from the South. It is hard to assign a meaning to many of them, as they are used indiscriminately, and the hearer is left to his conjectures for the application. The habit of using these phrases pervades all classes, more or less, and none are free from them.

We were camped once in the neighborhood of a school house, in which we learned there was to be a singing school on the night of our arrival. So when everything was made snug, and the supper dishes out of the way, it was decided that the party should attend. It was very much like any other singing school, though we were not much edified by the singing, as the presence of our party in such formidable numbers, rather abashed the young ladies, so that they did not display their ability to any great extent, while the young gentlemen regarded

ns, as usual, with no very friendly feelings, for there were some in the party that were inveterate gigglers, and with all the instructions and frowns of the "oldsters," could not be taught to keep their faces straight, under the original remarks and droll comparisons of the two wags of the party, who considered everything they saw, legitimate game for fun, so that the country beaux saw very plainly that they were laughed at, and resented it accordingly. Their bashfulness operated to such an extent, that they allowed the young ladies to go home alone, and we did not feel bound to supply the deficiency. But their natural diffidence did not seem equal to that of their beaux, for we heard spoken, in tones evidently intended for our ears, "I'd like to git one of them ere railroaders to go home with me," to which was replied, "I reckon he'd better go long with me, he'd git to go a heap further." The logic and manner of delivery of the latter were conclusive, but we preferred our blankets to a tramp across the prairie at night, with such specimens of the sex.

There are a good many deer still to be found on the prairies and inhabiting the groves and timbered land that borders the Mississippi and its tributaries, the Iowa, Skunk and Des Moines Rivers; and now and then may be met in the woods, a specimen of the genuine backwoodsman, rough and hearty, sociable and full of yarns relating to his calling, his rifle and dogs being as rough as himself. The hunter holds in special contempt the exploits of amateur shooters, with their double barrelled shot guns, and finely polished rifles, turns up his nose at the fat, sleek pointer, and declares that he would not give his favorite black tan or greyhound for a hundred of them. He generally carries an old fashioned rifle, that has been an heir-loom in the family, and which is valued for its good qualities rather than its appearance. All bright ornaments, such as are valued on our finished rifles, are carefully avoided, and the blacker the barrel, and greasier the stock, the more it is esteemed, so long as there is a bore that will send the ball to the very spot intended, and without fail. We often met, in the timbered bluffs of the Skunk River, an old hunter who was one of the pioneers of the country, and as he was very talkative, and had plenty of stories to tell, we soon became well acquainted. He kept the boys listening to him many a half hour, when they should have been at work, relating stories of the pioneer days, hunting exploits, &c.

He loved most dearly his uncouth old rifle. Holding it up, and looking at it affectionately, he would say: "Mebby you think, boys, that this ere old gun wont shoot, cause she haint got any shiny fixens and fancy flumiddles on her; but I tell you she'll put a ball right into the spot every time. I don't want none of yer brass and Ger-

man silver fixens round my old Continental. Why, look a yer! I've actilly seed a feller come out yere with one o' them are fancy-fixed up consarns, and what he called a shootin' jacket, and big boots that buckled up around his chin, and a little pinter and setter dog. I told him his pinter want good for nothin' only to set by the fire and pint at the vittles. Well, he had brass and silver on that are gun to that amount that he actilly skeered every deer and turkey out of the woods, 'fore he got in haff a mild of 'em. He said it cost sixty dollars, and I reckon like enuff it did, but it want no 'count here. He might jest as well hev took a lookin' glass and tried to run up 'longside of a deer with it as that are thing, for the sun flashed and flickered on it so you could a seen it a mild, and the deer and turkey keepe their eyes open nowadays—they're gittin' right skerce, too. He 'low'd this yer old thing would n't shoot, cause 'twant shiney; but I soon showed him the'differencé. And then he couldn't shoot no way 'till he got propped up 'longside of a tree or sumthin' 'ruther—that's what I call pop shootin'. I wouldn't a minded lettin' of him shoot at me all day for two bits a shot." He then proceeded to act out for our benefit his description, with all kinds of comical gestures and motions. Thus he continued: "He'd git behind a tree, and he'd twist and screw, and shut one eye and blink t'other one—then he'd twist and screw agin, and then, he'd pull the trigger and find out that the gun want cocked—then he'd have to begin agin, and afore he got to shoot the game was a mild off. He said he was rewralizin' or somethin' 'ruther; I duano what he meant, without 'twas that he was tryin' to see how big a fool he could make of himself. The last I seen of him, he was stuck in the mud, down there on the Skunk bottom, hollerin' like blazes. He was a little feller, and I don't know but what he went under. The pinter and setter snarled at old Tige, and he took hold of him and shook him into mince meat afore I could get him off."

This veteran pioneer rendered himself useful to us in many ways. He had ranged the woods in his vicinity for many years, and had told his stories to the first government surveyor that had ever penetrated the region, and consequently was well acquainted with all the landmarks, township and section corners that had been made by them. We had only to ask his assistance in finding any particular witness stump or monument, and he could take a line through underbrush, sloughs and creeks, to the spot, without delay. Our admiration for his skill in woodcraft, was fully equalled by his reverence for the "book larnin" that enabled us to perform what seemed to him prodigies of wonder and science. It was easy for him to understand how a man might put a ball through a turkey at three hundred yards, but

he could not comprehend how we could start from a corner stone which he found for us, and run a straight line to another stone, fifty miles away, over bluffs and valleys, through lakes and sloughs, and that without ever having seen the point aimed for; or how we could tell him within, half an inch, the height of the hill on which his house stood, above the Mississippi, a hundred miles off. All this was above his comprehension, and he regarded the transit and level with feelings little short of veneration, and even went so far as to whip Tige for coming too near them.

The young men of the country are fine, stalwart specimens of men, insured to hard labor, accustomed to the use of the rifle, and ever ready for the frolic and dance. The winter season is enlivened by a succession of husking, chopping, and paring bees. The corn is husked, the winter's wood got in, and pumpkins pared instead of apples. In these frolics, a good deal of hard work is rendered easy by the light hearts and willing hands that are always ready to respond to the first invitation. Very little ceremony is used in the way of invitation. No gilt edged notes are sent, nor polite regrets returned. When the farmer and his wife conclude on having a jollification, they tell their next neighbors, who in turn circulate the news a little further. The boys get the welcome tidings and brush their best coats and rough and ready hats, and call over the fence to some comrade, as they go to work in the morning, that "Sidebottom is going to have a spree to-night." He leaves his team standing in the road, while he follows some well known path across the fields to a farm house, which he enters without knocking, nods to the old lady with, "How are you, this mornin', marm?" "Well, right peart, eonsiderin'; how's all your folks?" "Right smart, thank you." After a pause, "Where's all the gals got to?" "I reckon Tennessee's out there in the kitchen, churnin'—dunno where the rest of 'em is."

She knows very well that Jake don't care wheré they are, for Tennessee is the one he is in search of, and he makes his way to the kitchen, and taking her out at the back door, makes his communication and gladdens her heart with the promise of a spree. She does not want two weeks beforehand to get ready in, for there are no milliners and dressmakers for her to consult, or for "papa" to pay. She puts on the calico with the big red flowers on it, that Jake thinks is "purty," and if she is so fortunate as to possess a red velvet bonnet, it is brought out on this occasion. She is ready by four in the afternoon, and her glad face and rosy cheeks, as she takes her seat beside her beau, in the big lumber wagon, fully sustains his opinion that she is "about as nice a gal as they get up, now-days." The large room of the house

has been well scrubbed during the day, and all unnecessary furniture removed, and the guests are ushered in with a smile. It may be supposed our party had no conscientious scruples against a frolic, and were always on hand to honor the general invitation. The boys are generally a little jealous, for our fellows, not being troubled with diffidence, always deported themselves among the girls in a way that left them in the shade, and the ladies, with their usual love of novelty and coquetry, profited by the occasion to show their beaux that they were not the only men in the world. Tennessee behaved in a scandalous manner with Levi, dancing the most of the time with him and whispering very low in the corners, to the entire exclusion of Jake, and, upon some remonstrance upon his part, turned up her pert little nose, and "lowed she knowed what she was about;" but, as usual, it was plain to see that she knew how far to carry it, and followed him with her eye as he turned away looking mad. She was careful to make him happy again before the evening was far advanced. The dancing commences about six o'clock, and cotillon succeeds cotillon, until about eleven. Then all are seated around the room and coffee and cakes passed around. The coffee is good, and the cookies not to be beat by any fashionable pastries.

Pumpkin pie follows, and all are forced to acknowledge that they have had enough before the eatables are sent off. The girls get together in knots, and discuss the appearance of the new comers, while the boys go up to the fiddlers' bench with four bits apiece, for it is well understood that all who dance must pay the fiddler.

Ease and freedom is general. There are no rules for behavior or politeness, except those dictated by good feeling, and each one is at liberty to show his exuberance in the way best suited to himself, whether it be by an involuntary pirouette in the middle of the floor, *solus*, or by catching his partner round the waist and lifting her from the floor, performing an extemporaneous war dance round the room, with accompanying whoops to match. It may seem rough treatment to ladies accustomed to polite society, but *there*, where concealment of the *true* feeling is never thought of, it is not considered distasteful. In fact, the institution of "hugging" is in high favor with these daughters of nature.

The dancing is kept up till a late hour in the morning, generally till the fiddlers are tired out. Those who become tired of dancing before that time, quietly withdraw into some corner of the kitchen, or other retired place, and find subjects for a good deal of low whispering, to say nothing of other improper performances above mentioned. At daylight, the wagons are brought to the door, and all depart in the best of humor, and are ready for another frolic by night time.

As we advanced with the work, it became necessary to move the camp, which operation was performed every few days. It was necessary to commence early in the morning, in order to devote the greater part of the day to work in the fields, though, as this part of the survey was only an exploration of the main difficult points of the route, the camping places were often twenty or thirty miles apart, and occupied a day in the removal.

The tent was generally pulled down over the heads of the sleepers by one or two of the early risers, much to their astonishment and discomfiture. Each man was required to roll up his bedding and "traps," preparatory to loading after breakfast. This process requires considerable skill and experience, not so much on account of the weight of the load as its size and unwieldy form. It was well known, however, that it had been on the wagon many times before, and consequently must go on again, and it was piled and thrown on, hung under the axletrees, projected far ahead over the mules, and far behind on the tent poles, (which were twice the length of the wagon,) till, finally, all was declared ready, and the driver, taking his seat at a towering height above his team, cracked his whip, and the little mules moved off quite unconscious of the ludicrous appearance they presented under their towering load. The party followed on foot, carrying such things as could not be trusted to the wagon. The keg that contained the bread and biscuits the cook had baked the day before, was slung on behind, so that all could help themselves as occasion required, and we traveled on, munching biscuit and stopping occasionally for water melons or a drink of water, or putting our shoulders to the wheel when the mules got "stalded," as they say in Iowa. Our appearance would probably have attracted considerable attention in some parts of the country, but was received there as a common occurrence. Arrived at our destination, a suitable camping ground was selected, always in the immediate vicinity of a good running spring; things were pitched off indiscriminately, and the tents got out and set up the first thing. The cook set to getting supper, and parties were detached to procure wood, also straw and corn for the horses, while two or three regulated things inside the tents, disposing the bundles of bed clothing, valises &c., everything in its proper place, so that on looking inside one would scarcely think that they did not stand in the same place that they did the night before. A trench was then dug around the outside of the tent, to keep water from running in, and the sides well pinned down to keep snakes out. These arrangements completed, supper was ready, for the most part consisting of game, killed on the road or run down by the dogs, and discussed with appetites proportioned to the twenty mile walk of the day.

One of the standing torments of the country was to be encountered in the mosquitoes that swarm the lowlands and bottom lands of the Mississippi and its tributaries. The prairies, as a general thing, were free from this pest, as the clear fresh air that is constantly blowing there is death to them; the fever and ague exhalations of the marshes and low timbered regions being necessary to their existence. There they were to be found in their glory, and of all sizes and descriptions, from the gallinipper of fabulous size, to the diminutive gnat, that, after filling himself with your blood, amuses himself in getting into your eyes and down your throat. The undergrowth was filled with them to such an extent that the air seemed literally alive with them, and the deep, musical hum of their tiny wings, intermingled with the songs of innumerable birds, the chipping of squirrels, and the hoarse cry of the wild geese in some neighboring pool, conveyed to the mind a vivid idea of nature in all its grandeur and solitude. Now and then a shout from some distant member of the party broke upon the concert, and echoed here and there, startling the noisy thousands into momentary silence, and causing the frisking squirrel to dive, like a flash, into his hole, the ground mice to rear themselves upon their haunches, and peer cautiously, and with inquisitive looks, around, and at the sonorous note of warning to arise from the watchful sentinel in the nearest flock, to be taken up by his neighbor and repeated far and near, gradually dying away in the distance. Nothing is audible but the low, incessant hum of the insect life that fills the air, sounding like a distant base accompaniment of some grand Julian orchestra. Presently a cat bird ventures a gentle mew, in apprehensive tone and with head turned cunningly to one side, which is answered by the blackbird, with his shrill, metallic note. The oriole enters his remonstrance against such wilful disturbance with musical twitter, and the bright black eyes of the fox squirrel peer fearfully from his retreat. All nature is again alive, and pours forth its melody from a thousand throats. All this would be very grand and beautiful, if one were not constantly reminded of earthly things by the thousands of mosquitoes, gnats and every other variety of insect tormentors, which settle upon hands, face and neck, and ply themselves with all diligence. A limb of hazle is kept in constant requisition as a preventive, but with little avail, especially at such a moment as when, with eye applied to the instrument, and the arms occupied in motioning to the men, too far distant to hear, no choice was left the operator but to stand and take it; while, at the same time, the poor consolation was afforded by the sight through the telescope of the aforesaid party at the end of a narrow, dark lane which they were cutting through the underbrush a mile or two away, and always engaged in the same delectable warfare.

## TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY GILBERT HATHAWAY, ESQ., OF LAPORTE, LA.

## CHAPTER II.

THE BLUFFS, November, 175 .

Dear R.:—I closed my last at Helena, on the Mississippi, and, in as much as I have now taken leave of the noble river, not expecting to see it again for many months, at least, I will take this occasion to mention some peculiarities which do not obtain in rocky and rolling districts of country.

When on my way to Mexico, some time ago, I recollect our boat stopped at the point above referred to, for the purpose of putting off freight and passengers. We rounded too, as we always do, on making a landing on the western rivers, with the bow of the boat pointing up stream, directly in front of the town, which, at that time, was a small place of some five hundred inhabitants, the water was good, as the ordinary expression is, meaning deep enough for a good landing; the bank was bold, and the landing effected without delay or difficulty. The place of debarkation was at the upper point of the town, but at the time of my recent visit, the aspect was entirely changed. Directly in front of our former landing place, an immense sand bar stretched almost across the river, so that it was difficult for our boat to get over it. Most of it was above water, and had been taken possession of by innumerable quantities of ducks and geese and other water fowl. The stream here is from one to two miles in width, while just below, the water, by its freaks, had made fearful inroads into the banks, which had formerly appeared so substantial and firm. It had already carried away a great portion of the town plat, and with it one or more buildings, and, at each wave, was threatening two storehouses, just upon its caving bank. Already had it proceeded so far in its work of destruction, as to carry away the earth from one corner of the building, which was projecting over the bank, the bubbling and whirling waters beneath still threatening. This building was occupied by one of the largest merchants in the place, who was transacting his business with as much apparent unconcern as if there was no danger, when, in fact, the next twenty-four hours might find not only the



ground on which his house was situate, carried to the opposite side of the stream, miles below, but the building itself and all its valuable contents. The idea never occurred to him that he could take out his goods and have his building moved back from the water out of harm's way. He had pitched his tent there, and felt that he must make the best of it, and if the water should wash his foundation out, why, it was one of the incidents of trade, to be put up with, and his creditors must stand the loss occasioned thereby.

Changes of this kind are going on continually, from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf—whole plantations are not unfrequently taken from one side of the river and deposited on the other, by which means the river becomes very crooked, and as these aberrations are going on in all situations, it not unfrequently happens that the water breaks through or across, making, what is technically called, a "cut off," thus forming an island, and a lake of more or less extent, of the water in the old bed of the stream.

And no matter is it, how rich or large a growth of trees there may be on the bank, when the water gets a set in any particular direction, all has to pass away. The banks crumble, and the trees fall away from its mighty power; so, you readily see, there can be no real stability of title, to property that is subject to such mutations. This year you may be the owner and possessor of a plantation on one side of the stream, when the next, it may be all removed and deposited on the shores of your more fortunate neighbors, a few miles below, on the opposite side, who, in turn, within a twelvemonth, may not only lose what fortune has thus thrown in his way, but what he possessed before. Then, if you are situate on the "bend," you may, some "fine morning," find yourself on an island instead of the main land, an inhabitant of another country, or state, may be, from what you were on yesterday.

Because the river runs in a particular place this year, it is no reason that it will not run three miles distant the next.

With a river thus changing its locality, how could you expect much stability on the part of the people who inhabit its banks?

Helena is a point of considerable importance, being the outlet for a large district of good country, somewhat noted for its rich growth of cotton. It is here the planters of small means make sale of their crops and procure their plantation supplies. The large planters, almost universally, in the south, have their factors in New Orleans, to whom they send their crops direct, and through whom they receive all their supplies; but as there are but few of this description in this neighbourhood, the tendency has been to build up a firm trade at this

point, presenting much more the appearance of the thrift of a western town than one of the south. It was past the hour of ten at night when our steamer came to at the mouth of the Arkansaw, at a place called Napoleon, a low, most miserable and dirty place, where a few ambitious persons, defying death with all his terrors, brave out a life of constant danger.

I had determined to approach Texas by crossing Red River, at Fulton, or some ferry in that neighborhood, and save the necessity of crossing the river at this point. At usual stage of water, Little Rock can be approached by boat, on the Arkansaw river, but at this point such a thing is impossible, as there are no boats running, the water not only being very low, but lower than has been known for years. I must therefore make my way across the state as best I can, by stage or other modes of conveyance.

I had been informed that we would arrive in time for the stage which would leave for the Bluffs. My first effort, therefore, on going ashore, was to ascertain the truth of the remark. In company with a cotton planter, who resides at Nashville, Tenn., whose plantation was on the river, before reaching the Bluffs, and who was about to pay it a visit, I repaired with as little delay as may be to what was nominally, the state office.

The night was clear—those thousands and myriads of diamonds which stud the azure canopy, twinkled forth their light upon us, as beautifully and with as much lustre as did they in those ancient nights at the period when the prophet commanded the sun to stand still, or when the patriarchs tended their flocks on the hills of Bashan.

The hushed water of the Mississippi went sweeping by in all the grandeur of his majesty—the might of silent power. The atmosphere was mild; no chilling breeze suggested cloak or muffle—a calm stillness reigned supreme; with heart filled with emotions, of recollections of the past, and hopes for the future, and with desire to successfully accomplish the object of my journey, I hastend on shore, and climbed the slippery bank, hoping to be in time for the stage, that should take me from this dismal place.

I was in full time, for I soon learned that the stage, or rather the apology, would not leave till the next night; there was no alternative, I must remain at least twenty-four hours.

An officious son of the Emerald Isle, who took pride in the name of Casey, was the keeper of an Irish hole, dignified with the appellation of hotel, to which place, under his direction, we repaired, where I remained, till the dull, slow hours finally passed away, enabling me to bid good bye to the host, who was really better than he appeared, and

whose house afforded more real comforts than its outward aspect promised.

What town there is at Napoleon, consists of a few shanties, built in the cheapest manner, on the immediate bank of the Mississippi, a little below the mouth of the Arkansaw. The ground is generally low and flat, but a little higher, near the river, than elsewhere. In fact, a few rods back, a swamp, dark, dismal, and dank, with rich growth of cotton wood trees, and the usual under growth, to be found in this climate, with the clambering vine of innumerable varieties, weaving, interlacing, and binding together into one impenetrable mass, all trees, bushes, shrubs, and other growth, of which there is an endless variety, with here and there a cane brake, of greater or less extent, filled with venomous snakes, and other stinging reptiles and insects; and I am told that in some portions of the swamp many bears are to be found, wild cats, and an occasional panther.

This is the immediate surrounding of the place, through which, for many miles, we had to plough our way, in a mud wagon, drawn by four horses. They have raised a sort of levee to protect them from floods of the river; but it not unfrequently occurs, that the Arkansaw is high when the Mississippi is low, and, although the levee may be a sort of protection from the water of the one, yet it is not so from the other; for, it comes down upon them through the swamp, carrying death and destruction in its course. The place is very unhealthy, and, for this reason alone, can never become one of importance.

. The United States Government has erected a fine building of brick, for a marine hospital, similar in style to the one in Chicago. It is large, roomy, and airy; and, I doubt not, well calculated for the purposes intended. A more fitting place for its location could scarcely be found, if intended for the accommodation of the inhabitants hereabouts, for, certainly, they must need a hospital near by. But for the benefit of the poor sailors, who may be taken sick on the rivers, I think it most unpropitious; for, I do not see how any sick person, brought from a distance, could get well, amid the pestilential air that must prevail most of the year. The day I spent here was one of much anxiety—I was much disappointed in not getting away, on my arrival, and a species of dejection followed. I sauntered on the levee, I watched the groups of idlers in their sports—of thimble-rig and other devices, by which to procure from the losing party, another dose of whiskey.

Occasionally I would stop to see an ebon son prepare to take the ugly catfish, how he baited his "barbed steel," with what hope his countenance was animated, when he cast it into the muddy waters,

and how he rolled his large white eyes with delight, when success crowned his efforts.

It was ten at night before the horn of the stage driver sounded in our ears, giving us note of an early departure; soon the summons came to prepare, for the stage was at the door. Had I not been much accustomed to western and southern travel, I might have been surprised and disappointed, when I went to the door. You, my dear friend, would, doubtless, have expected a fine coach, with four prancing steeds attached, instead of which, there was a common mud wagon, well filled with bags of mail matter, so that no seat could be obtained, except what the mail bags afforded; and, thus it was, that four passengers disposed of ourselves on various parts of the heap, for a ride of 80 miles, through the swamp and cane brakes. The night was dark, and, in five minutes after our departure, what little light the stars afforded, was completely shut out by the canopy of vines and trees over our heads. For more than twenty miles we literally ploughed through the mud and water; sometimes so deep as to reach us on our seats, upon the mail bags.

Our driver was a prominent member of that class who eschew temperance societies, and abominate all its advocates. Having exhausted the supply with which he had provided himself, in a small glass flask, about two of the clock in the morning, he stopped at a bark hut, by the road side, belonging to a bear or panther hunter, and, after much hallooing, succeeded in arousing the inmate, who, at his earnest solicitation, furnished him with a drink of whiskey, from a broken cup. The ordinary greetings having been interchanged, usual between such beauties, on we went, when in the course of some half hour, the driver dropped from his seat in a state of stupor.

The horses wandered to the side of the path and came to a halt. Upon consultation, in as much as none of us knew the road, it was determined that we would not attempt to proceed further till morning, when, it was hoped that the driver would sufficiently recover to resume the lines.

Accordingly, we built a fire by the road side, in the top of a prostrate cottonwood, by which we dried ourselves, as well as we could, and were enabled to keep comfortably warm, although by this time the weather was chilly.

Long wished for morning at length appeared, the driver aroused from his drunken snooze in the mud where he had lain, the horses were brought into the road again, the passengers resumed their damp seats on the bags, and the United States mail stage moved on.

Soon after leaving this spot, which was, in fact, my first camping

ground, we came to signs of cultivation and improvement; and directly at the bend of the Arkansaw, on the south of which we were traveling, a beautiful sight burst upon us. The sun was making his appearance above the tree tops, casting his rays over the open fields, a large cotton plantation lay stretched out before us, the laborers were already out gathering the last open bolls of the season, for the "picking" was then drawing to a close.

After such a night, it was gladdening to one's heart to witness a scene of life and partial civilization. We passed by several plantations in the course of the next hour or two, all of fine appearance, with good houses and out buildings. As before remarked, the picking season was about closing, much of the cotton had been ginned and baled, and was on the bank of the river, waiting a "rise," to be taken below. I had learned from Col. ———, that most of these plantations belonged to persons who resided in Tennessee. The proprietors generally come out in the Spring, to assist in "picking" the crop, and then again in the fall, to make market of what may have been raised. The balance of the fine plantation is left to the management of overseers.

My heart was really rejoiced, when I was ushered into a finely furnished room, and told by a handsomely dressed lady that breakfast would soon be ready. This was the breakfast stand—the house of a planter, one who did not keep tavern or travelers, but had consented to furnish meals to the passengers, as an inducement for the mail contractors to come this road, and supply a post office near by.

At noon we reached the plantation of Col. ———, who soon had dinner served for our accommodation. He has a beautiful place—large cotton fields, a very large peach orchard, a field, of some 50 or 60 acres, I should suppose, well stocked with flourishing trees, while his house, at this late season, was entirely embowered in blossoms of various descriptions.

It was midnight when we drove up to "White's tavern," when I was ushered into a room where there were four beds, two of which were occupied by two persons each. Old boots and broken bottomed chairs lay scattered about in great confusion; a sort of desk occupied one corner, on which I noticed a few broken bottles and glasses, a dirty book or two, a few loose papers, and bits of tallow candles. The fire place, which took up two thirds of our end of the room, was deep, built of sticks, mud, and small stones; a few brands were smouldering in the embers. Part of the space between two of the beds was occupied by a round table, on which stood a candlestick, with a flickering candle burning near the socket. Two men in their, shirt sleeves, of slovenly appearance, were sitting at this table, just

closing a dispute, which had arisen about the result of a game they had been playing. One of the parties, the smaller, and, apparently, the weaker of the two, had yielded, I inferred, from his demeanor, and the other was about upon the point of drawing to his purse the small change which had been the stake in their game. A few muttering words passed, when the winner, after yawning several times, indicated that he thought it time to break up the sitting, to which proposition the other gave a reluctant assent.

Pine Bluffs, so called, is a place of some importance, situated on a rise of land, as its name would indicate, on the bank of the Arkansaw, in the centre of a fine cotton region. There are many more goods sold here than the appearance of the place would indicate. But this remark will apply to most southern towns. In slave countries, people do not congregate into villages, as in the north and west, but disseminate over large districts. They manufacture but little, getting what they need in this way, from abroad, hence there are but few mechanics among them, save blacksmiths, and carpenters, and coopers, in sugar regions, who are owned on plantations. A town in the west, where \$800,000 worth of goods are yearly sold, will contain more than four times the number of inhabitants of one in the south, selling as many, or even more, than that amount.

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## PILGRIMAGE TO ALDERBROOK.

BY C. D. RANDALL, ESQ., OF COLDWATER.

[CONCLUDED.]

Unlike most of India's missionaries, she had been spared to return to her father's home and yield up her last sigh to the blessed air of her own country, with her father, mother, and sister by her side, and was buried "amid the prayers of the good and tears of the loving."

But Judson, noble Judson, he who was her "sunlight;" he whom we loved next to our dear, immortal COLLINS, was sleeping, with his toils all past, in the coral groves of the deep, deep sea. How a thousand beautiful and sad associations crowded along as we were in *that* house. It may seem weakness—it may have been unmanly, but the tear was crushed back to its source, and we smiled with pleasure to the interesting sketches Miss Chubuck gave us of her sister.

We were shown the room which contained Mrs. Judson's library and pictures, and oriental curiosities, which formed a perfect museum. But most interesting of all was a life-like portrait of the author by that poet-artist, T. Buchannon Read. It resembles very much her

likeness in her "Alderbrook." But this is so life-like, seemingly it could speak from the canvass. I could have gazed upon it until now, so beautiful in goodness did it seem, and so perfect a model of a true woman. By its side hangs another painting by the same artist. Truly, in painting as well as poetry, Mr. Read can have few, if any, superiors. This picture is a fancy one, representing a scene in "Dora," that thrilling story of Fanny's, where Dora is on her knees beseeching that she may go with the musician. Aunt Evans tells the musician to retire and leave them alone and "she will go with you." What gives the picture more interest, is the fact that the "Aunt Evans" of the likeness of the mother of the artist, and that of the musician in the back ground, is the likeness of N. P. Willis, who presented the picture to the author. The face of "Dora" is just such an one as poets dream of—beautiful as the lily—ideal as an angel. That of Aunt Evans, by her noble form and features, unconsciously takes us back to the worthy and honored matrons of Rome and Sparta. On the table lay the likeness of Fanny's "little bird," which was born in India, and of whom she has sung these beautiful lines :

"Room for my bird in paradise,  
And give my angel plumage there."

This is Emily Frances. It is a sweet little child, and taken when she was about four years of age. She is now with Mr. Judson's other children in Philadelphia. Here were the books Fanny loved to read, many of which had been presented by her literary friends, among which we noticed a beautiful volume, the gift of T. S. Arthur. In speaking of "Dora," Miss Chubuck said, "Sister wondered why I and others liked her sketch of Dora and would print, for she thought it the most silly piece she ever wrote." She often said, "It is strange they will read my little sketches and be interested in them." Dear Fanny Forester! Her little stories have given many a heart lessons whose happy impressions will last forever. Heroic and christian Mrs. Judson! The story of her self-sacrificing life, giving up all for the good of others, will ever be read with a smile, a tear, and "God bless her!" by those who will appreciate the character of a true, MODEL CHRISTIAN WOMAN, and the suffering cause of the India Missions. \*

But the sun was sinking westward beyond the hills, and we bade the father and sister of Fanny Forester a regretful adieu, feeling that we should ever look back to our first visit there and to Alderbrook, as a time filled with many "sunny memories." But should I again visit Alderbrook, let it be as she has said, and not in the snowy winter :

"Come in the spring time to Alderbrook, dear friend of mine, whatever name thou bearest!"  
Bronson, Mich.

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## NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, D. D.

### CHAPTER VIII.

They are arranged in the *rez de chaussee*, or lower level of the buildings, in galleries or apartments appropriated to Assyrian, Egyptian, Mexican, Armenian, Punic, or Algerine antiques, casts of the middle ages, and revival of arts, engravings on brass, and modern sculptures. The Assyrian or Egyptian apartments occupied much of my time; and the statues, vases, bas-reliefs, &c., led me to form more vivid ideas of the idolatry and customs, the religious and domestic life, of these ancient nations. The mutilated statue of *Venus de Milo*, still bearing the traces of its primitive beauty, and by most, made an object of adoration, adorns the Grecian and Roman apartments. Five halls are appropriated to modern sculptures.

A second division comprises paintings of the great masters of different schools, arranged in the grand saloon of the first story above the museum of antiques, and the grand gallery which unites the Louvre to the Tuilleries. From the lower story, you ascend by a magnificent marble staircase into the *Salle Ronde*, remarkable for its pavement of Mosaic work; thence pass to the right, into the splendid Gallery of *Apollo*; and thence again, into the *Salle Carre*, containing the gems of the paintings, and so admirably arranged, with its velvet cushioned divans, for repose, that the visitor can take his ease, and thus find a zest to his enjoyment, in viewing the famous productions of the pencil that embellish its walls, or "take a snooze," as I observed several fat old French ladies doing. The long gallery containing the paintings of the older Italian Flemish, Spanish, and French schools, is nearly a quarter of a mile in extent. Here and there I observed an English



traveller, passing from tableau to tableau, and consulting his book, as if his object was to examine the accuracy of its descriptions, rather than the character and style and execution of the paintings. It is a wearisome thing to pass the day in such inspections, and I was quite satisfied when the hour for withdrawal arrived.

*Sept. 16th.* With crowds of other strangers, we pursued our way to Versailles, extolled by the French as the most beautiful city of Europe. It rose to its pride and grandeur in the days of Louis XIV., and may be regarded as the monument of the lofty and luxurious magnificence of that corrupt and haughty tyrant.

Two lines of railroad conduct to it, one on either side of the Seine. We took that, which passes N. W. from Paris to Clechy, by the way we entered when arriving from Rouen, diverging near Arnières, in a westerly direction, to Courbevoie, and thence S. W. by St. Cloud, to Versailles. The road for voitures passes near the river in a more direct course through Sevres. The somewhat circuitous route of the railroad afforded us occasionally very fine views of Paris from a distance, and of the valley through which the Seine flows, the latter presenting often rich scenes of vineyards and horticultural plantations that furnish fruit and vegetable supplies for the Parisian market; but not like the vicinage of our own large cities, crowded as they are with numerous habitations, with their little or larger farms or improvements about them.

We had but a passing view of the palace of St. Cloud, as the cars stopped at the station. The President, at the time, had left Paris and was occupying it, which forbade the entrance of visitors. Its situation is very fine. As the place of Napoleon's court and presence, and also of Charles X., whom the events of July 1830 forced to abandon it, I regretted that I was not able to visit and inspect the halls in which their transient glory had shone forth, like the splendid illuminations of a night.

Versailles, under Louis XIII., was but a poor village, surrounded with woods and marshes, and served as a rendezvous for those who were fond of the chase and entered the forests of Saint Germain and Rambouillet for purposes of hunting. A pavilion, erected by this monarch for his own accommodation in this respect, was the commencement of its celebrity. Having been made by Louis XIV. a favorite spot, embellished with costly buildings, and constituted the place of his court, it became the resort of lords and courtiers, and the seat of rich and sumptuous abodes, which gave to it an air of great grandeur and magnificence. From the reign of this monarch to the days of Louis XVI., whatever of titled greatness and illustrious rank,

whether from wealth, station or birth, both of natives and foreigners gave to Versailles an activity and impulse, and a display of extraordinary luxury which attracted such an amount of wealth that its population increased to 100,000, while at present, it is said, it does not much exceed 12,000. It is but the shadow of its former greatness, and resembles more a deserted village than a rich and flourishing city.

Its splendid streets radiate from the Place d'Armes in front of the palace, much in the style of the avenues that start from the Grand Circus in our own city of Detroit. It struck me as soon as I entered this spacious esplanade, and comprehended the plan upon which its principal streets or avenues, so spacious, and running from a common centre, have been laid out, that the projector of our own city, Judge Woodward, must have had it before him as the beau ideal of the city plan begun so magnificently by him, but since so imperfectly carried out.

We were shown several fine historical paintings which had been placed on vacant walls by order of the "Prince President," Napoleon, and others that were in course of preparation for places not yet occupied. The paintings in the different saloons and galleries so luxuriously adorned by Louis XIV., that I noticed with chief interest, were those representing various scenes and events in his life, as his baptism, his coronation, his marriage, &c. The historical pictures continue the illustration of remarkable events in the annals of France, from the time of this monarch to the present time, the victories of the Republic in the last century, the campaigns of Napoleon, the reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X. and Louis Phillippe, and the revolution of 1830. The gallery of the last named monarch extends through a suite of 10 rooms, and is embellished with historical paintings. A gallery 300 feet in length contains the busts, statues, and monumental effigies of the kings, queens, and grand personages of France to the reign of Louis XV. My thoughts were solemn as I wandered through this extensive range of the memorials of the dead, and meditated on the crime and corruption which tarnished the glory of many. A feeling of sadness came over me as I trod the apartments frequented by the unhappy Maria Antoinette, and saw her couch where she lay, and the secret door and small corridor through which she escaped from the imperial mob that had burst into the palace. What crimes and scenes of horror could these walls and chambers relate. The very walls are witnesses alike of the pride of the oppressor and the violence of their opposers.

The grand Galerie des Glaces, or de Louis XIV., is said to be one of the finest rooms in the world. Connecting with the Salon de la

Guerre and the Salon de la Paix, the halls of war and peace, it extends along the whole central facade, some 242 feet in length, and is 35 wide and 44 high, lighted by 17 large arched windows fronting corresponding arches on the opposite side, filled with splendid mirrors. Corinthian pilasters of red marble, with bases and capitals of gilt bronze, occupy the spaces between the windows and arches; and columns of the same order adorn the entrances. The ceiling is vaulted and divided into many compartments containing fresco paintings representing allegorically the principal events in the history of Louis XIV. Marble statues of Venus and Adonis, of Minerva and Mercury, fill the niches. This hall was the theatre of display for some of the grandest fetes of this haughty monarch. Through one of the doors to the left is the entrance to the private apartments of the king, containing still some of the original furniture,—particularly his council table and elbow chair. There is also a clock in this room which presents the figure of this monarch, and plays a chime when the hour strikes, and indicates the days, months, years, the phases of the moon, and the regular course of the planets. It was in this room, our guide told us, he was wont to transact business with his cabinet. Here he received Lord Bolingbroke, here introduced his grandson, the Duke d'Anjou, as their king, to the grandees of Spain; here he signed the decree which expelled the Jesuits from France in 1762, and here disgraced himself by allowing his female favorite, Madame du Berri, to sit upon the arm of his fauteuil in the presence of his council and display her power over him.

The bed chamber of this monarch, with its magnificent decorations and furniture, is preserved as it was at the time of his decease. The bed on which he died is enclosed with a gilt balustrade. No monarch of France has since slept in it; but from the balcony of this chamber Louis XVI. attended with his queen and children, and addressed the exasperated mob who came, on the 6th of October, 1789, to drag him from his palace.

But I must have done with this splendid palace, not one half of which could I notice with more than a cursory glance, as I passed along with the guide and attendant spectators. It would require days, and, indeed, weeks, to give it a thorough examination. The grounds in front of this palace are very extensive, and the scene combining the variety and effect of garden and plantation, of numerous fountains and a profusion of statuary, is exceedingly charming. The old Roman deities appear in all their nakedness; and groups of Tritons and syrens, nymphs and children adorn the basins, from the centre of which play jets of water. I observed nothing as to the varieties, &c., of the flowers on the parterre, that exceeded, or indeed equalled what I have

seen in private gardens in our own country. The roses, dahlias, and different autumnal flowers, looked well, but were not specially attractive. The *orangerie* excited my chief interest, especially as it has so long been occupied in the winter season by the orange and pomegranate trees, still remaining in their places along the walks and open parts to which they had been carried in the spring. A colossal statue of Louis XIV. stands in the midst of the principal green house. The orange trees are very ancient. One of them, called *le grand Bourbon*, was a cotemporary of Francis I., and sprang from a seed sown in 1421, by Leonora of Castile, wife of Charles III., king of Navarre. After 431 years it still retains its vigor, its branches being supported by iron rings.

From the palace I passed along the parterres and walks in the plantation, surveying the basins, fountains and statuary, on my way to the *Grand Trianon*, a villa at the extremity of the park of Versailles, built by Louis XIV. for Madame de Maintenon. It is after the Italian plan, consisting of one story, and has wings connected by a long gallery with seven arcades, and fronted with beautiful coupled Ionic columns and pilasters of Languedoc marble. It is remarkable for its taste and retirement. In passing through the apartments of this palace, we were shown the chamber and bed of Napoleon, after his marriage with Maria Louisa, of Louis XIV., and also of Josephine, with the working table and furniture bestowed by her ambitious and cruel husband, the aspiring Emperor. The decorations of the apartments are very rich; some fine pieces of sculpture adorn the grounds, which are laid out in groves and cut into labyrinths. The *petit Trianon* is situated at the extremity of the garden of the former, but I had grown weary, and cared not to visit it. On my way thence I entered the building containing the carriages of state, and saw those of Napoleon, Charles X. and Louis Philippe, with the sledges and sedan chairs, saddles, and various costumes used by royalty.

#### CHAPTER IX.

*Passports—Church of St. Sulpice—Jardin des Plantes—Manufacture des Gobelins.*

SEPT. 17. The weather to-day has been so unpleasant, after the bright sun of yesterday, that I declined going elsewhere than to repeat my visit to the Egyptian museum in the Louvre; and that I might see the operation of the passport system, I attended personally, instead of by commissaire, at the police office, to have mine vizeed. There were crowds of attendants, and numerous officers. We were

passed from one clerk to another and then required to be seated, until finally, after our passports having been subjected to several examinations by different authorities, the police stamp was put upon them and they were delivered to us. It is matter of great surprise to see, the immense labor and expense here deemed essential to the peace and welfare of society; but which are rendered totally unnecessary, and, indeed, would not be submitted to, in the United States. It is a vast system of espionage and oppression, and well befits those countries that are cursed by the system of auricular confession and a prying priesthood. "The powers that be" seem to live in terror of their subjects, in terror of strangers, and levy an onerous tax for no justifiable cause.

18th. The Church of St. Sulpice is one of the chief parish churches in Paris. It is a splendid structure, begun about 200 years ago. A portico composed of a double row of Doric columns, some 40 feet high, extends across the entire front. A gallery and colonnade of Ionic columns rest on this. A tower rises from either end, one larger and loftier than the other, and rising to the height of 210 feet. In the interior, aisles surrounding both nave and choir, and chapels occupy each arcade. Two enormous shells of the largest *tridachna gigas* supported by curious marble rock work, stand near the entrance and form the basins or fountains for the "holy water." Statuary and paintings adorn the chapels, and richly carved wainscoting the sacristy. Stained glass, representing the Lord's Supper, ornaments the window in one of the chapels, in which also a marble monument exhibits the prelate kneeling on a sarcophagus, and an angel chasing death from his side. The ornaments of the pulpit, the twelve magnificent columns supporting the organ gallery, and the carved work of the organ itself, showing numerous figures playing on musical instruments or bearing cornucopias, are among the richest works of art I have seen in the churches here. But the more I see of these adornments, in places designed for worship in these Catholic countries, the more they seem to me to be utterly at war with the simplicity of Christ, and the very spirit of His religion. No plea for such things, founded on the benefit accruing in the cultivation of a taste for the fine arts, or improvement in them, can ever justify or excuse such a wanton violation of the very letter and spirit of the second commandment.

From the Church of St. Sulpice I repaired to the Ecole de Medicine, and thence to the Jardin des Plants.

The *Ecole de Medicine* is an Institution<sup>1</sup> of the highest celebrity. Its buildings are spacious, and its museum of great value. The faculty

of medicine and the school of surgery are united, and the spacious buildings, fronting 198 feet, with lateral wings, connected by a portico formed of a double range of coupled Ionic columns, intercepted by an arched entrance leading into a rectangular court, present a specimen of elegant architecture. The arched entrance is surmounted by a bas-relief, representing Louis XV., accompanied by Wisdom and Benevolence, granting privileges to the School of Surgery; and the Genius of Art, presenting to the king a plan of the building.

The amphitheatre will contain 1400 students. The lectures delivered here are numerous, and all gratuitous. There is, perhaps, no better place in the world for a student to acquire a medical education.

The museum of comparative anatomy will afford the most interesting opportunity for careful study. Here are to be seen skeletons of all the larger animals, and specimens of the various organs; those of the acoustic organs of small mammalia, in two gilt frames. The nervous and muscular systems, and especially of the fifth pair of senses in the human head, are truly astonishing for their execution. A series of embryology, and the eye, the organs of taste and smell, the digestive organs, the lymphatic system, and specimens of all sorts, afford facilities for study, of great value to students of medicine. These museums are thrown open to visitors generally on Mondays and Thursdays, but to strangers and students daily.

The *Jardin des Plants* is a most attractive place for visitation. I could have spent days in it with profit and delight.

It is an admirable institution for the student of natural science, the like of which is unknown in our country. It was founded by Louis XIII., more than 200 years ago, and among the illustrious scholars whose zeal and learning contributed to the prosperity of this establishment, the name of Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, has merited applause. As its superintendent, the Jardin des Plants enjoyed the benefit of his zeal and devotion. It is under the control of the government, and comprises, first, a botanical garden, with spacious hot houses and green houses, in which the student of botany may see and study the growth and character of almost every variety of plant. Each one is labelled with its appropriate scientific name, according to its general and specific classification. Next, there are various galleries, in which mineralogical, botanical, and zoological collections are scientifically arranged. Also, a menagerie of living animals of different countries and climates—a library of natural history—and an amphitheatre with laboratories for public lectures on every branch of science connected with natural history. These lectures are delivered by professors, appointed and paid for the purpose, and are both public and gratuitous.

From the Jardin des Plants, I went to the *Manufacture des Gobelins*, a manufactory of carpet and tapestry. It is situated in the Faubourg St. Marcel, and takes its name from a celebrated dyer of wool by the name of Jean Gobel, who, some four centuries ago, acquired considerable property in the neighborhood, and whose descendants continued his trade with great success. The operatives were at work in their shops as we passed through, and treated the visitors with respect, while they ceased not from their labors. I had no idea such perfect work could be produced by human skill. The warp of the tapestry work is placed vertically, and the workman stands at the back of the canvass, with his pattern behind him for reference in adjusting his colors. The carpet work is of the richest sort, and said to surpass the Persian in the evenness of its surface, and in the fineness and strength of its texture.

I was told that it takes from five to ten years to make some of the carpets, and at a cost of from 60,000 to 150,000 francs. About 120 workmen are employed in the establishment. They receive from fifteen to twenty-five hundred francs a year; and, when disabled by age or infirmity, a pension of from six hundred to one thousand francs annually. The productions of this establishment, which, since Louis XIV., belongs to the government, are chiefly designed for the palaces of the State. The dyeing of the wool is under the direction of able chemists; and shades of color are produced which are not to be found in the market. It is surprising with what accuracy and skill the painter's art is here imitated. A School of Design, and an annual course of chemical lectures, as applicable to dyeing, are connected with the establishment. Science and art are here successfully combined.

In returning we took a cabriolet to convey us to our hotel. There being but few in attendance, and very late in the afternoon, not far from the dinner hour at our hotel, amid the general rush of visitors for conveyances, we were not very particular in our search, but took the first whose driver offered his services. He had not been on his box two minutes, till I saw that the fellow was drunk, and I became alarmed lest in his oscillations he would tip off his seat. But he cracked his whip, cut up his horse, and pushed him forward at rapid speed, turning corner after corner, and sometimes running against the wheels of carts and other conveyances he passed, until, to my great relief from trepidation, and by the quickest and shortest route, he stopped at the gate of our hotel in the Rue Vivienne, as full of facetious politeness, and as brisk in displaying it, as any Frenchman could be. After being paid his tax, he doffed his bonnet, and, reaching forth his hand, smilingly made his demand for a few sous in addi-

tion, as he said "pour boire." I laughed and told him he already had too much "pour boire," and charged him to get and keep himself sober. This fellow was the only person I had yet met or seen in Paris, that was drunk or bordering on drunkenness. He must have had rum, or brandy, or something beyond the low wines or "vin ordinaire," generally used as a beverage here; for they are so light, and possess so little of alcohol or the intoxicating principle, that, as Baxter said of some of the common drunkards in his day, who became intoxicated on beer, they must have barrels for stomachs, to hold enough to make them drunk. He looked so much like an Irishman that at first I thought he must be one, giving him credit for the propensity of his nation; but I found he was a genuine Frenchman. The common Celtic origin, however, was, by my mistake at first, rendered afterward more striking.

I have spent eight days in Paris, and, except on Sabbaths, have been industriously, in all that time, visiting various objects and places of historical and other public interest. I have, however, seen only a small part of it, yet have I seen enough to satisfy me. As to its public places of amusement, its theatres, circuses, &c., as they excite nothing but a painful interest in my mind, so I cared not even to see where they were; nor do I remember having passed one of them. The dissipation of mind and heart they produce, and the havoc they make in the morals of the community wherever they are, have long since, even from my 15th year, when I resolved never more to enter one, convinced me that they are mere fountains of pestiferous influence, which no *Christian man, or minister of Christ* should ever speak of but in terms of decided disapprobation. Nevertheless, I feel happy that I am not the judge of my neighbor; and, therefore, withhold my condemnation of others, who differ from me in their opinion of such places, and who apologize for the stage. But, to my mind, the theatre, whether in the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, or any where else, is evil and only evil, and that continually. To resort to it, or visit it as a place of recreation or amusement, as I read the sacred Scriptures, is utterly inconsistent with the spirit of the religion of Jesus Christ and the obligations of professing Christians.

In Paris the Roman Catholic churches are but theatres. The acting is indeed of a different character from that in dramatic representations, but the whole ritual of the mass is theatrical, and all the images and ornaments, and pictures in the churches, the gorgeous drapery and adornment of the altar, all the dressings and undressings, adorations, genuflexions and processions of priests, elevation of the host, &c., are wholly scenical, designed as expressly for effect as are the various



scenes of the drama. It is no wonder that the influence of the Catholic Church, therefore, is of kindred character with the theatre; nor that the priesthood and the altar have as little moral potency, as have professional actors and the stage, for the preservation and improvement of public morals. The Sabbath in Paris is a day of general jollity and gaiety. Multitudes of shops are kept open during the greatest part of the day; and when the generality are closed, it would seem to be for the enjoyment of the delights of promenading the streets, especially the Boulevards and Champs Elysees, of visiting the public places of resort, of lounging in the cafes, and indulging in various forms of social hilarity. There are but a few places of worship where the spiritual truths of religion are taught. In the Episcopal Church, Rue d'Aguesseau Faubourg St. Honore; in the Episcopal Chapel, Avenue Marbeuf; in the French Independent, Rue de Provence; in the Wesleyan Chapel, Rue Royal, St. Honore, and in the British and American Church, as it is called, on Rue Chauchat, near the Boulevards des Italiennes, there is preaching in the English language; but all are not sufficient to accommodate the English and American travelers and residents in Paris, often amounting to thousands.

The city of Paris was originally built upon a small island in the River Seine, on which stands the Cathedral Church of Notre Dame; but it now spreads to the extent of fifteen miles in circumference, and contains a population of 1,200,000 souls. Its streets, avenues, boulevards, barriers, bridges, quays, and public establishments are very numerous. Among the former, of the most lively are the Rue St. Honore, Vivienne, Richelieu, Neuve des petit Champs, and the Boulevards, from the Church of the Magdalen to the vicinity of the Bureau de Exchange, near the termination of the Rue Vivienne.

A stranger from the United States cannot but be surprised in view of the public provision made for the relief of sudden calls of nature. They may at first shock the delicacy of English and American travelers, but it will soon be obvious that in relation to them there seems to be by no means that peculiar sensitiveness, and similar ideas of propriety with those prevalent among us, in our large cities, where neglect of such arrangements altogether, serves to produce the vulgarity, filth and indecencies which shock us. Whatever may be the character of this gay city, and of its mercurial population, for licentiousness and voluptuousness, I must say that, during the short time I was in it, I never witnessed any of those manifestations of lewdness so frequent in New York and other of our large American cities, nor anything that would shock the sensibilities of the chaste and modest. It is proper, however, to remark that I visited none of the public gardens on

the Sabbath evening, nor any of the Bastringues and Guinguettes or eating houses, outside the barriers of Paris, where those fond of living pictures, I learned, might witness crowds of workmen, with their wives or sweethearts, filling the principal streets of the suburbs, lined with stalls for the sale of gingerbread, walking cooks who sell pancakes, fried potatoes and other delicacies for the vulgar taste, while here and there a fiddle or organ squeak or grind music amid the universal din of talk and laughter filling the air.

19th. Attended divine service to-day, in the Wesleyan Chapel on Rue Royale, and heard the Rev. Mr. Winans preach an excellent discourse, on the words, "I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto thy testimonies." The subject was the advantage of self reflection. Here I had the pleasure to meet Mrs. Wilson, of Philadelphia, whom I once saw in that city, but did not at first recognize her. She knew me, however, and, in the spirit of true friendship and politeness, made herself known to me. I learned from her somewhat of the whereabouts of the Rev. Mr. Barnes and his family, now on this continent, from which I entertain a hope that I may meet them somewhere in Italy. The incident was as pleasant to my feelings as any I had met in Paris.

The congregation attending on Mr. Winans' preaching was large—chiefly English. I happened, both on this Sabbath and the last, to be thrown near a young man whose appearance, and manners, and attention to the sermon deeply interested me, so, much so that I felt emboldened, at the close of the service, to take him by the hand, and express to him my Christian salutations, which he reciprocated very promptly and cordially, acknowledging himself to be a follower of Christ, and rendering to me his thanks for the discourse he had heard me deliver in the chapel the last Sabbath evening. How precious did the grace of God appear, which, in such a gay, licentious, and corrupt city as this, can preserve a youth of 18 years of age from the snares which on every side are spread for the feet of the young.

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## CHAPTER X.

*The Valley of the Yonne—Route of Travel to Marseilles—A French Dilligence—Route to Geneva—Geneva—Passport—Chambery—Ascent of Mont Cenis.*

SEPT. 21, 1852.—GENEVA. I left Paris yesterday A. M., at 10.30, by the rail road to Lyons, and reached Dijon about 6.30, P. M., having traveled, a distance of 196 English miles, into the south of France. The course of the road, after leaving the valley of the Seine, was

along that of the Yonne, which empties into the Seine. It passes through Melun, Villeneuve sur la Yonne, Joigny, Montbard, &c. The passage from the valley up into the table land is made through three tunnels—one a very large one. Its character is much the same with that of the latter. The road winds its way through a valley, sometimes widening extensively, and at others contracting, its northern side being covered with vineyards. The grapes principally cultivated, are, the white round grape, resembling our sweet water, and is of the chassel las variety, as I should judge from a passing inspection, and occasional eating.

The vineyards, at a distance, resemble our fields of Indian corn, before it has thrown out its tassels. The vines are planted in regular rows, and tied to stakes, which are hidden by the foliage. The rows are from three to four feet apart, and the vines in them, from eighteen inches to three feet—a wider space being left between the rows than between the vines. From the time that we reached the higher ground ascending from the valley, and had passed through several tunnels, the grape less seldom became visible. From Dijon I noticed none after we had passed into the mountainous region, till we descended and entered the plain along the shore of Lake Leman.

From Paris to Dijon, the direction of the railroad is in general S. E.; but at Dijon it bends to the S. towards Chalon, upon the Saône. Thence steamboats take passengers down this river to Lyons, and from Lyons, down the Rhone, to Avignon, from which place I learned that the railroad was completed to Marseilles. Passage can be had thence to Geneva by steamboat, or to Nice and other places. I ascertained that the "Prince President," as he is called, had a few days before I left Paris, passed thence, on a tour through the southern part of France. I presume this tour is part and parcel of the measures he is evidently pursuing, for having himself declared Emperor before long. I, therefore, took it for granted that there would be a great rush of the people to the towns through which he would pass; since, both in England and France, I see that the masses love to gaze upon poor mortals "dressed up with a little brief authority." Petitions had been circulated, both in Paris and in the south, invoking him to assume a control of the government, which would give it greater efficiency and stability than it now possesses as a Republic. Expectation was all awake. To my regret and disappointment therefore, I changed my route of travel, in order to escape from the inconvenience and annoyances I should have to encounter, should I pursue my original course to Marseilles, and be thrown in the whirl and eddies of the population floating from all quarters around his motions. This change of purpose

caused me to diverge at Dijon, before I should reach the vortex, and pass, by a quieter route, through Switzerland and Savoy, into Italy, and thus give me a view of the population and country of that part of Europe, so full of importance, both in its religious and political history. Had I extended my journey to Chalon, I should have encountered the main route of travel from Lyons, through Chamberry, to Turin, and left Geneva to the north, from which I ascertained a branch line of Diligences connects with the Lyons and Chalon route at Chamberry, and unless I should have previously, by despatch from Geneva, taken my passage there, I might be detained several days. A part of the journey from Dijon I found would have to be performed in the night; but taking all things into consideration, to avoid unpleasant contingencies, I took my passage at Paris to Geneva, in what is called the coupee of the diligence, which is several francs dearer, but far more comfortable for traveling, both in the night and in the day, than is the interior of the diligence.

These "diligences," as they are called, are singularly constructed, totally unlike anything we have in the United States. The old fashioned enormous stage coaches of the "Good Intent" line, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, in point of capacity, come nearer to them than any other of our quondam stage conveyances.

The "diligence" is an immense stage coach, divided into four compartments, totally separate from each other. The forward part, called the coupee, contains but one bench, and accommodates only three persons. It has large glass windows in front, and on the sides, and is fitted up, internally, much after the plan of the old fashioned carriages I remember in my young days, called chariots, in which the rich and great, especially of the female sex, preferred to ride. The middle part, called the *interieur*, is fitted up, like our post coach, with two benches, to accommodate six passengers, who ride vis-a-vis. Behind this is the third apartment, called the *rotonde* or *le derriere*, which also accommodates six passengers. Over the coupee is the fourth part, called the *banquette*, which contains room for three persons, in which, also, rides the "conductor," who passes from one end of the route to the other, as a sort of general supercargo and general agent, having control of the drivers, and regulating all matters pertaining to the progress of the diligence, and the care of the passengers. The *banquette* is desirable only in pleasant summer weather, as it affords a fine opportunity of seeing the country; but it can also be protected by a top or covering that rises and falls, and affords shelter in stormy weather. Passengers are allowed 40 to 50 lbs. weight of baggage only, without extra charge. They are assigned their seats, and take their

places, as numbered on the receipt they get when they take their passage. Generally one-half the fare is paid down, at taking the passage; the receipt designates the place and time of departure. The conducteur, before starting, calls the roll, and sees that every passenger has his place.

The diligence in which we were to travel, started along with us from Paris, and loaded with our baggage, and all the other freight, which the enormous vehicle was destined to carry, was mounted on an open truck or car, and formed part of the train with which we started. Upon arriving at Dijon, it was transferred from its position and placed on the road, to which four horses were very speedily attached, with two postillions, dressed in a sort of old fashioned regimentals, with chapeaux de bras, who mounted the animals, and, with whip and spur, urged them forward at the greatest speed, each one guiding his own span. At first I was under apprehension, lest they would not be able to keep the diligence on the road, or that some accident might happen to it; but soon found that they managed it as dexterously as do our drivers, with their four reins in their hands and seated on the coach.

These postillions, or drivers, at the end of their different stage routes, or exchanges, are sure to present themselves and beg lustily from the passengers, "pour boire"—a great nuisance.

Dijon, from what little opportunity I had to take a passing view of it, seemed to be an old fashioned town of some tolerable extent, containing probably 30,000 to 35,000 inhabitants. It is surrounded by ramparts, and has five environs. Here is a palace of the Princes Conde, and a castle of ancient date, used now as a barracks. It is a manufacturing town; but depends chiefly, as I learned, on its wine trade, being a depot for Burgundy wines. Milton's great antagonist, Salmasius, the celebrated Bossuet, and other noted men, were natives of this very ancient city.

It was at the cloiing in of the day when we had fairly left Dijon in our rear. Our road was the great Route Nationale of France, which has been very carefully and perfectly constructed. It led us over the Jura mountains. At times we had six horses. and at others four, according as the ascending grades were more or less heavy. The weather, for the greatest part of the way was rainy and stormy, till we had descended the mountains. At 11 P. M., we stopped at the village for dinner, as it was called, and had a course of soup, fish, meat, fowl, fruits, and wine of the country, such as they were, for three francs, or sixty cents. About 8 in the morning, breakfast, and miserable at best, was furnished at a little village, for 3 1-2 francs. At the places we stopped we were accosted by beggars, who sometimes would ap-

pear at the road-side, and seemed to demand charity as their right. Not the slightest accident occurred. Our passports were inspected no less than three times on the way; and upon our arrival here, were taken by an officer of the "Bureau de la Douaines," who gave us a card instructing us that, upon returning it with our signatures, they would be delivered back to us, and reminding us, also, of the law which required that we should *request permission* of the police, if we intended to sojourn in the Canton, and also directing us to designate the place of our abode. No account was taken of our baggage; but we were allowed to take it to our hotel without examination.

I suffered much less fatigue by the journey than I expected, having slept the greater part of the night; and when day dawned, I was delighted with the wild mountain scenery, and the perfection of the road, which climbs around the rocky cliffs and sloping sides of hills, twisting and turning, like cat stairs, in its ascending grades. The houses, scattered through the little valleys, and occasionally clustered in villages, were all built of stone—heavy, solid, substantial mason work. They contained apartments for the family, and apartments for the cattle, all under the same roof!

I felt my heart light up with joy, when I thought that I had entered a protestant country, and saw no more the crowds of gowned priests, which everywhere, in great numbers, presented themselves in France. The prospect, from the mountain top, of the lake, and the country along its margin, highly cultivated, and checkered with flourishing farms and vineyards, is beautiful indeed; and the mountains, rising on each shore of the lake, gave an air of sublimity to the scene, which was heightened by the circumstance that heavy clouds, stretched here and there down the mountains sides, or strung themselves along their towering summits, hidden by the veil they had thrown over the face of the heavens. Once or twice, as they dispersed, we caught a distant view of Mont Blanc, towering in its lofty and majestic grandeur. As the coaches drove rapidly along the shore of the lake from Nyon, where we first reached it, I thought of Calvin and of the influence he had here exerted, and hence upon the world. My heart rejoiced in the proofs, around me, of the happiness and liberty which had been enjoyed by the people of this region, who had embraced the great fundamental truths of evangelical religion and of civil government, which he had taught, and whose habits were formed under the light and amid the benefits of the principles and institutions he had obtained from the word of God, and so successfully taught, and sought to diffuse among the people.

TURIN, Sept. 25th. The weather was cold while I remained at Gen-

eva, which we left the 21st. The wind blew strong and piercing down Lake Lemán. Anxiety to escape into a milder climate, as speedily as possible, prevented me from taking a sail on it, in the steamboat to Lausanne and Villeneuve. The sight of Mont Blanc in the distance, covered with snow, did not prove either exciting or attractive to my curiosity, having to encounter, whenever I went out, the strong blasts of wind rushing from the surface of the lake, which led me to think the equinoctial storm must be at hand. I had hoped to avoid it by escape previously from the region of the Alps.

During my stay in Geneva, however, I found time to visit the chief places of interest, and to spend an hour of pleasant and profitable converse with the celebrated religious historian of Geneva, Dr. Merle d'Aubigne. He speaks the English with some ease, and extended his kind courtesy to myself and my fellow traveler, who accompanied me. His abode is outside the town, and both it and its grounds are neatly and tastefully arranged, adorned after the Swiss fashion, and ideas of comfort and ease. It was in the morning we paid our visit. I thought I perceived very plainly that while his courtesy, in accordance with the letter of introduction I bore, was politely extended, his thoughts were in his study, and that he would have much preferred the visit should have been post meridian. The remark he made when taking my leave of him, confirmed my impression, "Our time," said he, "belongs to the church, and we must employ it." Its truth deterred me from waiting on Dr. Malan, with my letter to him. I had felt often myself the annoyance of visits in the morning, during the time devoted to study, and would not, therefore, have objected, had I not, on entering, explained my reason for calling at that hour. I acknowledge, I have myself felt justified and called upon to cut short trifling visits; but there is such a thing as being over righteous, and he did not know, but that to a distant stranger and foreigner, he might afford some of his time with more advantage to the church than by study at the moment. It rather appeared to me a small vanity I expected not to meet in Dr. Merle, as my object was to learn the condition of the churches in Geneva, and the interests of evangelical religion among them. He expressed strong convictions that the spirit of rationalism was on the wane, and that there was a growing tendency to respect and honor the authority of the Bible as a book miraculously inspired; yet it is unquestionable, that Geneva does not stand now the citadel of truth, as it once was called "*le vieux boulevard du Calvinisme*;" but I see that, if the epithet of *the old* were stricken out, it would not, with show of truth, be now pronounced the fortress of Calvinism at all.

## LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS.

BY WARREN ISHAM.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*A Sunrise Ramble through the fields—Passing various Field Crops—Gum Arabic Tree—Palm Grove ornamenting a Wheat Field—An Agricultural Spectacle—Ploughing and Harrowing—Scripture Illustrations—Extraordinary Species of Grass—Chicken Hatching—Fight with Dogs.*

I ascended the left bank of the Nile just as the sun rose above the Arabian Desert. All nature seemed glad at his coming—the birds, the flocks and herds, the deep green fields, everything seemed to rejoice at his glorious presence. It was only an every day morning, such as is shed down upon this valley at every revolution of the earth, through the entire winter months, but somehow my spirit was more than usually in accord, that morning, with the harmonies around me, and I abandoned myself to the full flow of its sympathies.

Before me was a field of pulse, all bespangled with blossoms, pea-like in form, of a spotless white, relieved by jet black dots, and strung like jewels upon the stalk, (some two feet high,) from bottom to top, all bathed in the dew drops, and glittering in the sunbeams of the morning.

To my right was a plat of trefoil, upon which flocks and herds were feeding, all mutely joyful at the returning light of day, while the little warblers all around, poured from their tiny throats the melody of song.

To my left, directly on my way, was a field of wheat, of that deep, rich shade, which glads the heart of the husbandman, gracefully waving in the breeze of the morning, as though making its obeisance to the rising "god of day." So thriftily had it shot up from the warm, alluvial soil, that some of its leaves had a breadth of more than an inch.

To this succeeded a field of flax, not spindling up in single slender stalks as with us, but branching out quite tree-like, and sprinkled all over with blossoming beauties, like flakes from the skies.



Then followed a field of barley, which had arrived at a more advanced stage of its growth than the wheat, reminding me strongly, of the passage in Exodus, "The flax and the barley were smitten, for the barley was in the ear, and the flax was boiled. But the wheat and the rye were not smitten, for they were not grown up." I had the evidence before me, that, when the barley would be in the ear, and the flax boiled, the wheat would not be "grown up"—that is, to earing.

A little farther on I passed a field of sugar cane, bearing no unapt resemblance to our American forests of Indian corn, so densely set, and rank of growth, as to make it an almost impenetrable swamp, while near it rose one of the sugar refineries of the Pacha, a common spectacle upon the banks of the Nile.

Passing on, I entered a cotton field, in the third and last year of its growth, quite grove-like in aspect, with its downy product just bursting from the bolls. The culture of the cotton plant was introduced into Egypt by Mohammed Ali, as I have said, within the present century, but, from the fact, that cotton seed has been found deposited with the mummies in the tombs, sepulchered there, three thousand years ago, it is rendered almost certain, that it was a product of this valley in common with wheat, barley, flax, &c., in those early times.

Fields of that beautiful plant, Palma Christi, and of mustard, in full bloom, also rose upon my view, while patches of peas, beans, tobacco, onions, poppies, safflower, cucumbers, melons, &c., alternated with pleasing effect.

Field after field I passed, from which had been taken a crop, of which the peasantry of Egypt almost entirely subsist, that of Dourah corn, or Indian millet, (called "Guinea corn," in the U. S.) and which was almost entirely harvested before my arrival. It runs up like broom corn, and, while the grain furnishes a nourishing diet, both for man and beast, the stalks are abundantly useful for fodder, fuel, roofing, fencing, &c. &c.

Rambling on, I entered a grove of the gum Arabic species of the Acacia (Nilobia), covering, perhaps, fifty acres of ground. The Nilobia makes but a small figure as a tree, compared with some other more stately varieties of the Acacia. A grove of it more nearly resembles a fruit orchard, in size and height, but it is unsurpassed for beauty of foliage. It was in full bloom, the blossoms being apparently *facsimiles* of the "bachelor's button." I noticed the gum oozing from the trunks of the trees—it is the gum Arabic of commerce.

And near by was an extensive grove of the date palm. That is a spectacle to be seen at every village, but not as here, extending over an area of perhaps a hundred acres of ground, while, underneath,

waved the luxuriant wheat crop. No rural spectacle can be more beautiful than such a field crop, studded all over with the graceful palm, and spotted with its shadows, which are so small and shifting as to do little or no injury.

Later in the day, I observed a man ploughing a field, a sight not often seen in many parts of Egypt—and such a sight! The oxen were just the color of mice, and about the size of a yearling steer, with us, with a pole ten or twelve feet long for a yoke, and a mere hook to tear up the surface of the soil, for a plough. And this reminds me of a threshing machine I met with in one of my tramps, a mere sledge, running upon jagged rollers, drawn by oxen, with a boy mounted on it, driving round and round over the threshing floor, the grain (the heads only being cut off) being partly tramped out by the hoofs of the cattle, and partly shelled by the machine. The same implement was in use thirty centuries ago, as appears from pictorial representations upon the walls of the tombs, and a very similar implement was doubtless used in Palestine in Old Testament times. “Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.”

Often I passed large, promiscuous flocks of sheep and goats, attended sometimes by a little dirty, ragged, tattooed girl, whose charms were set off with ringlets, and huge dangling ear-drops. When the flock is driven in at night, “the shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats,” putting them in separate apartments.

These flocks I frequently found feeding upon a species of wild grass, which I should not have expected them to touch. Thousands of acres in a tract, a little back from the river, I often found covered with a species of wild grass, so large, fibrous, and tough, that I should suppose it to be proof against the masticating powers of any animal, except the camel, and sometimes these tracts come quite up to the river bank. I had often observed roots protruding, where the bank had been broken off, and hanging pendulous, about the size of young grape vines, and so thick, often, as to cover the perpendicular bank as with a mat, several feet down, when neither vine nor tree was to be seen upon the top, and I wondered from what they could proceed. I tried to link them to the palm trees, at first, and I was never more surprised than to find that they belonged to the grass I have mentioned. It must be an immense labor to reclaim land overrun with it. When suffered to grow unmolested, it throws up a stalk quite like a little tree. When kept fed down close, however, it is less fibrous and tough, and that is the only practicable way of feeding it at all. Go ashore when I would, near the villages, I never failed to scare up the dunghill fowl, which abounds in Egypt. All chickens here

are hatched by artificial heat; I have seen hundreds of these chicken-hatching establishments in the country, to which the peasantry bring their eggs, one chicken being given for every two eggs. The dunghill fowl, here, however, is very small, and its flesh comparatively flavorless.

And equally certain was I, if not to be scared up myself, at least to be pretty thoroughly rallied by the dogs, every time I set my foot on shore at the villages, and the higher I ascended, the saucier and fiercer they became, assailing me in troops, with jackal ferocity, as though they would tear me in pieces. Their masters never interfere, and your only alternative is to fight, but a few well directed blows with your club generally gives you the field.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

*Screwing and Wrenching Machinery of Government—The Bastinado—Witnessing the horrors of it.*

I was at last doomed to witness the infliction of the bastinado, and, to this hour, the scene is as fresh before me, as though it had been but yesterday. The occasion was a very common one, viz., to enforce the payment of taxes, or rather, the exactions of government.

The Viceroy having fixed the amount of revenue which it is his pleasure to have placed at his disposal, apportions it among the governors of districts, (instead of the beys, as formerly,) holding them responsible for its collection and delivery. The governors, in their turn, apportion the amount allotted to each of them respectively, to the Sheiks, or head men of the towns and villages, in their several districts, upon whom devolves the task of wrenching it from the poor fellahs.

The amount is always several millions of dollars, sometimes as high as seventeen millions, to be raised from less than three millions of people, including men, women, and children, most of them in a state of abject poverty. The Sheiks have no alternative—raise it they must, by fair means or foul, and all they can torture out of the poor wretches besides, to put in their own pockets, is so much clear gain, there being nothing to set limits to their exactions.

The assessments are made without any regard to an equalization of the burden, friends and favorites being exempted, and others drawn upon the heavier to make up the deficiency. And then, everything is taxed, and taxed, and taxed. The land is taxed, the crops, even the trees that grow on it are taxed, the stock, even the fowls are taxed, and the eggs the fowls lay, are taxed, nothing escapes, not even a

bucket to dip the water of the Nile, and taxed too to the utmost it is possible to collect by the application of torture.

And the miserable people, on the other hand, throwing themselves upon the defensive, resort to every possible subterfuge to evade the robbery. They will hide away their effects, equivocate and lie, with a tact that is truly marvellous; but so narrowly are they watched, and so closely beset, that there is little chance for them to escape detection. When all other means have failed to draw forth the hidden treasure, the *bastinado* is the terrible resort.

Landing one day at a village, I observed an assemblage beneath a palm grove, and, hearing what seemed outbursts of agony, I drew near, and, lo, there was the Sheik with a poor wretch writhing before him, from whom he was endeavoring to wrench the portion of his tax which remained unpaid. The man seemed bursting with agony, now throwing himself upon the earth, rolling and tumbling, with moanings and wailings, which pierced my very soul, and now calling heaven and earth to witness, that he had not a single *fuddah* more than he had produced.

"Tie his legs and apply the *bastinado*," exclaimed the Sheik. Thus pinioned, he was stretched upon the ground, face downwards, with the operator astride, holding a rhinoceros rawhide in his right hand, which he commenced applying to the soles of his feet, every blow fetching a suppressed groan, and a jerk of the whole body. After enduring it awhile, the suffering man relented, and cried out to the executioner to stop, and, being released, paid over a part of the amount to the Sheik, protesting, with imprecations and wailings, which were enough to move the very stones to sympathy, as he did before, that he had not another piaster on earth, and invoking the curses of heaven on himself and family, if he had not spoken truth.

The Sheik calmly pocketed the money, and, exhorting him to think of his latter end, ordered the executioner to proceed. Tap, tap, tap, again went the terrible thong; the soles of the sufferer's feet rose to a pulp; he groaned, shrieked and writhed, until, unable longer to endure it, he shrieked out a surrender, released the balance of the money from beneath his tongue, and was set at liberty.

Not being able to stand upon his feet, he was borne away by his friends, apparently in triumph, that he had suffered so bravely in a good cause. The sequel, I was told, would be, that he would accept a pipe, with the congratulations of his friends, that he had stood so merciless a pounding, in a cause in which all were equally interested.

Instances have occurred, in which the poor creatures have stood out to the last, and borne off in triumph, the few *fuddahs* they had held in

reserve, under the tongue, in readiness to be disgorged, in case the suffering became insupportable. And it is related of one poor wretch, that, after suffering all that human nature could endure, and, being released as a hopeless case, he was struck a blow in the mouth by the Sheik, which brought out a gold piece that proved to be just the amount of his tax.

Having tortured the required amount, and as much more as possible, from his miserable dependants, the burley Sheik not only pockets the overplus, but sets his wits to work to devise ways and means to deprive the government of as much as possible of *its* portion, and not unfrequently refuses to pay over to the government any part of it, until his grip has been loosed by the same horrid means which he himself had employed upon the wretched peasantry, and thus it passes out of his hands to the same tune to which it came in, and sometimes the governors themselves have to be screwed up to a becoming sense of their responsibilities, in the same indelicate manner, in the rough hands of the Pacha.

To this tune the dollars travel on, from stage to stage, toward the fiscal chest of the Pacha, to be expended, on their arrival, upon his own private extravagances, or upon public account, as suits his pleasure.

Such is the grinding system of oppression which has been practiced for ages, upon the peasantry of Egypt. It scarcely seems possible that they should suffer more and live, and they can only live at all by stealing away and concealing a sufficiency for a bare subsistence.

Not only is everything produced taxed thus oppressively, but if the poor creatures have anything to sell, it is not enough that it has the government stamp upon it as having paid duty, but they are not allowed to sell it as their own at all. They must take it to a government agent, who allows them a fixed price, a pitiful remuneration for their labor, the governor or its harpies, clutching all the profits; and it is very much with manufactures as with the products of agriculture. The Pacha either owns them outright, and commands the labor of the peasantry at his own price, or he so regulates the sales, as to secure nearly all the profits to himself. Often in ascending the Nile, have I said to my captain—whose fine farm, whose cotton-field, whose cane-field and sugar refinery, whose cotton manufactory, or whose palace is that? and the answer has been always the same—“*Abbas Pachas!*”

Such being the operation of a bandit government, what wonder that its rascality should impress itself upon the people? What wonder that its victims, robbed of their just earnings, overborne and crushed by the strong arm of irresponsible power, in contempt of the common rights of humanity—what wonder that they should become both liars and thieves in self defence?

CHAPTER XXV.

*Arrival at Thebes—its wonderful magnificence surpassing description—Great Temple of Luxor—Battle Scenes on the Propylon—Different Apartments and extent of the Structure.*

We have at last arrived at the far-famed scene of wonders, the site of ancient Thebes, "the hundred gated Thebes" of the poet, "the multitudinous No." of the prophet—a spot marked by ruins more magnificent than any other upon the earth's surface; ruins swept by the desolations of thirty centuries, and yet exhibiting traces of a grandeur, not only unsurpassed, but *unapproached*, by the proudest of modern edifices.

Karnac and Luxor, Medinet Abou, and Gornoo, are the remains of its four great temples, so salled from the names of the shabby Arab villages, located in and around them respectively. Of these wonderful remains we have had many glowing accounts, but, after all, the conception I had formed of them was but poor and beggarly. No description ever equalled the reality, and none ever can. The beholder may see all that can be seen, and feel all that can be felt, and his fervid pen may dash off his impressions with masterly stroke, while the artist lends the aid of his delicate touches, until a perfect image of the reality seems to dance upon the vision, and yet you will have but an imperfect conception of the reality itself, until beheld by your own wondering eyes.

These four stupendous piles, so great in ruin, though the nearest of them are two miles asunder, formed so many great central points in the ancient metropolis—so vast was its extent—lifting themselves up in proud pre-eminence over the humbler edifices which covered the plain of Thebes, three thousand years ago.

Karnac and Luxor are located upon the east side of the river. The latter being close to the landing, first attracted my attention, and to it I directed my steps; but, scarcely had I begun to give scope to my admiration, scarcely had my feelings begun to rise into unison with the objects around me, when they took a slide downwards, sinking to a point as much below the common level, as they had been elevated above it—downwards from majestic walls and towering columns, to ragged, filthy Arabs, men, women and children, mixed up with dogs, goats, and donkey's, all huddled up in the interior apartments, talking and scolding, braying and bleating, bawling and squalling, growling and howling. Right down before me sat two half-clad "women grinding at a mill," the new testament mill, constructed of two stones, the nether convex, and the upper concave fitted as a cap, with a handle

to turn it, the grain being crushed between the two, as it fell from the hand through the aperture at the apex, both operators joining lustily in the cry of *bucksheish! bucksheish!* which rang out on every side, peal upon peal.

Recovering from the shock, my feelings rose again, (great things prevailing over little,) and I resigned myself to the enchantments of the place, some new wonder opening upon me at every step.

Let us approach this noble ruin from the north, with an explanatory manual in hand. Before us rises a propylon or gateway, consisting of a wall of solid masonry, two hundred feet in length, twenty-five in thickness, and sixty in height, above the present surface of the ground, and reaching far below it to a level which constituted the surface when its foundations were laid, the gate being in the centre of it. Outside the gate on one side, and a few feet from it, shoots up the finest obelisk in the world, just as it did thousands of years ago, when Cambyses reined up his dashing war steeds at sight of it. There were two of them then, and both stood in their places, one upon each side of the gateway, until the beginning of the present century, when one of them was removed by the French, and it now adorns the Place Concordia, at Paris. The other still stands, as erect, as perfect, and as beautiful, as the artist left it, a single polished shaft of rose-colored granite, something less than eight feet square at the base, and springing to a height of more than eighty feet, covered all over with hieroglyphic symbols, beautifully wrought, cut an inch and three-fourths deep, and exhibiting the freshness and sharp finish of yesterday.

Still nearer the wall stand two colossal statues, of the same beautiful stone, one on each side of the gateway, buried up to their necks, in rubbish and sand, and measuring from their shoulders to the top of their mitres, twenty-two feet. There is said to have been, originally, a row of them extending the whole length of the propylon.

Raising our eyes to the propylon itself, we see it all sculptured over with battle scenes, the different groups embracing not less than fifteen hundred persons, besides horses and chariots. The principal scene is evidently laid in a foreign land, from the fact, that, the Egyptians, as invaders, besiege a fortress, being distinguishable by their short dress, and by riding two upon a chariot, brandishing spears and javelins, while the besieged wear a long flowing dress, ride three upon a chariot, and draw the bow, being thus marked as Orientals.

There seems to be an engagement brought on by a *sortie* from the fortress, the Egyptians being represented in the act of putting the enemy to flight. The king, conspicuous by his great size, is mounted on a chariot by himself, with a lion crouching at his feet, the reins tied

round his body, his bow drawn, and the enemy falling around him, while his furious chargers dash forward, at full speed, over the bodies of the slain, carrying him far in advance of the main body of his army, and there he is alone in the midst of the enemy, dealing death from his unerring bow.

The enemy in full flight, are driven, in great numbers, off a precipice, into a stream below, and conspicuous among them, is a charioteer with one hand clinging to the car, and letting fall whip and reins from the other, as he goes over. Others are struggling, amid horses and chariots, in the deep below; some are drowning and floating down the stream, while a few reach the opposite shore.

On the other hand, some are struggling to regain the fortress, from which a company of new recruits are seen issuing to join in the fight, and from the ramparts of which are to be seen groups of the aged and infirm, women and children, looking down in terror upon the scene.

All this is seen upon the eastern wing, or the portion east of the gateway. Upon the western wing, we find the horrors of the triumphal scene, the conqueror upon the throne of judgment, sceptre in hand, and before him eleven captive chieftains, lashed together, and imploring mercy, while near by stands their vanquished sovereign, with his arms tied behind him, and fastened to a chariot, to which two horses are harnessed, and which the victor monarch is probably about to mount, to give reins and have a little sport.

In the rear of the throne the work of death is going on: some are pierced with arrows, some with scimitars, some are beheaded, and some dragged at chariot wheels. The conqueror's camp, his treasure, and his servants preparing a feast, fill up the scene—the whole doubtless being a truthful record of a great historical event, and it is strongly confirmatory of the narrations of the Greek historians, in relation to the victories of Sesostris, in the East.

And all this is but a gateway—what, then, must have been the temple itself? Great as its dilapidation now is, there looms up a magnificence before which you stand still to gaze and wonder, and which seems to be the work of a race of men represented by the statues of which I have spoken, *fifty feet high!* Passing the gateway, we enter a portico, not far from 200 feet square, in ruins, from which entry was made through a double row of columns, fourteen in number, and thirty-two feet in circumference, into a court, say a hundred and fifty feet square, with similar rows of columns on each side, and then follows a spacious apartment with thirty-six columns, which brings you to the adytum or place of sacred mysteries, and beyond it are other extensive apartments. Some have made the entire edifice 1,200



feet square, which would embrace an area of thirty-two acres, but as the exact limits on one or two of its sides cannot be traced, we cannot speak with any degree of certainty of the original dimensions of this wonderful structure.

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#### CHAPTER XXVI.

*Visit to the Great Temple of Karnac—the Avenue of Sphinxes—a new discovery—the Great Temple itself—its Hall of Pillars—its adytum, and its wonderful surroundings.*

Two miles to the north of Luxor, across the plain, are to be seen the ruins of the great temple of Karnac. As I strolled over the intermediate plain, on the look out for the remains of the great avenue of Sphinxes, a spectacle presented itself, for which I was totally unprepared. No traveler had ever described it—none had ever seen it, for it was just then being brought to light. As I was nearing the southernmost propylon of Karnac, passing moodily along, I found myself, all of a sudden, right in the midst of a vast assembly of one of the chief gods of the ancient Egyptians, in their resurrection state, having just risen from their long slumber underground. It was the god Anubis, which was formed by striking off the head of a human being, and affixing the head of a jackal to the decapitated lump of humanity, thus making a deity of the first order. There was an innumerable company of them which had just been dug out, and strewed over the ground; and, though the conjunction of parts was so hideous, there was such a symmetry and comeliness of proportion about them, and such perfection of finish, that I could not but award them the spontaneous tribute of my admiration, without stopping to discuss their claims to my devotion. They were formed of rose colored granite, in a sitting posture, the size of life, or a little less, with all their original polish upon them, and all exactly alike; and they seem to have been found, arranged side by side, around an area of perhaps half an acre of ground, as though sitting in council, just as they did three thousand years ago, the soil having accumulated to the depth of two or three feet over them.

This deity acted a conspicuous part in the scenes of the final judgment, as I infer from the pictorial representations upon the walls of the tombs, where he is to be seen holding a pair of scales, ballancing the good and evil deeds of the departed against each other, with the poor trembling expectants before him, awaiting their doom.

A little further on, to my great delight, I came upon the objects of

my search, the sphynxes, which I found in considerable numbers, in rather a dilapidated state, all of them being more or less mutilated. They consisted of the body of a lion and the head of a ram, of colossal size, hewn from solid blocks of red granite, and were stationed, in a crouching posture, thirty feet apart, on both sides of the great avenue, all the way from Luxor to Karnac, a distance of nearly two miles. Mutilated as are those that remain, they exhibit traces of exquisite finish, and serve to help out our conceptions of the marvelous beauty, and awful sacredness, (to a pagan,) of this divinity-guarded approach to the most magnificent temple ever built by the hands of man. And there were several other similar avenues, diverging, in different directions, from this wonderful structure, one of which extended from the western propylon to the Nile, one mile distant.

What an awe must have rested down upon the poor pagan idolator, as he advanced up the sacred avenue guarded by these awful deities, and how must his dreary soul have quaked within him, as he passed the hideous assembly above spoken of, the arbiter, as he believed, of his final doom?

Originally there were twelve entrances to this great temple, each one of them passing through several propyla, numbers of which still remain, some of them sixty feet in height, and all covered with sculptured hieroglyphics, and guarded by colossal statues, which rise upon each side of the gateway, so high that I could scarcely reach up to their knees. Through these portals entry was made into colonades, which were lined with columns, and took a circular sweep of a considerable distance to the temple.

Through all this profusion of magnificence is this temple approached. The entire field of ruins, embraced by the main structure and the subordinate edifices connected with it, is computed to be not less than three miles in circumference. A quarter of a mile before reaching the great central pile, I came upon a subordinate edifice, which, anywhere else, would be considered a marvel. In front of it rises a propylon, to a height of more than sixty feet, all sculptured over, and leading to a gallery of colossal rams. Then follows another propylon, and then an open colonade, leading to an immense hall, studded with massive columns, and other pillared apartments, all covered with sacred emblems, the whole exhibiting wonderful massiveness and strength, as well as beauty of finish.

All this was but introductory to the great temple of Karnac, and yet it did not embrace the principal entrance, which was at the west end, from the great avenue of sphynxes which leads to the river. Let us approach it from that direction. First, we pass a gateway sixty-

four feet high, and this enormous portal once had bronze doors. The first apartment we enter is a spacious court, lined on two sides with immense columns, and a double row running down the centre to a flight of twenty-seven steps, which are guarded by two colossal statues. Passing these steps, I found myself in the great hall of Karnac, and here all high thoughts were cast down, imagination cowered, and wonder itself was dumb. That so vast a conception should take form and visibility before me, seemed more like a dream than a reality. To say, as some travelers have said, that this great hall exhibits "a perfect forest of columns," is to give a caricature rather than a description of it. Think of a single column thirty-six feet in circumference, (large enough to touch the four sides of a room twelve feet square,) and towering to a height of some seventy feet, all sculptured over from bottom to top, then think of a row of nine such columns, standing side by side, and then of two such rows, making eighteen in all, and still go on adding row after row, until you get sixteen rows, with nine columns in a row, making one hundred and forty-four columns in all, one hundred and thirty-four of which are still standing, something more than twenty feet assunder, studding all over a hall occupying an acre and a half of ground, and surmounted by blocks of stone reaching from one to the other, twenty to twenty-five feet long, eight feet wide, and four or five thick, and tell me what sort of an idea of the reality would be conveyed by comparing it to a forest, or any thing else in all the world besides?

Says Champollion, in view of the wonders he here saw: "I shall take care not to describe anything, for, if I should draw even a faint picture, I should be taken for an enthusiast, or perhaps a madman. No people, ancient or modern, ever conceived the art of architecture on so sublime and grand a scale. Their conceptions were those of men a hundred feet high, and the imagination, which, in Europe, rises far above our porticoes, sinks abashed at the foot of the hundred and forty columns of the hypostyle hall of Karnac."

Other courts and halls of equal dimensions follow, in the first of which rise two obelisks, single blocks of Egyptian granite, a hundred feet high, also colossal statues similar to those I have described, while, near by, stands the adytum, or chamber of holy mysteries, also of rose-colored granite, consisting of three apartments, the principal of which is twenty feet by sixteen, and thirteen feet high, with a roof formed of only three blocks of granite, which, from beneath, presents clusters of stars upon a blue ground, the whole structure having more the appearance of a work of yesterday, than of thirty centuries ago, so sharp is the sculpture, and so new and fresh its entire aspect.

The walls of this temple are broken down, no portion of them rising to their original height, which was sixty-seven and a half feet. Their thickness, which may still be measured, was twenty-four feet. And walls, columns, obelisks, everything belonging to this and every other temple I have seen in the country, are covered all over with sacred emblems, cut deep in the flinty rock, and of so exquisite a finish as to be ornamental in a high degree.

In these mysterious symbols is locked up from all mortal eyes many an ample volume; and, although proclamation has been made that the key has been found, how little has it hitherto availed? Some progress, however, has been made, some glimpses have been opened to us—how much, and to what end, I shall try to show hereafter.

Upon the north wall of this temple is to be seen the famous sculptured scene, which represents a monarch (distinguished by his great size) in the act of striking off the head of a captive with one hand, which he holds by the hair with the other, while around him are thirty principal personages who are pointed out as the captive chiefs of as many different nations. One of these Champollion has designated as evidently a Hebrew, not only from the physiognomy, but from the inscription underneath, which he makes to read, "Joudah Melchi," or "Kingdom of Judah." He also made out the name of Sheshonk, or Shiskak, the very name of the Egyptian king who besieged and took Jerusalem, in the reign of Rehoboam, as related in the 2d Chronicles, and he feels assured that the events there recorded find illustration here.

The tabernacle of Jupiter was kept at Karnac, but once a year it was taken to the Lybian side of the river to remain a few days, and then return. The annual procession of the priests moved in solemn pomp along the awful avenue of Sphynxes to the river, crossed to Gornoo, thence proceeded south two miles to Medinet Abou, and then recrossed the plain and river to Luxor, and thence across the plain, through the avenue of Sphynxes, back to Karnac, having passed over a distance of about ten miles, lined throughout with sphynxes, colossal statues, propyla, obelisks, and other objects calculated to strike the poor pagan idolator with awe, accompanied with the sound of the harp and the cymbal, and songs of rejoicing.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

*West side of the Nile—the two seated Colossi—new wonders from under ground—a Colossus a hundred feet high in fragments—the two Great Temples on the Lybian side.*

But half of Thebes was on the east side of the river, and it may almost be said that but half its remains are there.

Crossing to the Lybian side, scarcely have you ascended the bank, when you discover, across the plain, two immense figures, naked and alone. They are the two seated colossi, fifty-two feet in height, in their sitting posture, and distinctly visible at a distance of fifteen miles. And there they have sat, witnesses to the changes which thousands of years have wrought around them. Mounting the pedestal of the northernmost one, I stood up to see how high I could reach up one of its legs, when, lo! I was about ankle high to it. I was further humiliated to find that I was not much bigger than its little finger.

The two are about equal in size, and were alike hewn from solid blocks of granite, but one of them has been broken off and replaced with masonry. The ancients made out for the northernmost one (the one broken off and replaced) the power of uttering certain voice-like sounds at sun rising; and inscriptions are found upon it in Greek and Latin, with the names of more than one hundred persons, certifying that they had heard the heavenly voice of Memnon at the early dawn, "feebly at first, but rising and swelling like a trumpet."

Of course its vocal powers, whatever they were, ceased when it was broken off, somewhat before the commencement of the Christian era. Strabo saw the divine fragment lying upon the ground in his day. Some have ascribed the phenomenon to the tricks of the priests, some to one thing and some to another; but that sounds were heard, seems to be generally admitted.

These statues did not always sit here alone. A grand avenue, leading to a magnificent temple, passed between them, flanked on either hand by colossal statues, of which these only remain. So numerous are they to this day, in a mutilated form, strewn over the ground, that the locality has been denominated "the field of the Colossi." The temple, whose approach they guarded, was exhumed, a few years ago, by the British Consul, its foundations traced, its columns exposed, and a number of sphynxes, with the head of a lion and the body of a woman, brought to the light of day, the whole having slept for centuries in undisturbed repose beneath the mud of the Nile. This temple, in the days of its glory, seems to have been little inferior those of Luxor and Karnac.

But the most marvelous statue in this land of statuary marvels, lies in fragments, a little way from the two above described, at the tomb or palace of Osymandyos, so-called, shelved upon the foot of the great Lybian chain. It was an ornamental appendage to that famous structure, one wall of which it carried away in its fall. It was of rose-colored granite, and so large that its fragmentary remains cover an area of four rods square, presenting the appearance of a stone quarry. One foot is entire, and measures six feet ten inches across the instep. Across the shoulder it is twenty-seven feet; around the chest sixty-three feet, and through it twenty-one. The hieroglyphic characters engraved on the arm afford ample room to walk in. Of its height we have no account that I know of, but these proportions would make it more than a hundred feet high. Long did it engage my wondering eye.

The palace, or tomb, above spoken of, was once a most imposing structure, no edifice in Thebes showing evidence of greater antiquity. Fronting it on the east was an immense propylon, part of which still remains. The main structure was six hundred feet by two hundred, embracing six halls and courts, adorned with massive columns. A portion of the colonade, exhibiting great beauty, and the inner chambers, are all that remain to attest its original splendor.

But the temple most worthy of notice on this side of the river, is that of Medinet Abou, located a little to the south-west of the one I have just described. But for its proximity to Luxor and Karnac it would figure as quite a wonder, for, out of Thebes, there is nothing in Egypt to surpass it. Two immense propyla are passed in getting access to it. The first apartment is an immense court or hall, with galleries sustained on one side by a double row of massive columns, and on the other side by pilasters sculptured into colossal statues of Osyris. To this succeeds another spacious apartment, also adorned with columns, pilasters, sculptures, &c., and further on are other apartments in ruins. The two apartments I have described, exhibit a massiveness and strength which seems intended to endure to the end of time. Some of the hieroglyphics upon the walls are cut six inches deep, and this is of a piece with the entire workmanship of the edifice.

Upon the outside wall is to be seen the representation of a sea fight. The hostile fleets are in the midst of the engagement near the coast, upon which the king stands, hurling missives at his foes, who are falling before him. The ships of the enemy are mostly taken or sunk.

Upon the interior various scenes are depicted. One represents the king seated upon his throne, with prisoners bound before him, awaiting their doom. Another exhibits the monarch in the act of being

initiated into the priestly mysteries; and in these mysteries seems to be bound up, in part at least, the mystery of these wonderful edifices. Wherewith shall I come before my gods? appears to have been the great question with the monarchs of ancient Egypt, and to meet it seems to have been the great object of their lives. But whether the magnitude of their pious works was designed to correspond with their personal dignity, or with the greatness of their crimes, does not appear.

There are numerous other interesting remains scattered over this extensive plain. Two miles to the north, and directly opposite Karnac, are the ruins of the great temple of Gornoo, another architectural prodigy, which I have mentioned as one of the four great central points of ancient Thebes. And then, there are numerous remains of smaller temples, of propyla, statues, sphynxes, &c., in different localities, embraced within the limits of the ancient metropolis.

At some distance to the south of Medinet Abou, are to be seen traces of a race-course, embracing an area of five hundred acres, affording room for the evolutions of a large army, and exhibiting remains which make it manifest, that it was once ornamented with triumphal arches, and monuments of great magnificence. Games were doubtless celebrated here, chariot races run, armies mustered, &c. There is a similar one on the other side of the river.

With these exceptions, (if they are such,) not a vestige of a structure designed for the amusement and entertainment of the people, is to be seen in all Egypt. Prominent among the architectural ruins of Greece and Rome, are the remains of theatres, amphitheatres, circuses, &c., to which the people flocked in myriads for amusement, while in Egypt there seems to have been little but temples, temples, temples.

Such are some of the more prominent things to be seen upon the site of a city, which makes a larger figure upon the pages of ancient historians and poets, than any other whose story has come down to us, and which has been known and admired longer as a ruin, than most other cities have existed.

And yet what a change in this proud city since the triumphal entry of Sesostris, with whole platoons of conquered kings, and the spoils of a hundred victories in his train! What a spectacle must these wonderful structures, these massive walls, these towering columns and obelisks, these avenues of sphynxes and of statues, thirty, fifty, and a hundred feet high, and stretching miles away, have presented to the eye in the palmy days of Thebes!

## SKETCHES OF BORDER LIFE.

BY A CIVIL ENGINEER.

## CHAPTER V.

I had, at one time, both eyes completely closed from the effects of the swelling from their bites, to say nothing of sundry other disfigurements of countenance, that would not have been any aid to a reception in a civilized drawing room, and was obliged to content myself with a night of two days duration; at the end of which time, I managed to get one of them open. I was not particular about the other, as its already darkened state obviated the necessity of closing it while looking through an instrument. In the camp, these tormentors carried everything before them. No sooner was the fire lighted, than its glare drew from the darkness around, myriads of all sorts of insect life; everything that possessed a sting seemed to appreciate the opportunity, and feel anxious of improving it to the full extent. Mosquito bars were brought into requisition, but any such slight obstacles as those, only increased the energy and force of their attacks. Some would get in, and, no sooner were they on the right side, than they followed up their advantage, with such vigor, that the sleeper soon kicked down the bar and let in the rest. The nets are very small, on account of the small space allowed in the tent. They were of the length of a man, about two feet wide, and the same highth. These, set upon stakes, and occupied by the owner, presented a ludicrous appearance, sometimes not a little heightened by the spectacle of some half a dozen or more occupying one net, heads forming the centre and feet and legs radiating in all directions. The next resource was a smoke, which could hardly be considered the least of two evils, but answered the purpose of a change. Indeed, they seemed to enjoy a good smudge. On the whole they had it pretty much their own way, and nobody regretted exchanging the bottoms for the clear open prairie, where they found no harboring place. Snakes were not much behind the mosquitoes, in their assiduous attentions, and caused much alarm, as well as annoyance. Their number did not compare with those of their insect auxiliaries, but were sufficiently great to keep apprehension fully alive. It is sometimes said that a man may become accustomed to anything, and perhaps it is so, for we became so famil-



lar with these reptiles, that their presence was not regarded with any peculiar interest, otherwise than to know who was bitten. None of us were so unfortunate, however, as to come under that catalogue, though some might have been set down as badly scared.

Mosquitoes, and large yellow rattlesnakes, were numerous, and were regarded with particular enmity by the boys, on account of their known propensities for introducing themselves into camp, and habitations of men generally. A supply of whiskey was generally kept on hand, as an antidote for their bite; that being the only sure remedy known on the prairies. Indeed, I have heard of some old topers, that did not need even that, being so saturated with the antidote that the poison had no effect upon them. I do not vouch for the fact, however. These snakes were often killed in the vicinity of the camp, and sometimes in it. Our Yankee ex-schoolmaster received a visitation of the kind one night, in which he displayed his usual phlegmatic temperament. He generally slept next to me, and he awakened me one night in getting up for a drink of water. He struck a light and proceeded to the other tent, and got what he wanted, and, coming back, brought the candle with him. On pulling open his blankets, preparatory to depositing himself in them, he hesitated for a moment, and raising my eyes, I observed him regarding something in them very attentively. Turning over, I found the object of his attention to be a good sized copper colored snake, that laid very conspicuously stretched out in the place he had just quitted. Not seeming disposed to move, he was gently stirred, when his indifference was solved, by the discovery that he was stone dead. The only solution of the mystery was, that he had crawled in alongside of Campbell, in search of a warm berth, instead of which, he had met with an untimely end, at the hands of that young gentleman, who had rolled over upon him in his sleep and smothered him. Not a word of comment did our imperturbable friend make, but coolly took the snake by the tail and jerked him out of doors, and got into his place, and never was heard to mention the subject afterwards. Each man preserved a sort of museum, consisting of trophies gained in the exterminating war that was carried on against the snakes; mainly rattles, of all sorts and sizes; stings, fangs, and everything else, that could be converted into a curiosity, or trophy of victory. These, connected with various antidotes for their bites, in the shape of various "roots and yarbs," and sundry small bottles of fever and ague, billious fever, and all other fever medicines, comprised quite a pocket collection, and were regarded by their owners with much interest and solicitude. Occasionally these stores were brought to light from the recesses of numerous deep pockets, and dis-

played in a row, upon a log; the owners of each descanting, in lively terms, upon their superior attraction and late additions, which generally ended in a trade being struck up, and novelties changing hands; a bottle of "Sovereign Remedy for the Colic," being considered dirt cheap at three massasauga rattles, and an Indian arrow head.

Elim preserved a birch bark drinking cup, bound with tinned iron that he averred he had taken from the grave of an eminent Indian chief, though he never would disclose the whereabouts of the said grave; but Levi declared, upon his honor, that he had seen him slip it into his pocket while the two were foraging around an old emigrant encampment. Elim, however, stuck to his story, and demanded no less a price than a whole museum for his inestimable relic. The discovery of these Indian relics was not uncommon, and sometimes valuable and curious articles were found; but our facilities for preserving them were few, and they were generally destroyed or lost in a short time.

But "revonous a nos mouton," or, in plain English, to return to snakes. The numerous mishaps and disturbances from this source, drew forth the suggestion, from some fertile genius, of hammocks as a remedy. A consultation was held, and the pros and cons discussed. Materials, shape, and tailoring qualifications were investigated, and a resolution passed, approving the design. A stock of bed ticking, together with some bed cords which had been laid in for emergencies, furnished the material. Strips were cut, of the requisite length, and cord sewed into the edges, and left long enough to suspend the concern, at the end. They were not very elegant in shape, or construction, and in fact their strength was their only recommendation. They would have held half a dozen men, as long as they could have staid in; but, for some unaccountable reason, they were given to upsetting. Our hammock makers had not served their apprenticeship in South America, and there was consequently something lacking in shape or construction. Nobody could enjoy the luxurious repose they were designed to afford, and the security from mosquitoes and snakes, past the first comfortable doze, for the movement of a hand or foot would upset the whole concern, and precipitate the sleeper some feet to the ground, with numerous bumps and bruises. They were the source of a great deal of amusement, at the expense of those who used them. The stillness of the night would be broken now and then by the sound of the fall of a heavy body to the ground, and then followed numerous grumblings and ejaculations of discontent from the unlucky wight whose slumbers had been unceremoniously disturbed, and his dreams put to flight, by a bump of the head on mother earth, in his sudden descent

from his perch in the air. After some sleepy efforts to regain his position, he generally transferred his quarters to the tent for the remainder of the night, where he would be found in the morning, stoutly averring that he left the open air on account of its chilliness, and denying all participation in the disturbances of the night. I was more successful than the others, both in construction and use, having been somewhat accustomed to them before; but was fully satisfied with the experiment, when, having hung mine in the tent above the sleepers, I was surprised towards morning by the sudden giving way of one of the tent poles, and the precipitate descent of myself upon those beneath, with the tent atop of me. One of the poles gave me a whack on the head that caused me to remember the adventure for a long time, to say nothing of the dissatisfaction of those upon whom I had deposited myself, evidenced by sundry kicks and anathemas of which I was the recipient, before I managed to effect my escape. These little mishaps, however, always tended to the general good humor of the party, as nobody was so foolish as to get angry, knowing from experience that it would be the height of folly.

As we left the bottom land and mosquitoes behind us, we emerged upon a beautiful prairie country, interspersed here and there with farms and other signs of the habitation of men, occasionally passing the neighborhood of a small village, so called rather from compliment than from any claims to the name, seldom boasting of more than two or three houses, a store and blacksmith's shop. Everything they had was at our disposal, as the prospect of a railroad was always agreeable to the inhabitants, and they were disposed to treat especially well any one connected with the enterprise. Such as their stores were, we always laid them under heavy contribution for what eatables they could furnish.

The molasses keg was replenished, the butter firkin filled, and provisions of all kinds laid in. Eggs happened to be the staple commodity at this time of the year; and, as we had had none for a long time, we ate nothing else for a week or two. It may be doubted when I say that nine men ate one hundred dozen in a week; but a little figuring will show that the aggregate amounts to just 6.35 eggs apiece at a meal, which is not a large quantity, considering the circumstances and the place. I will not venture to say how long we should have kept it up, if the supply had not failed. The difficulty was, that there were no towns in the country large enough to supply us at that rate for any length of time. It certainly could not be called expensive living, as they were only three cents a dozen.

The store keepers of these small places are generally old settlers

who have lived there most of their lives, and gained a small competence by trading, and have become the influential men of their town. They are perfectly acquainted with the country, know everybody in it, and can tell their standing, resources, &c., at a moment's notice. They are a remarkably social class, their occupation tending to make them so, as the store in the country is the rendezvous for all who are disposed to meet their neighbors for a social chat, and discuss politics, trade, crops, and all other subjects of local interest. They seldom range beyond their own little world, and feel no great interest in the affairs and doings of the outside part of creation. Seated, or reclining at full length on the counter, and boxes, and nail kegs, placed around the stove, they enjoy the passing hour in conversation, in their own homely way, listening to, and delivering, opinions with the same gravity and responsibility that affects weightier assemblies. These little re-unions possess an attraction that is known only where neighbors are few and far between, and who do not often meet, forming as they do a means of communication between families, and keeping up an accurate knowledge of the doings of the whole little community. Many a youth receives here his first knowledge of the world, and ideas of men, as he lingers, hour after hour, in the charmed circle, unwilling to tear himself away. When at a late hour he starts for home, and plods many a weary mile over the lonely prairie, the conversation lingers in his mind, and forms the nucleus around which fancy weaves many a day dream, and high aspirations, too soon to be dispelled by contact with a selfish world, as life wears on, and changes the boy dreamer into a real actor on the stage of life, selfish and calculating as his fellow men.

I have been told, by some of these store keepers, that they had traded in the country when there was no money, not even a five cent piece, to be seen for years; the medium of trade consisting of stock and produce, which was raised at home and disposed of to the trader for goods, who in turn transported it out of the country and brought back goods in exchange. The specie currency of the country consists now of gold and silver, no copper being in use, and the smallest coin being the half dime, as the three cent pieces have not come into general use, probably on account of their repugnance to small divisions of coin. A Hawkeye will throw away a penny, rather than carry it in his pocket. The change is dimes, bits and quarters, the "bit" being the same as the shilling in the eastern country, twelve and a half cents. A shilling is understood to be sixteen and a half cents, though it is never used.

A peculiar feature of the country is the Methodist camp meetings,

usually called "big meetins," to which the whole country flock indiscriminately. Men, women, and children, turn out by hundreds, sometimes a whole family shutting up house and taking a rude tent with them, and a supply of provisions, travel twenty, forty, and fifty miles, to the "big meetin," and setting up their tent on the grounds appropriated for the gathering, domesticate themselves for the season, and there they will stay, as long as there is a preacher with breath enough left to exhort to repentance, or a "mourner" to be brought to his knees. What might be otherwise a good thing, is spoiled by this *extreme* protraction. The proper order of things, for the time being, is reversed. Home duties are neglected, no business is transacted for weeks and weeks, nothing is allowed to interfere with the spiritual fervor that pervades the community. Many go from a sense of duty, and more from a feeling of curiosity, and love of the unbounded excitement which always prevails on such occasions. They are directed by five or six ministers, whose duties consist in relieving one another of the arduous and exhausting labors to which they subject themselves in the performance of their vocation. They are men of rough and unpolished exterior, but possessing hearts bound up in their work, and an energy of character, and devotion to the cause not always found in men of more polished delivery, and erudite attainments. It is no difficult matter to find grammatical flaws in their discourses, or errors of general knowledge of things, even of the Bible; but it would trouble our learned and profound divines to adapt themselves more readily to their hearers, or to raise an audience to the pitch of excitement and enthusiasm which they never fail to inspire.

Being often called upon to officiate in this capacity, they naturally fall into the peculiar strain of delivery in vogue upon such occasions, and their old and time honored arguments, operate upon the unquestioning hearers far more effectually than would the subtle logic adapted to more cultivated understandings. I once knew, in the interior of Wisconsin, one of these "Evangelists," as they are called, who could actually repeat, word for word, any verse in the Bible which might be called for by naming chapter and verse at random. He possessed, also, a faculty of working upon the sensibilities of his hearers, to a remarkable degree, bringing them by hundreds to their knees, and to the anxious seat, in tears, groans and supplications. His discourses were delivered extemporaneously, and chapter after chapter of the holy scriptures poured forth from his lips with a rapidity and correctness which were astonishing.

## TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY GILBERT MATHAWAY, ESQ., OF LAFAYETTE, LA.

## CHAPTER III.

LITTLE ROCK, Arkansas, Nov. 185 .

DEAR R.: In my progress thus far, I have given you two letters, detailing personal incidents, and giving some account of the peculiar features of the country through which I have passed. You may say that should I deal less in the former and more in the latter, you would be the better pleased. Perhaps, as I progress, such may be the case. You know with me nothing is studied, and I write at the moment what may be uppermost in mind, be it what it may.

I have now to give you an account of my journey from the "Bluffs" to the "Rock."

Not wishing to again try the stage, having been fully satisfied with that mode of conveyance, in the journey described in my last, I sought another mode. After much trouble and delay, I procured the consent of the keeper of a livery stable in the place to send me to "the Rock," in a buggy. In traveling in the South you become astonished at the little attention men pay to their business. The idea appears to be very prevalent, that if a business is once started, it must take care of itself. It certainly must be a poor business that will not do that!

As an evidence of this, I would remark, that there are two stables at the Bluffs, where it is said horses and carriages are let. I soon ascertained that the entire stock of each consisted of a few broken down nags, and buggies equally out of repair—and so well attended to are they by the proprietors, that I was necessitated to call several times during the day, before I could find either at home. One of them had gone into the "bottom," on the opposite side of the river, hunting wild turkeys; while the other was enjoying a social glass at a saloon or "exchange," near by. Drinking houses in this country are universally called "Exchanges," I suppose in imitation of the Exchange at New Orleans, from which place the tone and style of living is derived through this region.

I found it necessary to make several bargains with him, before he would undertake to carry either out, and was then doomed to wait two entire days, before he made any demonstrations of execution.

Money appeared to be his principal object, and as long as there was the hope of extorting an additional dollar, he allowed the time for departure to pass, and then for some flimsy excuse, add to the price already agreed upon.

Monday morning came, but with it no horse or buggy, as I had reason to expect. The entire morning was spent in suspense and expostulations, when I supposed that that day too would terminate as others had done, in disappointment, and at night I be found at the Bluffs. At length I was greeted with the sound of wheels approaching "White's Tavern," with the cheering intelligence that all was ready. My baggage being readily disposed of, I set out, but before I had really time to take a survey of the equipments, we were brought to a halt, by some part of the harness giving way, letting the thills down about the horse's heels. This break was repaired by the driver bringing his handkerchief into requisition; on we moved, but before leaving the town plat, he suddenly bethought himself of some matters he must then and there attend to, so, stop again was the word; another hour's detention was the result, so that it was about mid day when we fairly set out.

Our way lay over sterile hills, covered with a stunted growth of oak, and slender pines. No settlements greeted the eye. Not a cabin enlivened the scene. All was dull monotony; a constant succession of sand hills; and to add to my discomfiture, the horse was a poor jaded creature, without flesh or muscle; slowly and wearily he dragged himself along, and this too, when I had agreed to pay thirty-five cents per mile passage.

Sometime after night fall, we arrived at a large log cabin, newly erected by the road side, and not yet more than half finished. The roof was partly on, and the chimney had, as yet, attained but four feet elevation. There was no "chinking" between the logs, and the floor was but partly laid. It could not boast of an "up-stairs," although it was intended for a two story building. At this place they keep tavern, and here, it was my intention to pass the night. A black boy met us at the door, giving the welcome intelligence that we could remain, if it was our pleasure, and that he had plenty of "corn and fodder" for the horse. Wishing to be relieved from the sight of the poor, miserable animal that had brought us thus far, I gladly embraced the opportunity that offered. At first the prospect looked cheerless enough, but a fire being "made on," in the half grown chimney, I found I was in

the home of those who had seen refinement, and were not strangers to the luxuries of life. It was the house of widow. Her husband, who had been a man of much energy, died some four months before, leaving the house in the condition in which I have described it. He was the owner of a rich plantation on the bank of the river, six miles distant; but for the sake of health, had commenced a house in the hills, where he expected to make his future home. But he had been called to the spirit land, while his widow and children were left to occupy the unfinished premises.

A warm supper, after so dull a ride, was relished with great zest. Other travelers made their appearance. A young man, a printer by profession, who learned his business in the office of the Journal of Commerce, of N. Y. city, had launched his bark on the great ocean of life, and was now fairly on his "voyage to see the world," seeking his fortune. I found him quite intelligent, being versed in the ordinary topics of the day, and having, during the past year, "tramped" through six states. A fleshy Scotchman, who resided near the Rock, where he had been some nineteen years, told many anecdotes of the past, and gave much information in relation to the history of the State. A company of horse traders, who were returning from a trip in the "low country" in pursuit of their avocation, completed the company for the night. At an early hour we disposed of ourselves as best we could, for sleep—on beds, on chairs, on the sofa, and on the floor. By keeping up a fire in the chimneyless fireplace, the company were able to get through the night with comfort.

A cup of coffee was very welcome in the morning, soon after which we set out with our scrawny horse, which moved as though he had the rickets. The Rock was thirty-two miles distant, at which place we arrived at the close of the day, having been more than twelve hours in performing what, with a good horse, could have been accomplished in from five to six hours.

Little Rock is located on the South bank of the Arkansaw river, three hundred miles from its mouth, by way of the river, and one hundred and twenty-five by land. It is quite prettily situated, on a high, gravelly bluff, and is ironically named, from the "prodigious size and masses of rock about it." It is a place of no trade, except what the legislature and various courts, by holding their sessions here, bring it. Being the capital of the State, it has an importance which it could in no other way attain. The region of country, for a long distance, both above and below, on this side of the river, is poor, and in many places bordering on sterility.

a. The capitol, when new, was rather an imposing building, but being



in an advanced state of dilapidation, it produces an unpleasant effect on the mind of a stranger. It is built in the Grecian style of architecture, with colonade front and rear; on the bank of the river; or, more properly speaking, where the river used to run, for the water is now so low that it would be really a misnomer to dignify it by that appellation.

The lower part of the main building is devoted to offices, and the second story to the Hall of the House of Representatives and Senate Chamber, with a large two story building on each side, affording rooms for legislative committees, but in a like state of decay. After the State consents to pay the interest on her bonds, I suppose she will repair her capitol, but when that is done will be when a different set of men from those now in office, preside over her destinies. All the streets of the town are wide, and cross each other at right angles; they are generally uneven, very little attention having been paid to improving them. The many little hills in different parts of the town, covered with a natural growth of small oaks and pines, furnish beautiful sites for private residences, and not a few richly embellished with native flowers and exotic shrubbery.

To see fine grounds tastefully laid out, in a place where I had but little reason to expect any thing of the kind, was peculiarly gratifying; but when those grounds, as late in the season as the seventh of November, were all adorned and beautified with roses, altheas, crape myrtle, and asters, of every hue and shade, a juncture not usually met with, was presented, for pleasing and delightful contemplation.

If "lawyers houses," as the old adage has it, "are built with fools money," (you will pardon my allusion,) then indeed there must be many citizens who are placed in that category, for the best, most costly, as well as most tastefully arranged houses are owned and occupied by members of that fraternity.

This place numbers among its residents several members of the profession, whose reputation as sound lawyers, and advocates, is not confined to the limits of the State. Among these distinguished persons, there is one more distinguished still. I need not say to you I refer to the poet-soldier and philosopher; for who has not hung with rapture on his measured strains of melody—lines which breathe the true genius of poetry—or listened to the tales of his chivalry while at the head of his brave Arkansaw band, in one of the most sanguinary battles in the war with Mexico; or with grave attention perused those pages which, amidst his professional engagements he has occasionally thrown off for the benefit of the public.

May be you will pardon a personal description. In status, he is

the ordinary height, with firm and elastic tread, broad chest and shoulders, well proportioned, with high and slightly receding forehead, heavy projecting brow, sheltering an eye not remarkable for brilliancy, unless it be lit up in the excitement of debate, but of a soft and pleasing look, a countenance at once expressive of kindness and sympathy.

He is somewhat eccentric in his dress, eschewing all conventional rules, such as are established by the aristocracy of fashion. In fact, he seems to delight in dressing in opposition to fashion; for in him we see the reverse of the picture usually presented by that fickle Goddess. At a time when most gentlemen wear the smooth silken hat, he may be seen with *caput* covering after the fashion of our revolutionary sires, only lacking the three cornered form of brim, his coat after the modern style, while his pants are wide and flowing, when "tights" are the order of the day. His beard and moustache are of most huge dimensions, while a heavy suit of hair hangs in chustering masses on his neck and shoulders. He has recently published an edition of his poems, for private distribution. Happy indeed will be those who receive from his hand so rich a boon as one of these volumes.

His residence is in one of the most pleasant parts of the city, of ample dimensions, with extensive grounds, in a high state of cultivation, shrubbery and exotics of choice varieties are scattered with a profuse hand, adding the charms of blossom and perfume to the agreeable and pleasant scene. Every where, almost, the premises are visible evidences of luxury, ease, and taste. This is indeed the residence of a poet.

The Government has an arsenal here, the situation of which is very beautiful. The plat of ground on which it is built is quite extensive, and very beautifully laid out; yet, I think a few more trees, properly located, would add to its beauty. The buildings, like most that Uncle Sam erects, are of a substantial character, and well designed for the purposes intended.

Here resides the celebrated, if not notorious, minister, of Greytown memory, whom the dignified editor of the Tribune, of N. Y. city, calls the "bully of the South." When I first saw him, I involuntarily looked for the mark made by the much noted bottle which is said to have come in severe contact with the most prominent part of his countenance, while, as he contends, in the faithful discharge of his ministerial duty as the representative of this Government; but as others say (very improperly, no doubt,) he was in one of his bullying gasconades. But I could see no mark; if any was ever there, time, the

great physician, had quite obliterated it. I presume the impression made by a certain Senator on the nasal organ of poor Kenedy, was of a more enduring character. I learn he has finished his political career, and is now settled down as plain Dr. B., physician and pharmacist.

The people of the State, considering that not much credit was acquired by his course, either at home or abroad, it is suggested, will allow him to pursue the even tenor of his way amid patent medicines and gamboge.

The Legislature of this State is now in session; all its members, uniting with the citizens of the place, have resolved to give a public dinner to the renowned editor of the Louisville Journal, who happens to be in the city, engaged in rail road business. It will "come off" to-morrow night. I am told the poet above referred to, takes the lead in the matter, and from his well known ability in such things, it is supposed it will be a very brilliant affair.

The public house at which I am stopping, the principal one in the city, is crowded to overflowing, and is very unpleasant in other respects. Methinks the man who leaves his home, and his ordinary occupation, to come to such a place, and live after the manner members of the Legislature do here, for three months in the year, must require more than the usual amount of patriotism, or desire for distinction. But so it is. We find men using the most strenuous efforts to be elected to such stations; to be traduced and vilified while seeking them, and abused and complained of while in the discharge of duty.

Office seeking in this country is really a *mania* with some people, and often times proves a rock on which the best minds are wrecked. I consider it a most unfortunate circumstance in the history of a young man, to have him elected or appointed to office. It renders him incapable of giving that attention to business, which it really requires. It makes him reckless in manner, and dissolute in habits, and generally renders him unfit for the ordinary duties of life. To make office seeking a profession, is indeed to launch one's bark on a troublous sea, where the voyager would be likely to be stranded with every varying tide. No person should take a political office until he has seen years enough to have his habits fixed and character fully formed. This rarely occurs until he has seen his fortieth year.

## CHAPTER IV.

LOWRING'S RANCH, Texas, November, 185 .

DEAR R.—I have had a long and toilsome ride to-day, and feel much inclined to take rest, but not having written for about two weeks, I fear you will think I have quite forgotten you, so I will endeavor to send you a line from this remote quarter.

Since my last I have passed over about six hundred miles of country; some accidents have befallen me, and the journey has not been entirely devoid of incident.

I left the Rock by stage, drawn by four small horses, such as are usually found in the South, for similar purposes, inferior in size and poorly fed and cared for. It was not far from two o'clock in the morning when a messenger to my room announced that the stage was ready. I had been previously awakened, in great haste, and brought to the bar-room, where lingered many persons in the far gone stages of inebriation, to be in time for the stage, but as I soon ascertained, for the real purpose of giving my bed to a gentleman, who, without such a device, would probably go bed-less till a late hour. I gladly gave heed to the call and took my position at the coach door, which proved to be a vehicle designed for six passengers. The door was opened, the driver invited me to take a seat, being the only passenger, save a station keeper, whose location was distant a dozen miles, when to my amazement I found the "coach" filled to overflowing with mail bags. It was with difficulty I could get enough of them removed to enable me to get a seat. I protested that I had had enough of mail riding on the route from Napoleon to the Bluffs. After the usual exhibition of ill temper, and the pouring out of several volumes of oaths and imprecations on the part of the driver, I succeeded in getting some of the sacks removed to the boot, and I took a seat. It was a cold frosty night, the first of the season. I felt it severely. The horses felt the influence of this visitation of the frost king, and as if to bid him defiance, sped away at a rapid rate, up and down the many hills on our route. May be a certain king of another description had something to do with our speed, for my fellow passenger, the driver's boon companion, had been indulging freely in his cups, and suffered much from the chilly air.

The breakfast stew was at Benton, a poor looking place, with the marks of decay visible at every turn, the seat of justice of a very poor county. It was at this place the populace of this and adjoining counties, with mob violence and force, but a few days before my visit, took from the jail, a negro, who was accused of some crime, and hung him on a tree near by, till he was dead, the sheriff and a few citizens of the better class, resisting them. The reason of this unlawful act cannot

be readily ascertained. The culprit was in confinement awaiting his trial. There was no danger that the law would loose its victim, for he was in safe keeping, and if he was guilty of the commission of any crime, that would soon be ascertained; and if not guilty, no reasonable being would say he should be punished. The only solution that I can find for the violent outbreak, was merely the gratification of a spirit of insubordination to law and good order. Will any one pretend to say, that the acts of these parties was any thing short of wilful and deliberate murder, and that the punishment due to the crime should not be meted out to them?

At Benton I was only twenty miles from the celebrated Hot Springs of Arkansas, of the waters of which we hear so much said, in curing all sorts of maladies. I regretted that my engagements would not permit me to pay them a visit.

I reached the town of Washington on the evening of the second day, and a more dull, barren, and uninteresting country for the same distance, I think it would be difficult to find. The road is one that has been for many years the great thoroughfare to Texas and the Indian Nations on the South-Western borders of the State. At an early day many emigrants settled along this road, and endeavored to make "improvements," but after dragging out years of misery, have been compelled to abandon all they had done, and seek homes in more propitious spots. What few remain, eke out a scanty subsistence, by the precarious means of hunting, and getting a few shillings now and then from wayfarers or emigrants.

In the neighborhood of Washington there are some good lands, which enterprising Virginia settlers, taking hold of some twenty years ago, have converted into beautiful plantations. Washington is the retail town for quite an extent of country, containing two hotels, six stores, a school, and some mechanic shops. There are places where religious meetings are held. It has probably attained its maximum in size and importance, as most of the good land in the neighborhood is now in cultivation. It is situated on a hill, where the sand in the street is from six to eight inches deep, but inasmuch as they have left most of the native growth of dwarf oaks standing, it is not an unpleasant place. Here I determined to abandon the stage rout, which would have taken me to Clarksville, Texas, and strike Red River at a more southerly point. My means of conveyance was what is denominated in this country a "hack," a species of carriage resembling a common Jersey market wagon, drawn by two horses. My driver, a mulatto, with the frosts of some forty winters on his locks, was the owner. At a price agreed upon, he was to take me to a certain point in Texas, which would occupy him some three days.

It was a clear frosty morning when we set out from Smith's tavern, which place I left with some regret, for my wants had been well attended to while there.

I was the only passenger in the stage from the Rock to Washington, and now I was about to set out on a long monotonous ride, with no companion but the "boy" who drove the horses. At this place, as

well as at all others I have been at since I left Cairo, the theme of conversation with all persons, has been railroads.

At Memphis it was their four roads, but the one in which she was particularly interested, was from that city to the Rock. It appears that Congress has donated lands to aid in the construction of a road from Fulton to Cairo, and a branch from the Rock to Fort Smith, and one from the same place to the Mississippi, the point on the river to be fixed by the Legislature. The citizens of Memphis and those in Arkansas who reside in the North part of the State, are in favor of that route. But Helena and Napoleon!! are putting in their claims for the precious boon, and, of course, much "log rolling" is to be seen about the capitol. The people of Washington are directly interested in the road from Fulton to Cairo, as well as the Gains' landing road, so-called, which is to run from that place to Red River, near Shreveport, La.

Many persons along the routes of their respective roads are taking stock, but I fancy it will be a long time before any dividends will be realized. There is but one of these routes that will elicit foreign capital, and without that aid neither can be built.

But I fear I am detaining you too long with these uninteresting matters. I will hasten on with my journey. I found my boy Charles disposed to be very loquacious. Not having any thing more interesting to do, I listened to him. He was very respectful, and had I not cheerfully given him permission to speak, he would have remained silent. He gave me a bit of his history, and in as much as it tends to illustrate in some degree, the workings of the peculiar institution, I will give you a part of it.

He was born a slave in Virginia, near Lynchburgh. His father was a wealthy gentleman of that neighborhood by the name of S—p—n. His mother was a mulatto slave, owned by his father; and as he stated, he has, still living near the old homestead, *two half brothers* and the same number of sisters, all wealthy, moving in the higher walks of life. His father always recognized him as his son, and although he was treated as a slave, yet it was with much more kindness than usually allotted to members of the black family.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Means and Ends of Universal Education*, by Ira Mayhew, Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Michigan, Author of a *Practical System of Book Keeping*, &c. A. S. Barnes, New York, Publishers, very handsomely got up.

This book embraces the whole range of topics connected with a complete system of education, and each topic is treated with a perspicuity and force worthy of the theme. The work is rich in thought, and happy in illustration, and exhibits a completeness in its system of adaptation, not often found in works on popular education. The people of Michigan should receive it as a rich legacy. Happy will it be for their children, should they become imbued with its principles and spirit—far more happy than to be made the recipients of hoarded treasure. It should be the hand-book, the daily manual of instruction in the most important matters, to every teacher and every parent.

The work was first published under another title, in 1850, but now appears in a new style and dress, and asks a hearing on the most important question ever propounded to mortal man. May not its lessons of instruction be lost upon us.

For sale by Kerr & Co., Detroit.

## SOMETHING WORTH TELLING.

We regard it as something worth telling, that *eighty copies* of this magazine are taken in a single farming township in this State. That banner town is Plymouth, in Wayne County, and the individual who has been instrumental in raising the list, is the Hon. W. H. Gregory, known to all our readers as having honorably distinguished himself in our State Legislature.

We speak of this instance to show our friends everywhere what may be done with a little effort. True, the scarcity of money is well nigh unprecedented in this State; but why should there be any more difficulty from this source in other places than in Plymouth? It is true, again, that the minds of the people have been pre-occupied with politics for many months, almost to the exclusion of everything else; but not more so in other places than in Plymouth; and no one in the State has, perhaps, been more absorbed in politics than Mr. Gregory himself. For weeks previous to the meeting of the Legislature, he was incessantly engaged in addressing the people; and, at Lansing, having just escaped being made Speaker of the House, he had assigned him the Chairmanship of the Committee of Ways and Means, besides being loaded with the responsibilities, to a considerable extent, of two or three other committees, and was thus worked almost to death. Besides all this, he has had a sick family to attend to, in addition to the routine of his ordinary business, ever since his return home. And yet, he has found time, and has had the inclination, and possessed the nerve, to procure eighty subscribers to the Magazine of Travel. Is not this something worth telling?

This Magazine eschews politics, as all our readers know. Its sole mission is to create and foster in the community a taste for useful and instructive reading. And it has been from a desire to promote this end, that Mr. G. has been so solicitous to introduce it into the community around him—the same motive, doubtless, which has led him to deliver a course of lectures to young men in that neighborhood, which we have heard highly commended.

And how can men of standing and influence, who desire to see the communities around them rising in intelligence and moral worth, better spend a small portion of their time? Many of our friends have acquitted themselves well, and laid us under special obligations. Outside of this State, our largest list is at Laporte, Ia., (to which place about thirty copies are sent,) which has been gotten up mainly by B. M. Newkirk, Esq., who seems also to have a right view of the mission of this Magazine.

And now, we want all our friends to enlist, and let us see what can be done in the next few weeks. Let every subscriber consider himself, or herself, an agent. Let each canvass thoroughly his or her respective neighborhood, and, if any want indulgence till the wool crop is disposed of, say, till the middle of June, let it be granted. Those who have already sent us lists of names, will have the advantage of the Magazine being more known around them. Back numbers will be furnished to all new subscribers. There is nothing like *earnestness* in such a matter. It is the whole secret of success.

It is regarded as a great thing to establish, on a permanent basis, any new publication; but we are on the highway to success, in defiance of both hard times and politics.

# Magazine of Travel.

VOL. I.]

JUNE, 1857.

[NO. 6.

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## NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, D. D.

### CHAPTER X.

The town of Geneva possesses interest to travelers of different tastes, as the abode of Calvin and of Rosseau. Yet the house where the latter was born has been reconstructed on a street bearing his name; while the house in which Calvin dwelt is not known. It is only remembered to be somewhere on the Rue des Chanones. His grave is also unknown, but is supposed to be somewhere on or near where a street now runs. No stone ever marked it, and no monument bears his name.

Geneva is, with scholars, a sanctuary for natural science, and with the patriot, the cradle of liberty. I rejoiced in the influence which had gone forth thence, and had contributed so greatly to mould the character of our country's freedom, and to shape its destiny. An appearance of ease and prosperity presents itself, alike in the town and region round. The fields are well cultivated, and are enclosed with hedges. The chestnut and walnut are cultivated as trees both useful and ornamental, set out in rows along the roads, and the impression made upon a stranger in approaching it, as we did, from Nyon, some eight miles up the lake, is very favorable. The view of the whole valley, along the margin of the lake, from the top of the mountain we crossed, was exceedingly fine.

The town of Geneva is the chief place of the canton of that name. It is situated on the declivity of two hills, in the centre of the basin formed by the approach of the Jura and some secondary chains of the Alpine mountains, at the place where Lake Lemman terminates in a point, and where the Rhone resumes its course. Stately edifices border the quay of the Rhone to some extent, giving to the place an



aspect of regularity, not often to be met in other European towns, or in its own interior. From the hotel de l'Ecu, where we abode, the view of the lake, and surrounding mountains, was full of interest. The former divides Savoy and Switzerland, and the Jura and Alpine mountains, stretching some fifty or more miles from west to east, and in its widest part, possessing a breadth of twelve miles. A steamboat leaves Geneva every day at 8 o'clock, A. M., for Vevay and Villeneuve, at the head of the lake, returning at 2 P. M. The population is about 30,000 and its inhabitants drive an extensive trade in the manufacture and sale of jewelry and watches. Its hotels are numerous, and said to be generally good. Its educational institutions, both public and private, are justly celebrated; its Protestantism, in this respect, contrasting very favorably with Catholic cities and States. There are 73 primary schools, having 5000 pupils, in which education is gratuitous. The School of Industry, a Gymnasium, a secondary School for females, and a College, afford opportunities for higher grades of instruction. The College has about 600 students, who are distributed, in the classical department, into seven classes or forms, the students passing, each year, from one to another; and in the industrial and commercial, into five. The University is conducted by three Faculties: one of Theology, one of Law, and one of Science and Literature, numbering twenty-three Chairs of Professorship. A public library, a botanic garden, an academic museum, and an observatory, afford additional advantages to scholars. Beside these is the Evangelical Theological Seminary, where Drs. Merle and Malan, &c., are professors, of private endowment, designed to counteract the rationalistic or Unitarian teaching of the State Institution—a free gymnasium—a school of industry—an institution for deaf mutes—schools of design, of watch or clock making, and for gymnastic purposes—some supported by the State, and others supported by private funds. Mendicity, such as offends you in Catholic countries, is interdicted in the canton; while various benevolent institutions, such as dispensaries, asylums for orphans, the aged, and infants, and hospitals, dispense the aid and sympathy demanded for the real suffering poor. There is not, however, a medical school, and the students in medicine are obliged to repair to Paris, or into Germany. Regularly admitted medical practitioners compose the medical faculty, and all applicants for admission to practice surgery, medicine and pharmacy, must be examined by the council of health. Certain trades, such as shoemakers, tailors, and locksmiths, are prosecuted almost wholly by foreigners, principally Germans, and domestics are furnished from Savoy.

There are few monuments or curiosities of interest in Geneva. The

chief to me is that of the Cathedral or Church of St. Peter, which stands on the most elevated part of the city, and is of the Gothic style, bearing date from the 12th to the 15th centuries. It is constructed in the form of the Latin cross, its greatest length being 187 feet, and breadth 62; the arms of the cross, 112; height, 65 feet. The building is lighted by eighty windows; and while the proportions of the interior are much admired, its denuded appearance contrasts strikingly with the grand Roman Cathedrals, as does Protestantism with Romanism. A few slabs, upon the pavement, bear the memorials and epitaphs of ancient canons of St. Peter, who died before the reformation; and a few marble monuments of those illustrious civil and military officers, and in the chapel of the Virgin Mary, the tomb of the Duke Henry of Rohan, head of the Protestants under Louis XIII. No memorial of Calvin appears in this edifice, where his wisdom and learning, his eloquence and piety, contributed so much to enlighten, reform, and purify the Genevese society of his day. A few unpainted benches, with backs smoothed by age and use, afford accommodations, in a part of the building, for congregations, that assemble to hear preaching. But the rationalism taught them is as cold, and lifeless, and soulless, as is naked stone walls. It is, and ever will prove, in due time a curse to true piety and godliness, and evangelical religion, for the State or Government to control in such matters. Our blessed Redeemer forewarned us that the kingdoms of this world were not and would not be His own, till at his coming He breaks the nations with His rod of iron, and establishes His kingdom on their ruins.

In 1847 the constitution of the canton of Geneva was changed, and with the new government ceased the protestant exclusive supremacy. It is now a pure representative democracy, in which the liberty of the press, of industry, of worship, and the right of petition, with the inviolable sacredness of household freedom, are guaranteed. The majority of the population is at present protestant. That of the Catholic, introduced from other cantons, and abroad, is about one-third, and is rapidly increasing. The mild Unitarian rationalism and infidelity in the established protestant church, is not the thing to protect the rights of conscience, or perpetuate the liberty of the inhabitants. However much may be expected from the evangelical "dissenters," I fear lest the blight of apostacy, if it has not already fallen on this cradle and nursery of the reformation, may rapidly mature the guilt which will subject Geneva, with other parts of Europe, to the rebuke of an incensed Providence.

Our ride from Geneva to Chamberry was chiefly in the night. We

left the former place at 9.30, P. M., and having engaged seats in the coupes of the diligence, rode comfortably, and slept during a large part of the night. About midnight we were roused from our slumbers and required to dismount. On doing so, we found ourselves, horses, diligence, postillions, conducteur, and all, shut up in a large, closely covered building, with great doors, like a barn, fast closed. We had previously been stopped, in passing from one canton to another, and our passports, which had been vizeed at Geneva, demanded and inspected by an officer, while the diligence tarried. But now we were passing from Switzerland to Savoy, and not only must our passports, but our baggage be examined, and the diligence itself ransacked from top to bottom; I promptly opened my portmanteau, or light leather trunk, which are commonly used for traveling purposes in Europe, and my *sac de nuit*, when required to do so. Whereupon I was asked to declare whether there were anything in them contrary to law. I replied, "Je ne connois pas—examinez vous," when the grave official, looking over his deputy, saw him lift up one article on top, turn up one or two at each end, and inspecting about half the contents, expressed himself satisfied. On opening the *sac de nuit* and looking in, he smilingly remarked "nécessaires," as he looked at me, and passed away.

In passing from Dijon to Geneva, our passports had been examined twice; but our baggage was not molested, nor were our passports inquired for by any official when we arrived at the latter place or left it; only they were taken at the bureau of our hotel, to be exhibited to the authorities, and preserved for the necessary visees, the procuring of which forms a perquisite to the commissaire of the establishment, as he is called.

We arrived early in the morning at Chamberry, the capital of Savoy, containing a population of 19,000. Although we had taken our seats direct for Turin; yet, as the diligence from Geneva only connects with that from Lyons to Turin, we had to remain during the day, the passages having all been previously secured. It gave us an opportunity to look around this antiquated looking place, and visit the fountain, and its churches, the principal objects of interest. The device of the former is that of four huge elephants, sculptured out of stone, the water issuing from their snouts, into a basin at their feet. The churches presented nothing to our view deserving of notice. The town is surrounded with mountains, and has a castle seated on an eminence. Arcades, or piazzas, under many of the houses, afford protection from the weather, to persons walking. The palace of the Duke occupies the centre of the town.

We left Chambery in the evening at half-past 9, and had two nights of travel before we reached Turin. Toward the close of the first afternoon, we began the ascent of Mount Cenis, after having dined at a little town at its base. I had previously attempted, after the example of the passengers generally, to take a short walk over an ascending way, up one of the lower mountain ridges, to await the diligence that had to pass by the circuit of the road, a long distance round. It had nearly proved too much for me. My breath soon became exhausted, and I had frequently to sit down panting, beside suffering severely in other respects. But for the support of the arm, and the help of my fellow traveler, Mr. W., I should not have reached the point in time, and been left by the diligence, unless the conducteur, who rides along, and takes charge of the locomotive part as of other of the baggage, had gone back in pursuit of so much of his straying cargo. This personage is a man of authority, having control of the drivers, paying tolls and other charges, and taking care of all the passengers and baggage. From Chambery we had to ride in the same apartment with him, the banquette, not being able to obtain a seat in the coupee, the interior, or derriere. He was very attentive and agreeable, excepting his frequent smoking, and occasional liberal use of onions.

Soon after we had dined, about 3 1-2 P. M., the thick fogs I had noticed for sometime settling on the top of the mountain, for an hour previously, began to descend, a sure token of coming rain, as I had often observed in the mountainous regions of Pennsylvania. Presently they rolled, rapidly, down the sides of Mount Cenis, and directly thereafter it began to rain. However uncomfortable to us as travelers, I was delighted with the exhibition I had here, of the same natural laws I had observed on our own continent. The relative changes of temperature, and the degree of moisture in the atmosphere, regulated these phenomena. As we ascended the steep sides of this mountain pass, it grew gradually colder and colder. The rain became mingled with flakes of snow; soon the moisture was all converted into snow, and before we reached the summit of the ridge over which the road passes, some 6775 feet above the level of the sea, and for two or three hours of corresponding time on the descending side, we were involved in a fierce winter storm, the wind blowing tempestuously, and everything freezing hard around. Protected in the diligence, I did not suffer from the cold as much as I had feared I should. The drivers lashed their horses, and added their own wild yells occasionally to the howlings of the tempest, while, in the ascending grades and on the summit, the lumbering vehicle dragged its heavy length,

slowly, through the driving snow. I observed that stone buildings and enclosures, were constructed at different points, and at no great distance, along the road, where travelers and their horses may find shelter from the tempest, when it becomes too furious, and where, with the help of fire and provisions, they may refresh themselves. I saw and felt enough to know how necessary and important are such arrangements, for the preservation of the life of man and beast, in these elevated and almost Arctic regions.

By the time we reached Susa, at the foot of the eastern side of the mountain, the temperature was changed; but it rained heavily, and continued, at intervals, till we arrived at Turin, about 5 o'clock A. M., and how long afterward I know not; for, finding comfortable quarters in the Hotel Feder, we sought immediate repose, and cared not to arrest our slumbers till the sun had passed the meridian. It was light before we left, and we tarried long enough at Susa to dismount and look around, notwithstanding the rain. It is an antiquated town, the ancient Segusio of the Romans, and is surrounded with fine scenery. A mountain torrent rushes by its side, and a famous old arch, said to date some years before the Christian era, and dedicated to Caesar Augustus, spans the city gate, retaining some inscriptions, of which the following remain legible: "IMP. CÆSARI AUGUSTO DIVI F. PONTIFICI MAXIMO TRIBUNIC POTESTATE XX. IMP. XIII."

Although the road passes over the top of the Alpine ridge, yet are there peaks towering high above it. Immediately above this ancient town rises Monte di Roccia Melone, some 11,000 feet in height, on the summit of which there is a chapel, erected by a crusader, in fulfillment of a vow he had made, on condition of his escaping from the Mahometans, by whom he had been taken prisoner. The chapel was dedicated, as vowed, to the Virgin, and, as I learned, contains, as its holy relic, and chief object of attraction, the fetters that bound the limbs of BONIFACIO DI ASTA, the crusader, to honor which, a company of poor idolatrous pilgrims, equipped and furnished with piked staves, form an annual procession, and make the ascent on the 25th of August, "the feast of the assumption." The evidence and accounts I get of this Romanistic idolatry, multiply continually as I advance, and affect me deeply. As we approached Turin, from the small town of Rivoli, we passed through a long avenue of some six miles in length, lined with pollard elms, giving a fine appearance to the road. It was at this small town that Vittori Amedeo II., in 1732, was imprisoned, for the short period before his death, that elapsed from the time he attempted, after his abdication, to recover his throne. Short is the passage of royalty from the throne to the grave.

The rain continued at intervals through the day, and I found opportunity only to call on our worthy Charge d'Affaires, the Hon. W. B. Kinney, by whom I have been very cordially received and welcomed in Sardinia.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### *Visit to La Tour—The Vaudois, &c.*

SEPT. 26th. Sabbath.—This day I attended public worship with Mr. Kinney our Charge d' Affaires, and Dr. H., whom I have met here. The service was in the Vaudois Church, in the French language, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bert, a Vaudois minister. I could understand enough, to know that it was decidedly evangelical. The views I had, previous to my visit to Sardinia, of the peculiar and perilous condition of its government, have been confirmed. It is the only one, at this time, on the continent of Europe, which has a constitution and cultivates the spirit of liberty. The situation of the Vaudois Church, lying in this Kingdom, is peculiarly interesting, and through it at this time, there seems to be a channel for the extension of the gospel in northern Italy. The king of Sardinia is a soldier, zealous for reform, determined to perish on the field of battle, rather than yield to foreign interference. Vittori Emanuele has the hearts of the people generally, as well as of the soldiers. He has a parliament, consisting of a house of deputies chosen by the communes, and a senate of nobles, appointed by himself. They are seeking gradual reform, wisely and safely attempted, but dreading anything that might produce a disturbance, or afford a pretext, for foreign despotic powers to interfere. The government of the United States is anxiously contemplated by them. That of England is more especially copied. While religious liberty is conceded, the constitution recognizes the Roman Catholic as the established religion of the State. The king and his nobles are Roman Catholics. Protestants are unknown, and the name is abhorred, but the Vaudois, who have ever been in the country, and trace their faith back through the Paulicians, even to the apostolic age, are evangelical, ecclesiastically independent of the State, tolerated by the government, and recovering from their long oppressions. They are generally poor; but they are building a large church in this city, and have organized a university at La Tour, for the education of their young men and ministers. The way is open for their missionary action in preaching the gospel. In

different parts of the kingdom, I learn, that inquiry is awake; whole families are beginning to study the sacred scriptures, and to prepare for withdrawing from Popery. The American Charge d' Affaires receives frequent communications on the subject, and has his heart deeply interested in all that relates to their welfare. The population of this city, has increased some 20,000 within a year or two. Numerous buildings are going forward for their accommodation. Political refugees, many of them of wealth, have sought an asylum here. It is estimated that some 300,000 have, since the recent revolutions, entered the kingdom. The old nobility and votaries of absolute rule are opposed to the government; because it is constitutional and an innovation. The Red Republicans are also opposed to it, because it is monarchical, though limited. The great body of the Priesthood, 60,000 in number, take part with the *reactionnaires*, sympathizing with Rome, and would gladly see the ancient state of things restored. The design of General Kossuth last year was to land here, and not go to the United States or Great Britain. His landing would have been the signal for a rising, on the part of the republican party opposed to Austria. The latter knew it, and had her army of 90,000 on the borders of Tuscany, ready to march, at once, into Sardinia, on the least pretext for it. The constitutional government is obnoxious to the despotic sovereigns, and such a pretext would have been gladly seized, for the purpose of overturning it, and of restoring absolute despotism. The government were acquainted with Kossuth's plans, and were aware of Austria's determination. The perplexity of the Sardinian government, in the emergency, was very great. Our American frigate destined to convey Kossuth to the United States, had a right to enter, and take in stores, in a Sardinian port. She was expected to do so, and Kossuth was awaiting her arrival at Spezzio for that purpose, in the belief, that, immediately on his going ashore there the populace would rise, and the war recommence, out of which he hoped would grow the possibility of his return to Hungary, and the deliverance of his country. The influence of our Charge d' Affaires was well and wisely exerted for the honor and credit of the government of the United States, the preservation of peace, and the prevention of the havoc that would follow. The vessel, accordingly, did not touch at a Sardinian port: but sailed for Marseilles. Thus the danger was avoided, and for a year longer, the constitutional government has existed, and gained strength. This statement of General Kossuth's hopes, made to me here, corresponds with the expectations and hopes of Kossuth as expressed to me by Colonel Henningson, his private secretary, who visited me in Detroit about

the 1st of May last, to acknowledge for General K. the receipt of my letter to him, and who, in his anxiety to convince me of there being more ground of hope for Hungary than I had expressed in that letter which I had addressed to him last winter while at Cincinnati,—said, upon my asking where would General Kossuth find a spot in all continental Europe to land, whence he might expect to enter Hungary, “Sardinia is the place, and already 60,000 stand of arms are prepared in it for effective use, when the time comes.”

27th. Visited the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities to-day, and those of Natural History, Mineralogy, and Comparative Anatomy,—admirable facilities for directing and aiding a young man or student in these studies.

29th. I had intended to have visited La Tour yesterday, to learn more about the Vaudois, but the weather has been rainy. Having suffered somewhat from encountering cold weather on the Alps, I ventured not abroad, but passed the time in writing letters.

OCT. 2d. The weather cleared up on Wednesday evening. I spent the morning of Thursday in visiting the galleries of paintings in the palace in the Piazza, the chapel of the king, and the temple adjoining.

The King's Chapel is quite a splendid affair, raised up very high on one of the upper stories of the palace. It is circular, with an altar in the centre, on the one side of which are large glass windows that can be raised, and thus be brought in connection with the chapel whose principal altar stands immediately below. The vulgar gaze from the lower chapel may penetrate into the presence of royalty, but can discern but little. I was told that the chapel was but seldom used. The king resides in the country, some four or five miles up the Po, both in summer and winter. He is said to be a very early riser,—is up himself at 4 A. M. every morning, and often reviews his troops at 5. His queen is very domestic, and devotes herself entirely to the care of her children, of which she has six. The Cathedral or Duomo is the oldest sacred edifice in Turin, founded by Aigulph, king of the Lombards, A. D. 602, but the present building was begun in 1498, and consecrated in 1505. It contains a few sepulchral monuments, and among them, that of Claude Scyssel. The high altar, by the side of which is the tribune or gallery for the royal family, is ornamented by a splendid display of silver candlesticks and other plate. The sacristy contains several magnificent crosses, vases, shrines, relics, and a large statue of the Virgin crowned and standing under a silver and gilt canopy. On the 8th of Sept. the festival of the nativity of the Virgin, there is a great and solemn procession had



in her honor, and in commemoration of the deliverance of the city from the French, in 1706, when Vittorio Armedia, assisted by the Imperial and Prussian troops, under Prince Eugene, Field Marshall Daun, who occupied Turin, and the Prince of Anhalt, gained a complete and decisive victory,—the French losing 153 pieces of cannon and 60 mortars, which proved the salvation of the house of Savoy, whose destruction was sought by Louis XIV. It takes 16 men to bear the weight of this image and its rigging, which is borne along amid the sound of bells ringing, and chaunts of the litany, interchanging with martial music, and the roar of canon from the citadel. A like procession takes place on St. John's Day, when they pretend to carry his relics, during which flowers and citrons are presented to the Archbishop and Canons. In the Santo Sudario, the high chapel, they pretend is one of the folds of the shroud in which our Lord was wrapped by Joseph of Arimathea, from which this chapel takes its name, and on which they tell you an impression was made by his body—other folds being left at Rome. *Besancon Cadouin in Perigord*. This relic was not known till the time of the crusades, and was first placed at Chamberry, where it was invoked by Francis I, previously to battle and afterward worshipped by him, having traveled on foot from Lyons for that purpose. In the chapel of San Lorenzo they pretend is the real body of Saint John.

Among the numerous paintings of the old artists, in the royal palace, &c., I noticed a Venus of Titian, the finest piece of mere painting I think I ever saw,—being evidently an attempt to realize in the auburn or yellow color of the hair and other respects, Homer's description.

Dr. H. and myself started at half past two, in a diligence, to visit the capitol of the Waldenses. Mr. W. preferred to remain. Having reached Pinorolo about 6 1-2 P. M., we unexpectedly found there was no stage going that evening, to La Tour. We therefore took a voiture for six francs. Our vetturino was zealous and faithful, but he had a most provoking and imperturbable sort of a horse to deal with. The animal looked well enough, and seemed to trot off at first with a regular five mile per hour gate, but not capable of being excited or pushed in any way beyond it. After we had got some four or five miles on our journey, as the grade began to ascend, he suddenly made a dead halt, and was for turning as suddenly around, on an elevated causeway, thus endangering the overthrow of the vehicle. I was for jumping out, but cohee would not hear of it, and instantly jumping and rushing from his place, seized the bridle and thrashed the poor beast most unmercifully, while he ran along side of him.

This operation was frequently repeated by him, until, as the road began to ascend still more, and the horse to be more disposed to balk, he would swear by the Madonna, and La Mere de Dieu, and sacre sacrament, at the poor creature in the most intemperate manner, knocking it about the head, with the butt end of his whip, till I thought he would fell it to the ground. We could not talk to him, his language being Italian, and had even to endure it, occasionally, for relief, however, getting out and walking, while he would be belabouring the animal. At last, however, after 2 3-4 hours, we reached La Tour just about 10 o'clock, P. M., and having partaken of a good meal, retired to comfortable beds and slept well. I observed, as we journeyed, that the snow lay along the top of the Alps far as we could see. The afternoon being clear, and the sun descending, we had very admirable views of the ever changing phases of the mountains while we traveled towards them, during light.

The particular region where the Vaudois dwell, is situated about 27 miles from Turin, amid the rocky cliffs and mountain gorges of several distinct valleys or ravines among the spurs of the rugged Alps. The road to it from Turin, passes along the beautiful valley of the Po, which receives the numerous torrents rushing from the mountain sides, some of whose tops are covered all the year with snow and ice. Mount Cenis on the right hand, and Mount Viso more remote, tower in their grandeur attracting the eye of the wandering traveler.

Wine and silk form the chief staples of the region inhabited by the more wealthy population of the plains, who are universally of the Roman Catholic religion. Extensive vine yards and rows of mulberry trees appeared on either hand as we pursued our journey, stretching as far up the mountain as soil could be procured and terraces constructed. The dwellings and improvements often present the appearance of ease and luxury which are attendant on wealth.

The Vaudois are a poorer class of people; and although they cultivate, to some extent, the grape and mulberry too, yet the little patches they have wrested from the rocks for tillage, afford them but limited opportunity for more than to meet the necessary demands for subsistence. Their food is of the plainest, and often of the coarsest kind, the maron, or chestnut tree,—whose fruit, by the way, is much larger than ours, and not as well flavored,—furnishing to many a portion of their bread. Here and there a small patch of Indian corn and some vegetable productions aid in the supply for their wants; but it would not fail to excite the wonder of any person from the United States, how the hardy laborers could possibly, from such spots, to the

eye apparently almost inaccessible, procure sufficient to sustain themselves and their families. Yet, there for ages, their race has lived in poverty and piety ; and, which gives to their history its chief interest, have maintained, in their purity, the great essential truths of the gospel of the grace of God.

One of their pastors, Mr. A. Monastier, has written and recently published, at Geneva, in the French language, a history compiled from their own literature, in documents and manuscripts preserved from the eleventh century. Their own traditions assign their origin to a date previous to the fourth century, and their distinct separation from the church of Rome to the days of Constantine the great, and to the instrumentality of Leo, "confrere" and cotemporary of Sylvester, at that time Bishop of Rome, who contended against the doctrine then, and ever since, with Romanists, so popular, that the church should be heavily endowed.

As far back as the records of history go, there are to be found traces of a people in the north of Italy, and in that region, who received the truths of evangelical religion, and opposed the corruptions and idolatry of popery. Their own literature is in a dialect of the Romane language, resembling the *Patois*. It affords internal evidence of their attachment to the truth, and their zeal against the errors of popery, which, as far back as the eleventh century, they style "the rebel and consummate sinner Anti-Christ."

They take the name of Vaudois, from the valleys they inhabit. No trace exists of their ever having been connected with or owned the Roman church, from the period of the apostacy in the fourth century, when under the Emperor Constantine Diocesan Episcopacy, so different from Parochial Episcopacy, or Presbyterianism, as we call it, triumphed, and was established by the arm of the secular authority,—the parish being expanded into a province, and taking, among the Greeks, the name of Diocese, from the old Pagan usages.

From the very days of the Apostle Paul, down to the conversion of Constantine, an Armenian, who, about the middle of the seventh century, became the founder of the ancient sect of Paulicians, there are traces of those who styled themselves disciples of St. Paul, and expressed particular attachment to the great evangelical doctrines of justification by faith through the atonement of Jesus Christ, as set forth by that apostle. They have been grossly reviled by their enemies ; but Mr. Elliott, the author of a treatise on the Apocalypse, has, in that work, defended successfully, their faith and their fame, and traced down the history of the migrations of these ancient Paulikians, and their proselytes in Western Europe, to the time of Petrus Val-

densia, in the twelfth century, showing their opposition, to all the distinctive tenets of apostacy into ritual superstition, to the adoration of images, and indeed, to "the whole doctrine and discipline of the Romish church." They transmitted the line of evangelical truth through the dark ages, which, like beacon lights, kindled and blazed so brilliantly on the mountains of Piedmont, giving name to their once principal city, Lucerne. It is a fact indisputably established, that in Bohemia, Switzerland, and France there are traces of the light thence derived long anterior to the reformation that began with Luther. I examined their religious books and their views of doctrine, worship, and religious ordinances, and found them evangelical,—of the same faith, and ecclesiastical polity with ourselves. The government of the churches of the Vaudois is Presbyterian. They have presbyters chosen for life or good behavior, whose duty is like our own ruling elders, in co-operation with the pastor or parish bishop to administer discipline, visit the sick and counsel the afflicted. Their deacons, also, like our own, have charge of the poor. They educate their children carefully and religiously, practice, infant baptism, by aspersion, or by pouring water on the head, never by immersion, and are very strict in the promises they take from parents as to their maintaining a religious life before them, and instructing them in the faith and precepts of the gospel.

The children are carefully catechized; the Bible is universally read and studied among them, copies of which they have, in a translation made into the Romane dialect, before the days of the Reformation.

I enjoyed exceedingly my visit to La Tour. Our hotel was situated near the market stand. In front of it a guard of soldiers was stationed, and the people seemed to have gathered there at an early hour, to sell their butter, cheese, chickens, vegetables, fruits, &c. I was amused in seeing a woman leading a black hog to market, which she did by dropping a piece of a chesnut every now and then, thus keeping the creature on her track and near her. She did not, however, sell it, for I found her taking it back after a couple of hours, but with less trouble. The town is situated around the base of a mountain ridge or cliff, that terminates on its upper side, and is the centre one of three, which end in the same way, and form deep valleys or ravines between them, down which rush mountain torrents of pure water, supplied from springs and melting snows. The principal stream comes down the valley of Luzerne which lies to the south west of La Tour. On the summit of these rough spurs of the mountains, rise rocky cliffs and eminences; and higher up as the mountains tower

over these, I saw the snow lying in the gorges and deep gullies among the rocks. All around the village, on the sloping sides of the mountains, are to be seen small houses, and terraced plots of ground, wherever any soil could be redeemed, or obtained for cultivation. The grape vine is cultivated extensively all along the sloping plains of the mountain spurs; and far up also on their almost precipitous sides. Rows of old vines, which have evidently been planted for a century if not more, are to be seen at the distance of from 20 to 30 feet apart, and some 10 to 15 feet in the rows, supported by poles converging toward the root, and spreading out towards the top, with thongs and rods fastened together, on which the branches are trained. Between the rows of vines are often seen rows of mulberry trees, cultivated for the purpose of rearing the silk-worm. Occasionally the vine branches are stretched across from row to row, and the grapes to be seen hanging from them as you look under and along the vistas. Acres of these old vineyards, together with chateaus in the midst of them, were to be seen near Pignorolo, a place where we stopped for a short season, and noticeable to me because of its being the seat and centre of hostile persecuting measures pursued against the Vaudois at different times by the Roman Catholic authorities of Church and State in Sardinia: also, between that and La Tour. I noticed, however, that the great mass of the grape crop had been struck with mildew, and was good for nothing. This I learn is the fact, the present year, throughout all northern Italy, Savoy and the south of France. The failure of the grape crop has already caused quite an alarm, and an advance in the price of wine. We had, however, some very fine branches of purple grapes presented to us by a bey above La Tour, for which he would take no compensation. They were so large that three branches were as much as Mr. H. and myself could eat. The houses in the village of La Tour, like all small French towns, I have seen, are built on very narrow streets, exceedingly irregular, and solid, heavy, thick stone walls. Along the centre of the principal street was a stream of water, whose channel is paved. On either side of it are laid slabs of flat stone, on which the wheels of wagons, carts, &c. pass, while the horse walks in the water. The people were exceedingly polite,—man, woman and child, every one we met, saluted us with words of kindness,—and the hat, in token of polite respect was most commonly taken wholly off from the heads of the men as we passed. After breakfast we went in pursuit of Professor Revel, to whom we had a letter of introduction. We found him at the place to which we were directed. He was engaged with his class at the time, and said, that in an hour he would wait

upon us. In the mean time we strolled up the ravine, observing the scenery and vegetation, and enjoying much, the wild features of the landscape. High up along the ravines, we saw the ragged rocks and caverns, amid which the poor Vaudois had once sought an asylum from their Roman Catholic persecutors. We learned afterwards that these were the very places, where the dreadful scenes of suffering from Catholic ferocity, of which I had long since read, were enacted. The French maron or chesnut trees, we saw growing in great luxuriance and abundance around the village. The burrs had been opened by the early frosts, and they were dropping their large fruit, which forms a very important article of provision among the Vaudois. On our return we were conducted through the college,—visiting the different recitation rooms in the different apartments, inferior and superior. We saw the students, examined their writing, and, as far as we could in French, expressed our satisfaction. Some 80 students are at this time in attendance, in the different departments. In the winter season there are as many more. The college has been to some extent endowed, and quite literally aided by General Beckwith, whose portrait is exhibited in full length in the hotel in the college library, and in other places, the kind hearted Englishman, being honored as the benefactor of the Vaudois. We noticed, also, the picture of Charles Albert, and the present king, Vittorio Emanuele. The students were, generally, a fine, interesting looking set of lads and young men: and their behavior was modest, respectful and easy, and very prepossessing; showing,—that the government was good, and that, through the natural promptings of their own minds, taught to respect their superiors in years, and not by fear of punishment,—they had learned to restrain, or were devoid of, that salient curiosity, impertinence or levity, that I have sometimes witnessed in ill bred youth, and of ill governed institutions, when visited, during the hours of instruction, by strangers. Not an instance occurred during the whole period of our visit, of tittering, whispering, laughing, restless fidgeting, rising up, running out or rude behavior among them; not even when we occasionally blundered out our bad French. They looked on with deep interest and serious thoughtfulness, when we pointed out to them, on the maps hanging up in their recitation rooms, the places from which we came. It was amusing to see how they betrayed surprise, when they were told that the distance between the cities from which we came exceeded a *thousand* miles, and yet the country and government were one. They were evidently pleased with our visit, and with the expressions of interest we felt in them and their college; so much so, that many of them came up, and af-

fectionately shook hands with us, when we took our leave of them. I felt delighted and thankful to God, that such a seminary of learning had an existence there. It is indeed a beacon light upon the mountains, and well sustains and justifies the name Luzerne, given to their principal town, and the motto of their Waldensian church, "*Lux in tenebris*," light in darkness. Blessed light! Long has it flickered and cast the precious rays of evangelical truth amid the gross darkness, that covered the idolatrous nations around! May it never be extinguished!

The students in the Vaudois College are *religiously* educated, while conducted in the pursuits of literature and science. The Bible is a college text book, and is made the counsellor and guide in religious matters. The French and Italian languages are both taught, and familiarly spoken by the students in recitations and intercourse. The course of study is quite liberal and extensive; embracing the sciences, exact, physical and moral; the languages, ancient and modern; the Belles Lettres, and philosophy,—and in the inferior department or forms,—geography, arithmetic, mathematics, and modern languages, reading, writing, &c. The Gymnasium of Germany, which provides for the studies pursued among us, both in the preparatory grammar school or academy, and in our colleges, together with modern languages, is the model, according to which the Vaudois institution is organized. The youth are received at seven and eight years of age, and, during a course of eight years study, passing each year to a higher form, they accomplish all, and more, than the studies, so loosely and desultorily pursued, often, in our American academies and colleges; and with this vastly greater advantage, that the foundation being well laid, and being subjected to a uniform system of drilling and discipline, they are made, and succeed much better, in undertaking to become, thorough and accurate scholars. The studies of each lower form must all be mastered by the pupil, before he is allowed to pass into the higher.

The College was organized in 1837, and owes its prosperity mainly, as stated above, to the liberality of General Beckwith, an English gentleman, of the established church of England, who has been deeply interested in the Waldenses, and has erected here, **MONUMENTUM CERE PERENNIS**. An imperishable monument of infinitely greater value than all the gold and jewels and costly treasures, so often lavished by the rich and great upon mausoleums, devoid of all utility, and destined to moulder and decay with the names, memory and ashes of their proud and lofty founders.

## LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS.

BY WARREN ISHAM.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

*A Ramble among the Tombs.*

After all, we have explored only the portion of ancient Thebes which was tenanted by the living. Let us now turn to the Necropolis, or "city of the dead." The Lybian mountain chain, which bounded the ancient city on the West, is all hollowed out into tombs. For miles along its Eastern ledge, it is pierced by entrances to these sepulchral chambers, the entire mountain being thus rendered well nigh as cellular as a honey-comb.

A superstitious veneration for the dead, is a leading characteristic of all idolatrous nations. Hence the art of embalming; hence the practice of cutting out tombs in the solid mountain rock; and hence too, that crowning device, of so blinding all access to these hiding places of the dead, that the very doors which lead to them, cannot be distinguished from any other portion of the ledge.

With his remains thus entombed and sealed up, the poor pagan flattered himself, that all would be well, until his soul, mellowed and ripened by the pains and penalties of a series of transmigrations, should come groping its way back to the deserted clay. But, what must be its consternation, on its return to claim the precious deposit, to find it scattered in fragments "at the grave's mouth," or to learn, that it has been borne as a spectacle to some foreign country? But this enormity attaches not to me. Adventurous footsteps have preceded me; and rude hands had prepared the way before me.

But who are these, "coming out of the tombs to meet us?" a motly crew! They reminded me strongly of those who issued from similar receptacles of death, upon the shores of the sea of Galilee, in the time of the Savior, and, if they were not like them, "possessed of the devil," their dogs certainly seemed to be, for we had all we could do to fight our way through them. These poor, half naked creatures, pressed around us with fragments of mummies, and boxes of little



sculptured gods, and bits of coin and jewelry, which they had gathered in groping among the tombs and adjacent ruins, and which they were eager to sell, following us with clamorous importunity. Many of them burrow in the more accessible of the tombs, and are as dead to the common sympathies of humanity, as the mummies they have displaced. I was more than once startled at sight of them, on looking into a tomb.

But, while I lingered, Achmet was skipping from rock to rock, as impatient of delay, as a steed held in by the bit. And so, girding up my loins, I followed him from tomb to tomb, up and down precipices, over and under shelving rocks, and through tortuous passages, sometimes erect, and sometimes prone, crawling like a worm, until, in my weariness, I was very glad to avail myself of "the repose of the tomb" to recruit my strength.

Occasionally a tomb was easy of access, the entrance-way leading directly into apartments; but frequently access was to be had only through a low, blind, circuitous passage way, difficult to traverse, the entrance to which seemed as likely to lead to a den of wild beasts, as anything else. In one instance, as we were passing along, my guide dropped himself down and disappeared beneath a shelving rock through what seemed more like a wolf-hole, than an entrance to a tomb, yelling out to me to follow. I looked in after him—all was dark. I heard a voice, but it seemed the voice of the sepulchre itself. But down I dropped, and crawled in. Far ahead I saw the light of a candle, and, with the aid of a match, I lighted mine, holding it in one hand as I went along, not upon all-fours, for there was not height enough for so much dignity, but, as best I could, like a reptile.

Crawling in this manner several rods, we arrived at a place where we could stand upright, and before us was a tomb, say twelve feet wide by twenty long, and seven or eight feet deep, hewn in the solid rock. We were standing upon the top of one of its side walls, looking right down into it, the floor being seven or eight feet below us, while the roof, all rock, was as much above us.

As I stood wondering how we should get into it, and, when once in, how we should get out again, there being nothing to aid either ingress or egress, Achmet laid one hand upon the wall, and hopped down, and standing close to the wall, made a staircase of himself, down which I effected my descent. And having been safely landed at the bottom, my attention was at once attracted to the paintings upon the walls, and the stories they told, in which I became so intensely interested, that it was a long time before I began to think how we should get out. At length the time came, and, as I looked upon the

smooth, perpendicular wall, seven or eight feet high, which we must climb, with nothing on which to mount, save a small stone a few inches high at the bottom, my heart fairly misgave, and now the startling thought came over me for the first time, that I was there in the bowels of the earth, alone with a solitary Arab, who might rob and murder me, with a pretty fair chance of escaping detection.

The wall was higher than my head, perpendicularly up, and smooth as glass. As I stood surveying it, Achmet, perceiving my embarrassment, laid one hand upon the top of the wall, and, standing upon a small stone at the bottom, hopped out, and reaching down his hand, dragged me after him, and we crawled out as we had crawled in.

In other instances, the passage-way into the mountain, conducted us into suits of several rooms in succession, all ornamented with paintings upon the walls, as fresh and vivid, as though but just from the brush of the artist.

These paintings have a historical value, which nothing can supply, for they antedate all written history, and furnish the only authentic record which has come down to us, of the manners and customs of the Ancient Egyptians. They represent the favorite occupations and amusements of the deceased occupant, and exhibit a pretty complete picture of his domestic life and manners.

The walls are covered with cement, and the scenes upon them are first sculptured in low relief, and then painted, sometimes gilded. The art of perspective, however, seems to have been unknown in those days.

Come along with me, and let us survey these interesting memorials of a most wonderful people, concerning whom written history tells us nothing. Perhaps the first thing which strikes your attention is a lady playing upon a harp. This is a very common representation. One tomb in particular is so distinguished by it, that it is called "the harp tomb." This instrument bears a striking resemblance to the harp in use at the present day, and is doubtless the same celebrated in the divine rapsodies of the "Sweet Singer of Israel." And here sits a lady with a flower in her hand, (the lotus, the sacred flower of the Egyptians, resembling somewhat our pond lily) and before her stands the gentleman who has just handed it to her. The ruffle around her neck, is as pure, as white, as perfect and as beautiful as though it had but just received its last touch. And those females near by, how beautiful their hair hangs in ringlets all around their heads, and, with their arms clasped, each around the other, how affectionately they look each other in the face. And further along, you see a sportsman with the bow drawn at the game, which is

scampering away, and another which has just planted an arrow in the forehead of a stag, which is in the act of falling. Next you see a sailing party, just pushing off from the shore. And there is a fan with a handle four or five feet long, evidently intended to be used by a servant.

But I cannot enlarge—suffice it to say, that the paintings generally represent the every day life of the fashionable and the rich of a luxurious and wealthy metropolis, as being, in all essential features, like that of the same class in the wealthy commercial cities of modern christendom.

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## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### *Tombs of the Kings.*

The portion of the necropolis we have already explored, seems to have been appropriated to the use of private individuals. The "tombs of the kings," so-called, are two miles away, in the very centre of the Lybian mountains, and access to them is gained only through a winding ravine, or mountain gorge, much of the way of steep and difficult ascent, over the crumbling rock, which reflects the rays of the sun with overwhelming intensity. Never before did I come so near being melted by their "fervent heat," and that on a January day.

Having toiled up this dismal pass a distance that seemed a dozen miles, though in fact it was but two, there opened upon my view a dreary solitude, in the form of an arid, leafless desert, walled up by ledges—a spot that seemed consecrated to everlasting silence.

In this dreary place, to which no human footstep would ever be likely to wander, the greatest precaution was taken so to close the entrance to the tombs, that no human eye could detect it. And yet, it was here that Belzoni, as though under the influence of some mysterious presentiment, made his great discovery. Directing his steps to this solitude, he fixed his eye upon a spot high up the ledge, where there seemed to be traces left by a rushing stream, (though there is seldom rain enough in the desert to make one, the most unlikely spot in all the place to lead to discovery. Setting himself to his task, he soon found an entrance, through which he walked right into the vaulted mountain, which is composed of calcaneous free stone, of a pure white.

First we entered a splendid hall about twenty-five feet square, the roof of which is supported by pillars four feet square, and out of which there is a passage way into another hall of about the same di-

mensions, all covered with figures in outline. Descending a staircase seven or eight feet in width, and having eighteen steps, we entered a corridor, or passage way, of large dimensions, and splendidly ornamented with sculpture and painting. Traversing its length, a descent of ten steps conducted us into another of similar dimensions and finish, opening into several magnificent apartments, one of which is about twenty-five feet long by twelve or fourteen in width, so splendidly ornamented with sculpture and painting, representing gods and goddesses, that the discoverer denominated it "the room of beauty." Then follows a hall nearly thirty feet square, with two rows of square pillars, which he denominated "the hall of pillars." This room opens into a small apartment on each side, beautifully adorned. What seems the principal apartment in the tomb, is reached by a passage way from the end of the hall, and is over thirty feet long, and but little less than thirty in width, having an arched roof. On one side of it is an apartment in an unfinished state, and on the other a room, say twenty-five feet by twenty, with two square pillars. On the same side is still another apartment, more than forty feet long, and near twenty wide, ornamented with columns.

It was in the centre of the arched room, at the end of the lower corridor, that a sarcophagus of transparent oriental alabaster, of a much finer quality than any ever before discovered, was found, measuring nine feet and a half in length, three and a half feet in width, and two inches thick, covered with hundreds of minute sculptured figures within and without. Its position was directly over a staircase in the centre of the room, which leads to a subterraneous passage, three hundred feet long, that seems to proceed through the centre of the mountain, furnishing a presumption that there were two entrances to this tomb, one from either side of the mountain.

The subjects of the various pictorial representations which adorn the chambers of this structure, are of an entirely different character from those of which I have spoken as embellishing the tombs of private individuals, and it is this characteristic difference which stamps them as "the tombs of the kings." Here the principal decorations consist of battle scenes, protecting deities, and pompous ceremonials. In one apartment is a military procession, in which persons of three different nations have been pointed out. Jews from their features and complexion; Ethiopians, from their complexion and ornaments; and Persians, from their flowing robes. If this be true, this tomb must have been constructed after a successful invasion of those countries. The names of Necho and Psammis, have, moreover, been made out from inscriptions in one of the chambers of this tomb. These two

monarchs, father and son, reigned some six hundred years before Christ, the former being the conqueror of both Jerusalem and Babylon, and the latter of Ethiopia. This being so, the date of the construction of this tomb, and the authors of it, have, with some plausibility, been made out, though, it must be confessed, not with full assurance.

It has been suggested that this magnificent structure was devoted to other purposes than that of a sepulchre, and that in its dark recesses were perpetrated some of the most revolting mysteries of idolatrous worship. To this end we are cited to the words of the prophet Ezekiel: "Then said he unto me, son of man, dig now in the wall; and when I had digged in the wall, behold a door; and he said unto me, go in and behold the wicked abominations that they do there. And so I went in and saw, and behold every form of creeping things, and abominable beasts, and all the idols of the house of Israel portrayed upon the wall around about."

It is natural enough that the Israelites should have practised, to some extent, the idolatries of the masters they served in Egypt, and though this tomb was constructed after their exodus, there were, doubtless, others devoted to the same use, of a much earlier date. That this was consecrated to some, extent, to the mysteries of idol worship, is rendered almost certain from the fact that Belzoni found, in one of the apartments, an embalmed bull, and in others a great number of small figures of wood, and some of fine earth, baked, colored blue, and varnished, evidently idol gods, and objects of worship.

I will simply add here what might have been said in my description of the tombs of private individuals, that in several of these sepulchral chambers, the following scene, laid in the land of spirits, to which I have alluded in another place, is portrayed. Osiris, the chief god of the Egyptians, is seated upon a throne of judgment, with Isis, his wife, by his side. An inferior god, Horus, conducts a soul into his presence, while Anubis (the jackal-headed deity) holds the balance in which its good and bad actions are being weighed. The god Thoth, is also there, pen in hand, to record the result. In the distance is seen a golden gate guarded by Cerberus, through which the good are introduced into happiness, while Typhone, the Satan of the Egyptians, is at hand to receive the condemned, and convey them back to earth, where, as a punishment for their sins, they are doomed to enter into the body of some unclean animal, there to remain until their term of punishment has expired, after which another period of probation is assigned them, and another punishment, if they are found

wanting, these periods of probation and punishment following each other *ad infinitum*, if, upon trial, they are found guilty.

I will further add, that never have I seen a sweeter expression in any human countenance, than that of a female figure, sculptured upon the flinty rock at the entrance of one of the tombs—certainly never such radiations of soul from the cold marble.

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#### CHAPTER XXIX.

##### *Expository Records.*

Among the sculptured triumphal scenes at Thebes, is to be seen the likeness of a Canaanite, (grouped with captives of different nations,) so inferred to be because it is directly beneath the inscription, "Kanaan, barbarian country." It has been remarked that all the earlier references to that country, on the Egyptian monuments, designate it by the same name, "Kanana," while, subsequently to the conquests of Joshua, that name is no longer used, but gives place to that of, "The Kingdom of Judah," as in the representation of Shishak humbling the power of Rehoboam, as seen on the walls of Karnac.

And here it is natural enough to advert to that monstrous biblical delusion, which originated with the fathers, and has been perpetuated from generation to generation, viz.: That slavery has been entailed upon the African race, as a consequence of the curse pronounced upon Ham, their progenitor. So I was taught to believe from my childhood up, nor did I know any better till my attention was called to the passage itself, in the 9th Ch. of Genesis, when I was surprised to find that it was not Ham, but Canaan, his youngest son, whose descendants dwelt, not in Egypt, but in Canaan, who was doomed to be the "servant of servants." This curse was doubtless predicated on the foreknowledge of the depraved and impious character of Canaan's posterity, who took possession of the land that bore his name, in contempt of the seed of Abraham, to whom it was given by God himself, and who, after defiling it with their abominations, (their altars, smoking with human sacrifices,) for fifteen hundred years, suffered a righteous doom at the hands of Joshua. This was the country which the Egyptian monuments described as "barbarian," and whose doom fulfilled the prophetic denunciations of Noah. In all this, there is no connection whatever with the people of Africa, or with the character of its population. Nor did the Canaanite, being a white man, resemble, either in feature or complexion, the negro of Africa. That Misraim, the second son of Ham, settled Egypt, is verified by Egyptian

annals, and that Ham himself preceded or accompanied him, is almost equally certain. In the 78th Psalm, Egypt is distinctly denominated as "the tabernacles of Ham," and its early monumental records, inscribed but a few centuries after his death, give his name to the country.

"These are the three sons of Noah, and of them was the whole earth overspread," says the inspired penman, the descendants of Japheth taking the direction of Southern Europe, first peopled "the Isles of the Gentiles," while those of Shem, and among them the Israelites, inhabited different parts of Western Asia, and those of Ham the land of Canaan and the Valley of Shinar, in Asia, and the Valley of the Nile, in Africa, and from these beginnings the three continents were overspread, and the fourth in due time.

It has been remarked, as a matter worthy of notice, that in the Coptic, and also in the hieroglyphic inscriptions, the word signifying *stranger* is *shemmo*, doubtless from Shem, whose descendants were denominated *strangers* in the land of Egypt. Thus, "thou shalt not abhor an Egyptian, because thou wast a stranger in his land," and in many other instances.

Even to this day the country retains its original scriptural name, being called by its present Arab occupants, "Misr," which is the Arabic of Misraim.

In all this there is nothing to connect the people of Egypt, or of any other country of Africa, with the curse pronounced upon Canaan, that he should be the servant of servants. On the other hand, the prophetic malediction was literally executed upon the Canaanites in Palestine for their wickedness, and they were doomed to become "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

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#### CHAPTER XXX.

##### *Visit to Hermeut and Esne.*

Having finished my explorations, we again embarked. The north wind was blowing, and I was soon borne away from this scene of wonders.

A few hours brought me to the ruins of Hermeut, the ancient Hermonthis, something more than twenty miles above Thebes, and about a mile from the river, on the west bank. Only a few pillars of a once magnificent temple, and the cella or sanctum entire, with dilapidated walls, remain to attest its former beauty. This ruin is supposed to be one of the oldest in Egypt, and yet there are stones in

the wall covered with hieroglyphics in an inverted position, showing that they had occupied a place in a structure which had gone to decay before the foundations of this were laid, more than three thousand years ago.

Thirty miles above Thebes, on the same side of the river, we arrived at Esne, the ancient Latopolis, and here I found a fragment of ancient magnificence, which, for elaborate workmanship and high finish, is not excelled in Egypt. It consists of the portico of a temple, the towering columns of which are surmounted by capitals, representing in one the vine, in another the ivy, in a third the palm leaf, &c., no two of them being alike, and all covered with minute figures of animals, exquisitely wrought. I had seen grander spectacles at Thebes, but none anywhere which exhibited so much beauty and grandeur combined. What remains of the walls of this temple are most beautifully adorned with sculptured scenes, and hieroglyphic symbols, both without and within.

This is the temple in which the discovery of an inscription, a few years ago, supposed to represent the twelve signs of the zodiac, was made; a discovery which created a most profound sensation throughout the learned world, furnishing, as it was supposed to do, conclusive evidence that the true system of astronomy was known long before Copernicus revealed it to the world. But the subsequent discovery that this temple may have been built, and probably was, after the Macedonian conquest, and of course not more than 330 years before Christ, has served to abate the intense interest once centred upon it. And besides, I should by no means consider it certain that the inscription does not simply portray certain astrological emblems, designed to show the influence of the heavenly bodies.

This temple is nearly buried in rubbish, the road being about on a level with the roof. I had to descend quite a flight of steps to get into it.

Esne is a place of several thousand inhabitants, the houses, as in other principal towns, being of unburnt brick, with the bare earth for a floor, covered, however, sometimes with a mat, and bordered by a raised platform all around, on which the family sit and sleep. The wealthy few have open courts surrounded by apartments.

Here centres, to some extent, the caravan trade of Nubia, Kardo-fan, Sennaar and Darfour, which gives the place quite a commercial aspect. This is also the great camel market, to which the Bedouin camel breeders who occupy the desert between the Valley of the Nile and the Red Sea, resort with their stock for sale, much of it being taken by the traders from the countries above named, together with



various kinds of manufactures, in exchange for ivory, gum, ostrich feathers, slaves, &c. These articles, however, are taken down the Nile to Cairo, where the sales are made.

This, with many other towns in Upper Egypt, is inhabited mostly by Copts, the original inhabitants of the country, and nominally christian. My visit was made at about sun-rising, and even at that early hour the inhabitants were busily engaged in their various avocations, the women spinning, (after the fashion I have elsewhere described,) and the men weaving, grinding, (by horse power,) twirling off pottery, &c. Ranged along the platforms of the coffee houses, within and without, sat long rows of men, visible only through clouds of tobacco smoke, fuming at their pipes and sipping at their coffee, setting the wheels of life in motion for the day.

Hearing what seemed a confusion of tongues proceeding from a hut, I looked in, and, as I expected, squat before me sat the school master, with his urchins about him, saying their lessons aloud, and rocking their bodies in the manner I have described in another place, only these were Christians, and repeated the dogmas of a superstitious creed, instead of scraps from the Koran. A little further on, in delightful contrast to this jargon, the melody of song was poured upon my ears, through an open doorway, from a company of females within, sitting upon the bare ground, who seemed to have assembled there at that early hour, to chant their morning orisons. One of the number, who appeared to be the leader of the band, would chant a few words; when the rest would strike in and repeat, and sweeter strains of melody I have rarely heard from human lips. They were Coptic Christians, singing their hymns of morning devotion.

Meeting a fine looking man, dressed in a flowing robe of fine broad cloth, I desired him to point out to me the location of certain remains of an ancient edifice which I wished to explore, when, with much apparent cheerfulness, he turned out of his course and went with me a considerable distance, to conduct me to the place. As we went along, he occupied the time in saying his prayers aloud, stopping here and there to turn towards Mecca, and by the time we arrived at the spot, he had gotten pretty well through with what I took to be his morning devotions. when he bid me a complacent good morning, and went his way *without asking a bucksheish*, something very extraordinary in Egypt. I met with others who were equally civil, and all seemed delighted to see me so much interested in their affairs, and desirous to gratify my curiosity by inviting me into their shops, and showing me all I wanted to see. And the dogs, too, seemed to partake of the civility of their masters and mistresses, treating me with becoming respect during my stay.

Just as I had finished my explorations, and had turned my steps to return to the boat, my captain called to me to step with him into an eating house near by. Thitherward I turned my steps, but more from curiosity than hunger. There sat a man forging or baking pan cakes on a sort of griddle suspended over the fire, the whole operation being performed with the fingers, even to taking the cakes from the griddle; but the most interesting portion consisted in applying the condiment, by dipping the fingers into a can of oil up to the knuckles, and letting it drop off upon the cakes from the finger ends, which seemed to be the measure allowed to a batch for one person. My appetite was fully satisfied with the sight—my captain doing the eating.

It is presumable, however, that the man's hand was clean at the time, but, such is the natural color of the skin that it is difficult to tell whether it is defiled or undefiled. But if it had been as clean as soap and water could make it, it must have been a pretty hard necessity to overcome my fastidiousness.

It should be noted here, that here and there a commercial place like this, presents a very different aspect from the agricultural villages generally, which are so frequent upon the banks of the Nile.

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#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### *Tombs of Eleitheias, of Beni Hassaa, and Siout.*

Twenty miles above Esne, on the eastern bank, we arrived at "the tombs of El-Cah," sometimes called the "Grottoes of Eleitheias," which, like those of Thebes, consist of excavations in the mountain rock. The paintings in these tombs are extremely fresh and vivid, the colors, for the most part, possessing all their original brilliancy, undimmed by the dust of time. Curiosity has been centered upon them more especially, as furnishing, beyond those of any other locality, representations of the rural life of the ancient Egyptians. Here are found the various scenes of domestic life, the labors, and sports of the field, the implements and products of agriculture, processes of manufacture, fishing, fowling, banqueting, funeral processions, &c., &c., minutely and faithfully delineated. And the remarkable fact is thus developed, that in many things these people are just where they were thirty centuries ago, and that in others they have retrograded, while they have advanced in nothing.

Let us enter one of the largest apartments—upon a chair richly adorned, is seated the master of the house and his wife, in costly ap-

parel, with a monkey and basket of grapes at their feet, while there appear to be near them a large number of guests sitting in rows, men and women, each with the lotus flower in one hand, evidently assembled upon some festive occasion, as some of the attendants are passing refreshments to them. There are tables loaded with viands, and the occasion is enlivened with the presence of musicians and dancers. One lady is playing upon the harp, another upon what seems a flute, and four are dancing, one of whom apart from the rest, holds a dagger in each hand.

Next the master is seen walking, accompanied by his servants, one of whom carries a chair, another a mat, and a third a water pot—he seems to be going to the field where his laborers are at work, and where they are seen hoeing, plowing, rolling and sowing, reaping, harvesting, threshing, winnowing, carrying the grain to the granary, and from the granary to the boat. Mules, asses, oxen, cows, sheep and goats, are seen in an enclosure near by. We see fishermen with their nets, and fowlers with their game, and also the process of dressing and curing both fish and fowl.

And *here* is a field of flax, and laborers are employed in harvesting it, pulling it up by the roots, binding it in bundles, and combing it, just as I saw them do it in Alexandria. Ship building is also going on, and sailing parties are to be seen. And *there* is a funeral procession, moving in all the pompous ceremonial which a fruitful superstition marshals around the dead, &c., &c.

There seems to be no end to the tombs that pierce the mountain chains, which wall in the valley of the Nile. Wherever the remains of an ancient town are discovered, the mountain ledge back of it is found to be occupied by the chambers of the dead, cut in the solid rock, where the deceased were surrounded with the objects in which they most delighted when living, some placed by their side, and even within the coffin-lid, and others portrayed upon the walls.

At Beni Hassan, some two degrees South of Cairo, on the East bank of the Nile, I visited as I came along, one of these "cities of the dead," occupying the interior of a ledge in the rear of the town for more than a mile. Some of the tombs there are scarcely excelled for magnificence by any in Egypt, being immensely large, a single apartment measuring sixty feet in length, nearly the same in width, and forty in height, ornamented with columns formed in imitation of three palm branches tied together, which is the ancient Egyptian style. It is a paragon of grandeur and taste, being adorned with a portico sustained by huge fluted columns, all standing as part and parcel of the native mountain rock, and overlooking the valley of the Nile. From

this another apartment is entered of nearly the same dimensions, the roof of which is cut into arches, which rest upon massive fluted columns, also a part of the mountain rock, presenting a spectacle of great beauty and grandeur. These grottoes are famous for having been taken possession of by holy hermits in early christian times, who thus entombed themselves alive.

The paintings, however, though they yield to none in interest, are not in as good a state of preservation as those of Thebes and Eleithias, of which I have spoken, nor are they, like them, laid upon reliefs. Still they are distinct, and there is no difficulty in tracing out the scenes and events they represent.

A large space is here devoted to the representation of gymnastic exercises, such as wrestling, jumping, tumbling, fencing, and such like feats of agility, which served to develope the muscular strength, and which seem to have been a common pastime. Here too were represented all sorts of domestic animals, as horses, mules, donkeys, cattle, &c., and of the latter there were four varieties, viz: hump-backed, long horns, short horns, and hornless, and all with finely turned forms. In one instance, there was quite a drove of them, which seemed destined for sacrifice. Quite a variety of birds and fishes are also delineated.

It was quite a little spectacle to me to see an ox brought upon his knees by an arrow which had pierced his scull, having just sped its way from the bow of the archer, as I had not conceived it possible, that so humble a missile could do such execution. In another instance, the pate of a stag was thus pierced, and several others were lying prostrate, which had been brought down by the same means.

Boats and pleasure parties, and musical instruments, were also to be seen here, one of the latter resembling the accordeon. But one of the most interesting representations, was that of the weaver at his loom, which was fastened to four stakes driven into the ground, himself being seated upon that part of the web which was finished, and which is checked with yellow and green.

At Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt, situated perhaps a hundred and fifty miles below Thebes, I had another ramble among the tombs, as I came along. The mountain ledge two miles back of the town is covered with these tombs, but, although the paintings are somewhat obliterated, and their interior choked with rubbish, like the catacombs of Alexandria, still they present features of great interest. The apartments, saloons, as they have been called, are very large, and were not only studded with columns adorned with painting and sculpture, but burnished with gold, which still glitters from the ceiling. The porches

are all covered with hieroglyphics of most delicate workmanship, and sufficient in extent to fill many an ample volume. In the large apartments numerous recesses are cut for graves.

These tombs appear to penetrate the mountain, story above story, and the outer apartments seem to lead to interior chambers, far into the bowels of the mountain, but I found it impossible to get beyond the first tier of rooms, by reason of the obstructions. The paintings, though they have lost much of their original brilliancy, are still quite legibly distinct, but I cannot go further into detail.

It should be added, that many of these sepulchral chambers were consecrated to the remains of embalmed sacred animals, as bulls, crocodiles, birds, &c., particularly the Ibis. In one instance, an entire series of mountain excavations is occupied by those of the crocodile alone.

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#### CHAPTER XXXII.

##### *The Great Temple of Edfou.—The Religion of the Ancient Egyptians.*

Taking leave of the grottoes of Eleitheias, a propitious breeze soon bore us to Edfou, the Appolinopolis Magna of the Greeks, twenty miles higher up. And here one of the grandest spectacles to be seen in Egypt, presented itself to view,—a spectacle indeed which has no rival, in kind, in this land of wonders. It is a pyramidal propylon to a temple, consisting of two towers, one on each side of the gate-way, each of which is one hundred feet by thirty at the base, and more than one hundred feet in height, connected over the gate-way just enough to form a frame for the doors. The two towers diminish gradually as they ascend, and at the top are about eighty feet by twenty.

This towering fragment rose unexpectedly, and with singular effect, upon my view, several miles across the plain, as I approached. Nor did my wonder cease as I drew near. It has more the appearance of an impregnable fortress, than of a gate-way to a temple. Indeed, as a refuge, it is totally inaccessible. To each tower there is a staircase, of 160 steps, leading to spacious apartments in the interior, and when the small passage-way at the bottom is closed, the safety of the occupant is sealed against intrusion.

The temple to which this propylon leads, is one of the larger class, and is about 500 feet long by more than 200 wide, and is probably in a better state of preservation than any other of equal dimensions in

Egypt. Passing the gate-way, I entered an open court, of spacious dimensions, surrounded with very large columns, about forty in number, with antique capitals of rare beauty, forming a portico or gallery all around. Beyond this was another large apartment thickly studded with columns of still more massive dimensions, many of them surmounted by palm leaf capitals. But for their gigantic dimensions, they would bear no unapt resemblance to a grove of the date palm. But this apartment is nearly choked up with rubbish, and only a partial view of it can be obtained.

This temple is surrounded by a wall, extraneous to itself, six or eight feet in thickness, and the whole, temple, enclosing wall, and propylon, are covered all over, without and within, with figures of men, gods, beasts, birds and creeping things.

The figures of men (carved in outline) are of more gigantic dimensions than are to be seen elsewhere in Egypt, being not less than thirty feet in height, and of muscular proportions. Their appearance is in harmony with these stupendous remains, and one can hardly help thinking that they were the men to build them.

The birds, beasts and "creeping things," are on the opposite extreme, being most elaborately wrought into minute figures, as hieroglyphic symbols, and they are highly ornamental to the edifice.

There is no computing the expense of such a temple,—an age would scarcely suffice to complete it, and a whole generation of slave subjects must be taxed in its erection. Wonderful indeed must have been the devotion of the ancient Egyptians to their idol gods.

From the earliest ages to which their monumental records extend, the ancient Egyptians appear to have been pre-eminently a religious people. Of this, the gigantic remains I have described, furnish abundant testimony. And their religion appears to have been of the austere kind, for while the number and magnificence of their temples were such as almost to exceed belief, not a theatre, circus, amphitheatre, or the vestige of one, as I have observed, is to be found in the whole country, nothing but temples, temples, temples! The only remains which show any appearance of having been devoted to amusement, as I have said,—consist of traces of what is supposed to have been a race course at Thebas. How different from the remains of most other ancient nations. What a contrast do they present to those of ancient Greece and Rome, whose theatres, circuses and amphitheatres constituted the leading characteristic?

Thus it was with them as pagans, and, in transferring their regards from one god to another, or from many to one, the same characteristic is strongly developed. During the palmy days of Christianity,

Egypt stood conspicuous for examples of exalted piety. And here too, it was, that the true religion first degenerated into arrant superstition, and the austerities of monastic life were engrafted upon it. Anthony, a young peasant of Upper Egypt, was the first monk, and established the first monastic institution. After passing some years among the tombs of Thebas, he advanced three days journey into the Eastern desert, and took up his abode upon Mount Colzim, where he lived in seclusion, practising the most rigid austerities to the end of his long life of 105 years. His example was soon followed by multitudes throughout Egypt, and the infection soon spread over all Christendom; a system of *penance* was thus gradually substituted for faith and good works, and for this paganism had prepared the way.

The religion of Mohammed consists entirely in observances, in meats and drinks, saying a certain number of prayers each day, &c., &c., the prescriptions of the Koran extending to the minutest actions of life, leaving nothing to the spontaneous homage of the heart.

But in the performance of this routine these people are punctuously exact, and nothing can exceed the seriousness of their devotions. I have never witnessed so much seriousness in our Christian churches, as I have seen manifested in a Mohammedan Mosque, by the devotees of the Koran, under the delusion that they were thus working out their salvation. Five times a day they are called to prayers by the public crier, and whatever their engagement at the time, it is abandoned at once for the higher duties of religion. And wherever they happen to be, when the time of prayer arrives, upon a journey, or in circumstances which render it inconvenient to enter a mosque, and whoever may be present, they at once set themselves in order for their devotions, prefacing the performance by the audible announcement (with the face toward Mecca) of their intention to bow down to the earth before God a certain number of times. Then, with the face still toward the tomb of the prophet, they commence and go through with the ceremony, bowing upon the knees and touching the earth with the forehead, rising to their feet, turning the head to whisper to angels over the shoulder, holding the thumbs to the ears with the hands spread like wings, again bowing to the earth, and so on, repeating the process over and over again, for a considerable time. I have seen the operation performed upon the steam-boat, in the midst of a crowd, and upon the banks of the Nile, beneath a palm-tree, the performer going through with his evolutions in apparent unconsciousness of their being any one near him. When their devotions are performed in a mosque, a mat is spread for the purpose; upon the steam-boat, the outer garment was used instead.

## SKETCHES OF BORDER LIFE.

BY A CIVIL ENGINEER.

## CHAPTER VI.

*The Camp Meeting—Trouble in our own Camp—The Druggist's Clerk.*

An opportunity was afforded us, while we were encamped in the breaks of the Skunk River, of attending one of these gatherings. The party turned out to a man, and with a full load the little mules galloped over hill and dell, in the direction of the encampment. There was an occasional unloading, however, as the driver drew up at the foot of some steep hill, and called out, "pile out," or, at the top of some precipitous descent, where it was necessary to put a rail between the wheels to prevent the wagon from running over the team. Arriving a little before dusk, in the neighborhood of the meeting, we fastened our team to a tree, among some hundred or more others, and proceeded to the premises. The meeting was held in a small grove of oaks, and had then been in operation some three or four weeks. Rough seats of oak boards and slabs were fastened among the trees, covering an acre or more of ground, through which were left suitable aisles for passage. Around the outside, at a distance of forty or fifty feet apart, were built small platforms, about four feet high, and covered with earth. Upon these, fires were built for furnishing light. In front was built a small shanty of rough boards, which was occupied by the preachers, the back part answering for a kitchen and reception room, and the front divided into two stories, the lower one occupied by berths, after the steamboat fashion, and the upper one, which was entered from the outside, being open in front, was furnished with a bench on the back, and a shelf extending across the front, and answered the purpose of a pulpit. The whole area was enclosed by a circle of tents and temporary shanties, occupied by families who had come from a distance and made a permanent stay of it. An open handed hospitality is extended by these occupants in the way of lodging for the night, to those who wish to tarry for the next day's services. Their kindness is sometimes abused by malicious or mischievous persons, but they do not often weary in well doing.

The time had not arrived for the opening of services, but little



knots were collected here and there, engaged in singing and prayer. The contending voices thus engaged created not a little confusion, as each prayed and sung entirely independent of others. The hymns were such as have been used from time immemorial on such occasions, and no others. They consist of curious medleys of words strung together, abounding in rhapsody, interlarded throughout with "Glory, Halleluya," &c., sung entirely from memory.

Presently the sound of a horn blown with tremendous vigor by a reverend gentleman who occupied the pulpit, interrupted the private proceedings, and called in the stragglers to service. The discourse was plain, practical, and to the point, portraying vividly the trials and sufferings of our Savior on earth, his wondrous love and condescension, his infinite meekness, his forbearance with his persecutors, and love for a dying world.

He commenced in a calm tone and subdued manner. As he proceeded, he waxed warm with his subject, and his whole action was pervaded by his excited feelings. His face was bathed in a torrent of tears, as with choked utterance and touching pathos, he described the death of the Son of God. The struggle in the garden, the trial and condemnation, the insults and buffetings of his persecutors, and finally the crucifixion, were portrayed with terrible force and energy. His audience were bathed in tears, convulsed with agony. Men wrung their hands, rocked to and fro, and groaned aloud; women clasped each other in their arms, and sank upon the ground with shrieks and wailings that were piteous to hear. The excitement was intense. Not a soul in the assembly that was not ready to rush at his bidding to the altar, and prostrate itself in the dust in remorse and contrition. But he was not ready for that. The terrible retribution that was in store for those who refused to accept the means of salvation offered now became his theme. He denounced, in tones of thunder, the guilty wretch who was so presumptuous as to oppose his will to the divine authority, and to reject the offered boon. He called God to witness that there stood before him that night, many, many, who were steeling their hearts in dire rebellion against all his commands. He described the fiery torments of hell, the wailings of the damned; and, as he strode to and fro in his narrow pulpit, he threw his arms about, tossed his head in wild confusion, and in hoarse tones invoked the direst wrath of Almighty God upon the sinners who refused to obey his call. His audience were hushed in silence and horror. They stood aghast at the terrible revelations made to them, and horror-stricken at the vileness of their own hearts, and the awful punishment awaiting them. Most of them had risen in their places, and as the

preacher paused, and then raising his arms high above his head, and shouted, in a voice hoarse with speaking, and inarticulate with passion, "Come! come to Jesus! Come to the arms of an all forgiving God! Now is the accepted time! Oh, grieve not the spirit away!" The audience rushed with one accord to the open space in front of the pulpit, and fell upon their knees, grovelled in the dust, and rolled in convulsions upon the earth. The scene was terrible beyond description. The groans, cries and wailings of these despairing souls were intermingled with the loud voice of prayer from the ministers who had descended and were kneeling among them, and the triumphant voice of hymns of thanksgiving, entreaty and denunciation, joined in by older members, while here and there was raised above the crowd a haggard face with streaming eyes and dishevelled hair, peering wildly into the black sky above.

The speaker continued his denunciations from the pulpit, though almost exhausted with his efforts. Nothing was needed to complete the babel of sounds. I stood in an elevated position, where I surveyed the whole scene with a mingled feeling of awe and horror. The fires had burnt low, and the light thrown over the scene was pale and indistinct. It flickered upon the white tents, and, further on, upon the dark foliage of the trees and their frightened denizens. An owl shouted a dismal "too-who, too-who," and the night hawks swooped down into the circle with a wild scream, and up into the darkness. It was an impressive scene, and one long to be remembered.

But, to return to our quarters: our cook was a snappish and irritable old fellow, making himself the mark for all the surplus fun and practical joking in the camp, but the boys carried it a little too far one morning, and "Old Spoons" shouldered his equipage, consisting of a tin camp-kettle and an iron spoon, and left us "in the lurch." We tried cooking by turns, but the bread was lead, the game spoiled in cooking, and everything covered with dirt and grease. Old Spoons had us. We tried to coax him back, and tried to buy him back, but he saw our misery and laughed at us, enjoying his revenge. Finally, in desperation, we engaged a young scion from the Sucker State, who came traveling by our camp with a bundle on his shoulder, and who said he could cook. He was forthwith christened "Sucker," and set to work. His first meal would defy description. It was a conglomerated mass of bacon, squirrel, quail, potatoes, onions, cabbage, &c., the predominant quality being pepper and vinegar—a perfect "olla podrida," and all served up in a big dish pan. This he called a "stew." We rose from the table, or rather from the camp chest, indignant and

disgusted, and voted the cook a humbug, giving him, as a punishment, the eating of the mass he had concocted. He seemed in nowise displeased at this, but seated himself and never ceased eating till the last mouthful had disappeared. Still we concluded to keep him, as the least of two evils. We could make him useful as a guard over the camp in our absence, and in chopping wood, &c. Now the post of guard was no sinecure, for the prairies are full of hogs in a wild state, that fear neither man nor beast, and they had blockaded our camp, and seized everything they could lay hold of. "Sucker" entered into the spirit of the thing with determination, and established a reputation worthy of the cause, in his many combats with these land sharks. He would bound from his bed at all times of the night, and, rushing into the open air, scatter the hogs with a wild, unearthly yell, that seemed like Pandemonium broke loose, flying away into the open prairie with the speed of the wind, the hogs ahead with ears laid back and tails straightened to the race. The yells of the boy, the cries of the animals, and sound of many feet trampling in contrast to the solemn, deathlike stillness of the prairies, awoke a scene hardly equalled except in Pandemonium itself.

It was nearly an equal match. Both parties were gifted with determination and energy, both determined to conquer, and as it finally ended, the hogs were too much for "Sucker."

Being not far from camp, one day my attention was attracted by a great uproar in that direction. Looking up, I saw enough to attract my curiosity, and sat down to watch the scene. The cooking tent was open at both ends, and closed at the sides; in the centre of it stood our redoubtable cook, like a tiger at bay, and on each side of him at the ends of the tent, a drove of hogs, wild and furious at their baffled efforts to get at the provision. "Sucker" presented an undaunted front, and used his lungs with a power that seemed to wake slumbering sounds, that made even the prairies echo. He bounded from side to side, and yelled like a demon. Holding a huge butcher-knife in one hand, and a fork in the other, he would cut a hog across the nose with the one, and plunge the other up to the handle into him, and leave it sticking there, and then, snatching another fork would serve the next one the same way. He fought long and desperately, but human strength could not hold out against such fearful odds. His energy flagged and the hogs waxed fiercer and fiercer. The hot water was all gone, the forks were sticking in all directions in the backs of the hogs, and he had nothing left but his good knife, and what could he do against so many? Gradually they closed in upon him, and, making a sudden rush all together, they tripped up his heels, and all

was over. "Sucker" went down with a defiant yell, and, for a few minutes, all was confusion and dust. A glimpse might be got occasionally of the hero, now on top, and now under a hog, fighting to the last, fighting for dear life, defeated but not conquered, for still his defiant yell could be heard smothered by the noise of the conflict. Redoubtable "Sucker"! Well did he bear himself in the trying hour! At last he emerged from the fight, ignominiously it is true, for he was rolled out by the snout of an enormous old porker, when, picking himself up, he walked slowly to the sleeping tent, and pulled out his bundle, slung it over his shoulder, and turned to take one look at his conquerors who were feasting themselves on our provisions. Proudly he turned his back upon them, and walked away. Ever and anon the wind brought back his yell, clear, wild and ringing. Unconquerable pluck to the last. 'Twas the last we ever saw of him; his brave heart could not brook the sight of the place of his defeat, and he left us, without calling for his wages.

With another rather amusing incident, I will conclude this paper. Wishing to procure some sugar of lead as a remedy for poison that I had caught in the woods, I called at a small drug store in the village of W——. The proprietor was absent on a trip to "York" for "goods," but in his substitute I recognized an old backwoodsman, through whose farm we had run sundry railroad surveys not long before. He was a genuine specimen of a "Hawkeye;" tall, gaunt, &c., and six feet in his stockings, he stood before me with his pantaloons stuck in the tops of his boots, his shirt sleeves rolled up, and his hands in his breeches pockets, looking the picture of border independence. He was surrounded by as motley a stock of *drugs* as ever met the eye of mortal, a few pieces of calico, a barrel or two of sugar, a box of tea, and a bundle of axe helves, filled the foreground of the picture, while a row of bottles on one shelf, and patent medicines, warranted to cure the ague and every other ill to which the flesh is heir, completed the stock in trade. Hawkeye watched me, as I surveyed the stock and equipments, with an air that seemed to say "You don't beat that very easy, I reckon. You don't git up sich doins as them in yer country villages. No sir-ee." I quietly inquired for the article I wished to purchase, and received for answer very briefly and concisely spoken "I reckon," and squaring himself around to face the shelves, he proceeded to examine the row of bottles, being evidently in a quandary as to where to find the article in question, yet not wishing to "let on" as the universal saying is in Iowa.

He made sundry dives at various queer shaped bottles, and brought them forth for examination, managing very shrewdly to find out from

me that it was not what I wanted, without seeming to betray his own ignorance. Some kind friend of his who seemed to be "posted up" on the subject, informed him that the bottle or jar would be marked Acetate of Lead, consequently as search was instituted for "Acetate of Lead." Each and every bottle, beginning at the end of the row, was taken down and spelt out letter by letter, but still no sugar of lead was produced. My friend was at last nonplussed, and owned up that he did not know sugar of lead from arsenic, which was a doubtful state of things for a druggist's clerk. He said, however, that he had used some once to cure sore eyes, and thought he knew how it smelt, and as a last effort, had recourse to his nasal organs. The scene was becoming amusing, and I watched it with interest. He entered into the search with all the zeal and energy of a Yankee. Commencing once more at the beginning of the row he smelt his way through. All went well for a while, though he made some long faces at the various compounds he encountered, until he arrived at a large glass jar of ammonia, more commonly called hartshorn. He had by this time become warmed up by his long and fruitless search, and seemed determined to surmount all difficulties or die in the attempt. His eye flashed as he seized the big jar, he held it off, and looked at it with a triumphant glance that seemed to cry, "Eureka!" I have found it! he snatched off the lid, thrust his nose deep into the fragrant vessel, and—a snort that a wild buffalo might be supposed to make, followed. Down to the floor went the jar, and over the counter went Hawkeye, commencing a series of leaping, rolling and tumbling that would have done honor to a circus performer, blowing at his nose, giving forth tremendous snorts, and demolishing everything in his way. The fumes from the broken jar drove us out of doors, and I left him sitting on a post, alternately eyeing the door and clearing his olfactory.

## TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY GILBERT HATHAWAY, ESQ., OF LAPORTE, LA.

## CHAPTER IV.

At the death of his master he was made free. He had resided at Washington twenty years, and was keeping a livery stable, at which business he was doing pretty well. He owned five horses, two hacks, a fine buggy, and eighty acres of land lying near the town.

He was married, but his wife was a slave; her master resided seven miles from the village. He had five children; but by the law of the land, they were all slaves. Before he was married, the owner of his wife told him if he married the girl he would free her at his death. But says he, her master is dead, and "some how my wife is yet a slave, and my children are slaves. I do not think they do quite right. Her present owner says he will set her free one of these days; but it seems to me as if he was not a goin' to do it. But then my wife is only a house servant—she has pretty easy times, and none of my children have to work in the field."

About ten miles from town we overtook an emigrant wagon broken. Some time before I reached the spot, I heard the wailings and moanings of a person in deep distress. As I approached I saw a woman in the wildest state of excitement, making the most piteous cries and lamentations. From the husband, a good easy soul, I ascertained, that the hind axletree of the wagon had broken, and in its fall, had caught their child, a little girl of ten summers, beneath it, and he supposed she was dying. When Charles stopped the "hack," the mother most piteously besought me for aid, to save her child. It was her "twin," her "twin child," and she "could not leave it." Here she would burst out in prayer to God, in the most inconsolable grief and agony and distress of mind, asking assistance.

I approached a heap of ragged quilts lying on the ground. After removing many thicknesses,—enough to have smothered an uninjured person—I discovered the object of my search, a little girl, apparently in some pain, but certainly not in as dangerous condition as imagined by her parents. The mother came near, and for a few moments consented to be sufficiently calm to answer a few questions; then again

she would burst forth in wild, and really quite frantic lamentations, beseeching the doctor, as she called me, to save her child from dying.

From the examination I gave, I concluded there were no bones broken, and no cause for so much alarm. Having my traveling case of medicines with me, I prepared a prescription, and with the direction of free applications of cold water to the parts affected, I took my leave, in the full belief that the child would speedily recover, and the choicest blessings their grateful hearts could conceive, a bounteous heaven was implored to shower upon my head.

Our way lay over much such country as I have described to you. In the course of three hours we reached Red River, at a ferry, which of late has become somewhat noted, from the first, that it is the place where the Cairo and Texas road will probably cross that stream.

It was something past the hour of mid day, when I came in sight of the *ferruginous* waters of that much noted river. The early breakfast, cool air of the morning, and excitement on the route, all tended to sharpen my appetite, which at most times may be considered good. Travelers in this latitude at this season of the year, are in the habit of taking no meal at this hour, or of feeding their horses, preferring to make their drives between meals. I expected to have done so, but on reaching the ferry—finding it would be some time before we could cross, in consequence of the number of emigrants in advance of us—I was induced to return from the bank of the river a few steps, to a building where I had observed a small diamond shaped board, on the top of a leaning pole, some forty feet in the air, with the significant marks of I N N rudely painted thereon. I stepped through the open casement, and was met by a red-headed woman, of rather slovenly appearance, to whom I addressed the inquiry if I could have dinner served in a few moments, as I did not wish to lose my turn in crossing the river, to which she replied “I reckon.” Dina, the waiting woman, made sundry evolutions and quick girations, indicating great haste; and in a short time I was requested to take a seat, for dinner was ready. It was past the usual hour, the cloth was still spread, and the confused remains of the meal upon it.

When I was seated, the woman first addressed asked if I would take a bit of beef, or a cut from the roast bear meat. I took the latter, and for the first time made a meal, the principal part of which was from a portion of old bruin; for really, to tell the truth, there was but little else on the table—nothing in fact, save a half cooked sweet potatoe, and a half baked corn meal ash cake, all of which I relished quite well. Are bears plenty in these parts, I inquired. “There are a heap taken just now, but sometimes they are scarce, and then the people suffer

powerfully," was the reply. Do you rely upon it as an article of food? "Some years, when the mast is good, it is about the only meat we have."

We were ferried in the usual way of crossing Southern streams. A rope is stretched across, by the means of which a long scow, on which the freight is deposited, is pulled over.

Now commenced the difficult part of our journey, of crossing Red River bottom, sixteen miles through the cane-brakes. For some distance we passed on ground near the bank of the river, at this dry season, not very objectionable, the principal impediment arising from large projecting roots and fallen trees. In some places, however, the cane thickets were so dense that it was with great difficulty we got through. The road was but very imperfectly cut out, at best, and in many instances so completely blocked up with prostrate timber, that we were obliged to cut our way through the thicket, while, in others, where a way had been partially cleared, the stubble of the cane had been left standing six or eight inches high, rendering it very annoying to the horses, and a ride over it anything but agreeable.

You will understand that the cane of which I speak, is what is known in your city under the name of reed, of which bird cages are made, and universally adopted for fishing poles. It grows here very luxuriantly; it stands very thick upon the ground, and in some instances attains the height of from twenty to thirty-five feet. In many places it will be so dense that it is almost impossible to get through. In these places the bear takes shelter, when hotly pursued by the hunter and his dogs. From his great strength old bruin is able to make his way, and when wounded, make a more successful defence.

The bottom land is covered with a rich growth of cotton wood, black walnut, hack berry, gum of various kinds, and also the different varieties of the haw. The soil is exceedingly productive, and utterly inexhaustible. A person owning a plantation in this bottom, well stocked, can raise more cotton than he can dispose of, for no matter how great "a force" he may have, he will "make" more than he can gather.

The land, however, is subject to overflow, and must be leveed before it can be cultivated with any prudent degree of safety; besides, it is said to be very sickly; and this remark needs no further proof to obtain belief, than to see it, for where there is so rich a growth of vegetation on low land, exposed to the rays of a Southern sun, the *malaria* consequent thereon, must produce ill health to all who are exposed to its influence.

The planters understand this matter perfectly, and provide accor



dingly. Most of those who have plantations here, reside elsewhere, in states further north, or on the sand hills in the neighborhood, deeming it prudent to leave the negroes only to occupy the bottoms, they being so organized as to endure a life in a miasmatic region, where a white person would soon find his grave. Should the planter occasionally lose a boy from this cause, he concludes he can well afford it, by the richer returns from his labor over what he would realize in more healthy regions where the soil would be light.

Ten miles of the sixteen, which would take us through the bottom, had been passed, when we reached the low or lake lands, as they are called, and which, at no season, however dry, are free from water.

It is a little remarkable that the land on all streams in alluvial districts, is much higher near the bank than it is a short distance back. Near the hills, there is always a low country of greater or lesser extent, which is either covered with water, or soft and marshy.\* So here we were, in the midst of this slough, which, at this particular place, was about five miles in width. Just imagine our surging from root to root, plowing through the mud and water, our horses floundering along, sometimes on their knees, and then down completely on their sides, night approaching, and angry clouds threatening rain. To "break down," under such circumstances, would be dreadful, for we were very illy prepared for "camping out." That no such calamity befall us was my devout wish, yet we were exposed to it every moment. The road became more rough, and the mud and water more abundant every step.

It was now quite dark, so dark that we could see our way but a short distance before us, and the big drops, precursors of a heavy shower, came pattering around us. Still we went plunging through, when suddenly we were brought to a halt, by one of the fore wheels giving way, and letting the fore part of our hack into the mud.

About this time the clouds opened and poured out their richest showers upon our devoted heads. Surely, thinks I, here is a dilemma. Addressing myself to Charles, I inquired what was to be done? "Lor Gody, massa, tis beyond my comprehension to tell," was his reply.

Knowing there was no time to be lost, if we wished to get through the swamp before midnight, it became necessary to reconnoitre, ascertain the damage we had sustained, and if possible make repairs and go on. Accordingly I got into the mud, which was not far from two feet in depth, and in a moment ascertained that we had broken one wheel so badly that it would be quite out of the question to repair it;

\*For explanation of this, see "Land of the Pyramids," Chap. xx in No. 4, page 170, of this Magazine, first and last paragraphs.—Ed.

some of the spokes were broken, and most of them loosened from the felly. The circumstances seemed quite inauspicious for repairing as great a break as this, and to move without it was impossible. No alternative seemed to present but what we must remain in our present situation till morning, with the hope that her cheering rays might point out some method of extrication from our sad position. Thanks to a dear friend at home, who had provided me with matches and a few small wax candles, to be used in emergencies like this, I was in a measure prepared for the emergency. These were brought from the pocket of my leather sack, and made to perform their office. By the dim and flickering light of my taper candle, I sought a "spot of earth," sufficiently elevated above the water to admit of building a fire. The task was not the most agreeable one that could be imagined. It was very dark, the wind rushed through the trees with a terrific sweep, the limbs of which were cracking and falling about us. Standing to my knees in water, with the rain, at intervals, coming down upon me in sheets, as the wind ebbed and swayed, looking for a hillock, I would have presented to the mind of a beholder, a scene truly ludicrous, and I confess, notwithstanding my plight, I was, at times, disposed to laugh.

Some time was spent in a fruitless search, and when about to return to the wagon, with the view of making the night therein as comfortable as I could, I discovered in the dim distance, the light of a camp fire.

I lost no time in communicating this intelligence to Charles, who had remained by his horses. They were soon detached from the wagon, and with them we went in pursuit of the light in the swamp. In less than a half a mile we came to the camp of an emigrant company, bound for Western Texas. We found them with comfortable tents, protecting them from the storm, pitched on an elevated piece of ground, with a fire burning near the door of each. The company consisted of four or five wagons, drawn by mules, which were tied to trees near by, quietly eating their corn and fodder, notwithstanding the storm.

Our situation was made known to the emigrants who eagerly came up to hear the recital of our tale. Quarters were offered me, which I gladly and very thankfully accepted; Charles was provided for by the servants of the party, two of whom, with Charles, volunteered to return to the wagon and bring up my luggage. This done, and the horses furnished with provender, of which our kind friends had a goodly supply; and after partaking heartily of roasted venison and corn bread, set before me on the ground in my tent, I betook myself

to sleep, on a bed made of green boughs of the cypress, to keep me from the damp earth, over which I spread my Mexican *poncho*, using my leather sack for a pillow, and my large traveling coat as a covering, which one of the negro servants had partially dried, while I had been regaling myself on the luxuries just mentioned. Thus arranged, with my feet towards the fire, which glowed near the open end of the tent, I was soon lost in dreams of pleasant vales "by the side of still waters," surrounded by ministering angels of sweetness and peace.

In the morning which was bright and clear, I found my entertainer to be a Tennessee planter, with his family, consisting of wife, two daughters and their husbands, and one daughter, a brilliant blonde of some eighteen summers, whose smiling face knew no care, and whose bright eye seemed to court adventure and frolic, and to whom the disasters of such a night as we had just passed, had no terrors: together with a large family of negroes, both old and young, and of all variety of shade and hue. He was evidently of the better class of cotton growers, and was seeking to benefit the condition of his sons in law, by settling on the virgin soil of this State. Their destination was west of the Colorado.

It was ascertained that our wheel was so badly damaged that nothing short of the skill of a professed wheel-wright could restore it to use. From a passer by I learned, that a boy belonging to a planter, three miles distant, made some pretensions in that line, and thither Charles started with the damaged wheel, both being mounted on one of the horses. It was late in the morning before the emigrant party could be got in motion. My host gave me an invitation to take a seat in his wagon, and to accompany them to their place of destination, that I might share their fare, and be as one of them,—adding, that inasmuch as he had not yet bought his land, and I had been over the particular region in which he intended to settle, I might be of service to him in making a desirable selection. In which request he was seconded by his wife, who expressed much solicitude in regard to my health, fearing that a fever might be the result of the exposure of the previous night, and then, in such a case, she remarked, "who in this land of inhospitality and strangers, will take care of you?" I felt the force of this evidence of good will, and would gladly have accepted the kind offer, had it been consistent with previous arrangements. As it was, I took a seat with them to ride to the first house we might come to on the road, which was understood to be six miles distant, situate on the first ridge after leaving the bottom.

It was twelve o'clock when we reached the house spoken of. Here I took leave of my hospitable friends, with many regrets at so early a

separation, and many thanks for kind attention. I watched them, as their wagons wound slowly out of sight, amid the "post oaks" by which they were surrounded, with a sad and heavy heart. And when the last white canvass top which covered them was lost to my aching vision, I turned with depressed spirits and slow step to the house, taking a seat by a dull fire which smouldered in the stock chimney. I watched the blue smoke as it curled to the top, with a sort of pleasing melancholy.

The inhabitant of this place was a member of the medical profession, a disciple of Galen, originally from Kentucky, but who had resided several years in the State of Louisiana, in the practice of his profession. The day was cool and I remained by the fire, or rather, by the place where the fire ought to have been, reading a new book purchased at Memphis. The evening passed slowly, with no incident worthy of mention, till near the hour of the evening meal. The servant had spread the cloth, most of the dishes were set, and a few of the viands placed on the table. The sun had some time since gone to his lurid bed in the far off west,—darkness was gathering, casting sombre shades over surrounding objects. In a half dreamy state of mind, I sat dosing in the capacious corner, where the slowly burning brands cast a fitful light through the gloomy apartment, when a huge bear! kept as a pet, with three yards of chain attached to his neck, made his appearance through the open casement, and with great deliberation approached the table, raised upon his hind feet, placing his large paws upon it, carefully removed from the plate a bit of roast venison, with which he quickly retreated out of the door. No person was in the room at the time but myself, and I watched his movements with some alarm and regret, for I did not know but what, if discovered, he might prefer me to roast meat, and then I had other interests at stake, for having fasted during the day, a supper of venison would be a rich treat, the prospect of which was completely destroyed by his deliberate movements. But in this feeling none of the family seemed to participate, the result of taste doubtless, preferring "roast shoat" to any other meat. For when the subject was mentioned at the table, no remark was elicited, all seemed satisfied with what was left by his bearship. And I assure you, I was disposed to make a virtue of necessity, relishing the shoat much better than I could have done under different circumstances.

About nine o'clock in the evening I heard the sound of wheels approaching. Charles made his appearance, having had all the necessary repairs made, so that we should be able to pursue our journey in the morning.

The evening was passed in conversation with the Doctor, who had returned from a visit to a rich patient about eighteen miles distant. He entertained me with a description of the country about him, the character of the inhabitants, and the best methods of hunting deer, in which I concluded he had been quite successful, having killed forty-seven since the hunting season commenced. He adopted the fire hunt entirely, consequently engaged in that sport during the night time only.

Having spent most of your time in a large city, you may be interested in a description. I will give it. It seems something after this wise: "I take a *boy* with me," said he, (by which he means a negro of any age) we are both on horse back. The boy carries what we term a 'jack,' in which he has a blazing fire made of 'light wood.' By slowly passing through those portions of the bottom, deer are known to frequent, we soon discover their eyes, for when they see the light they look at it with wondering gaze, until you approach within close gun shot. I then take the jack, the handle of which I rest on my right shoulder, with the light behind me, on the end of the handle, before me there is a small place arranged so as to rest my gun, by the light of the blazing wood I am enabled to take deliberate aim, the night may be ever so dark, the eyes of the animal afford me a beautiful mark, which I seldom miss."

He informed me that bear were plenty in the bottom, but he never engaged in hunting them. They were so numerous by times, as to be very destructive to corn, and very fatal to the younger and fattest members of his herds of swine, which frequented the low grounds in pursuit of nuts and roots. He had a neighbor who hunted bear a great deal. He had a pack of hounds and was quite successful in the sport some years.

There being a fine range here for cattle in winter as well as summer, the Dr. hopes in a short time to make much money by raising that kind of stock. With yankee cleverness, he has reduced the matter to great certainty. He supposed that from his practice as a physician at two dollars per mile, in visiting his patients, he will realize money enough for support, and add occasionally a few young cattle to his stock, which together with what he now has, in a few years, from the natural increase, a fine fortune will be realized. They require no feeding during any season of the year, and the only care he need bestow on them will be to mark and brand the calves in the spring season, in order that he may know them from those of other people, whose stock may frequent the same range.

The day having been rather an eventful one, its fatigue predisposed

me to sleep. Not long after Charles returned, I retired to the sleeping apartment, hoping to be ready for an early start on the morrow. This apartment is one end of the "double cabin," the usual construction of cabins in this country. Two pens of logs, sometimes they are hewed, but in most instances they are not; built up to the proper height, (very much after the manner of a child's cob house) say nine feet, within about twelve feet of each other, one roof is made to cover both, and the passage way between them, which serves as a hall; a chimney is placed at each end, usually built of sticks laid in mud, and the jams of the fire place formed of a thick coating of that material. In places where stones can be produced, they will be made use of for that purpose, but all is rough and unsightly. The cracks or crevices between the logs are filled with split sticks, and plastered or daubed on the outside and in with mud. The roof is composed of bits of timber split thin, and laid on rough rafters, and kept in their places by means of poles laid lengthways. The floor is made of the same material, only somewhat thicker, called *punchcons*. This sort of structure, you will observe, makes a house! with two rooms and a hall, from which the rooms are usually entered; when large and well built, they are not uncomfortable dwellings. But in the South, it often happens there is no chinking or filling up between the logs, as a substitute, clap boards are sometimes nailed over the appertures, which arrangement affords fine opportunity for the north wind to whistle its chilling lays through into the apartments. But a Southerner does not appear to care whether his house is made warm and comfortable or not, or whether the door is closed, so long as he can have a few "chunks" smouldering on the hearth.

One of these rooms is used as the living room for the family, and the other as the sleeping apartment. Into this I entered, my bedstead was after the fashion of the country. Notches are cut in the logs which form the side of the room, at six and four feet each way from the corner, into which poles are placed, running out each way the same distance, where they rest on a short post of two feet in height, the lower end being fastened to the floor; across these poles, others of smaller size are placed, the inner end resting on similar notches, and the other on the pole first mentioned. On this framework, a rack of husks or hay is thrown, over which is sometimes placed one of feathers, much noted for the scarcity of filling material. It was on a bed of this description I was told I could rest for the night.

Fitful dreams visited my slumbers; my brain was feverish, a result of the mishap of the previous night; and I seemed to be climb-

ing steep and rugged mountains ; then I was surrounded by pitfalls and ambuscades. I was about to fall from a high embankment into a deep, dark and dismal chasm, when sure enough I was awakened by the reality of a fall. Some of the crosspoles of my bedstead, springing out of place, let my head to the floor, while my feet retained their former position.

The place seemed strange to me. The night was dark. A strange sort of frenzy seized my brain. It was some moments before I could sufficiently arouse to convince myself that I had not really fallen into some horrible pit ; but when the reality came fully to mind, and I saw the true situation of affairs, I concluded to make the best of it, and amid straw and feathers, blankets and poles, quietly disposed myself to sleep again.

I was fortunate enough this time to have my quiet undisturbed at least an hour or more, when I was awakened by hearing some person moving about the room,—now he is near the bed ! my imagination is all alive. I evidently had my senses, yet I imagined many strange, and I doubt not, very absurd things, about scalpels and bludgeons, man-traps and strangulation, and all in the space of a very short time. Now, all was quiet again, surely there must be “some mistake here.” I could not be awake,—it must be a dream, I thought, and so settled down into my bed of conglomeration, with the hope of slumber.

Scarcely a moment had passed, before I heard the chair on which I had hung my clothes, slowly move, as if some one was cautiously “removing what deposit” there might happen to be in the pockets. My mind rested on a stalwart black boy I had seen about the premises before nightfall. Now ! I could distinctly hear my pantaloons as they were drawn across the chair. Certain am I that my notions about the designs of the boy are correct. I suddenly raise up from the weight of covering, and in a stentorian voice, demand who is there ?

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## NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, D. D.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### *College at La Tour.*

The College at La Tour is a living monument, destined to shed the lustre and benefit of a noble mind and generous heart, upon coming generations. Nor will it confine its radiance merely to this world. Would that men of ample means were actuated by the like holy ambition of doing good to their fellow men, by a well directed liberality, forming fountains of light and truth and redeeming influence in this wretched fallen world.

It has the nucleus of a good library already formed. I noticed among other other valuable works, the French edition of the ecclesiastical fathers, the English edition of the classics, &c., which had been presented by friends of the institution. The students board and lodge with families residing in the village, and not in commons, and are thus kept under the influence and restraints of the household and the home. There is a mellowing virtue in domestic society, where, as in this place, the families generally are pious. It is just what the young mind and heart need. Nothing can compensate for the want of it. I have often thought that the plan of herding youth together in commons, making the members of a college, as it were, a gregarious mass, cut loose from domestic sympathies and social ties, binding them to the mass of society around, and kept like a flock within walls, to be watched and driven by tutors and professors, as mere inspectors and governors, and not as friends and guardians, the substitutes and representatives of parents, may be one great reason why lads in our American colleges, are found so troublesome, so difficult to govern, and are so frequently turned into the community, after a four years course of study, with unsociable and dissipated habits; and with rough and boorish manners, that render them consciously awkward and unfitted for genteel company.

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We passed from room to room, and visited the different forms or classes, and with much pleasure spent a short time in each conversing with the professors, and occasionally with some of the students. God, I trust, has something good for many of these precious youth to do in spreading the gospel in their own wild Alpine country, and the regions beyond. Many of them are pious, and some are being educated by benevolent aid from abroad. An English gentleman, several years ago, in visiting a widowed mother among the Vandois, during his short sojourn at La Tour, ascertained that she was striving to educate her son, a pious lad, with a view to his becoming a minister of Christ. He became interested in her, and especially in the lad after he had seen him, from which time, he has furnished funds to one of the professors regularly, for his education. The lad was pointed out to us by the gentleman who gave us this information. I was not surprised that he should have won the heart of his English patron.

When the students who design to enter the ministry have finished their collegiate course, they repair to the Theological Seminary at Geneva, of which Dr. Merle d'Aubigne and Dr. Malan, are professors. The Vandois have no funds or means for the theological education of their own youth, and must derive aid from Switzerland and elsewhere.

After taking leave of the college, we visited the church. It is a new edifice but recently finished, and has been built by foreign aid. It is of stone, with two small towers in front, neatly finished, plain and capable of seating about 1000 persons, including the gallery. It is generally well filled upon the Sabbath. I wished very much that I could have tarried over the Sabbath there.

The pastor of the church took us into the building, and seemed pleased to give us the information we sought. He took me into the pulpit and showed me their Liturgy and their Book of Psalms. The former is very short, simple and spiritual; the latter contains the "Psalms of David," arranged with notes of music between the lines, being the airs of their semi-chants.

During my visit to the church, I met a young Swiss from Geneva, a very pleasant young man, who spoke a little English. He is a relative of the pastor's family, on a friendly visit to them at this time. He said that he was sketching a view of the church for an aunt of his in Geneva, who takes a deep interest in all that pertains to the welfare of the Vandois. The pastor resides in a neat, small two story stone and stuccoed building, in keeping with the finish of the church, and closely adjacent to it. There are five others, of like character and dimensions stretched along a low terrace, with small spaces between them, in which the professors of the college reside, and two more remain to be

erected in order to complete the entire plan. The students in the college assemble for worship with the congregation in the church, and enjoy the care and benefit of the pastor's watch and counsel. I told him that many christians in the United States felt a deep interest in his people, and the Vandois generally, and prayed much for them, remembering their persecutions and conflicts with the Romish idolators. He said they felt thankful that God had raised for them friends in such a distant land. Milton waked the sympathies of England, and Cromwell shamed and daunted the cruel persecutors of this suffering sainted people. The appeal made to the justice of a retributive God, long since by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, awaits its full and final accomplishment at no distant day. Milton's, is but the amen of every pious heart.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones,  
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;  
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,  
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones.  
Forget not; in thy book, record their groans  
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold,  
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd  
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans,  
The vales redoubl'd to the hills, and they  
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow  
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow  
A hundred fold, who, having learn'd Thy way,  
Early, may fly from Babylonian woe.

After leaving the pastor we were conducted to the hospital. It is a commodious and well arranged building, with apartments for taking care of and nursing the sick and infirm. It is under the care of a Deaconess, the religious matron and presiding nurse. It is supported by the community, provides nursing and medical advice and aid for the diseased and afflicted, and is kept exceedingly neat and clean. It is made the place of resort by all in the community, when they become sick and helpless, who find there the care, medical advice and nursing, they could not in their own impoverished abodes. The pastor visits it on the Sabbath, and has religious exercises with the sick. I have seldom been more gratified than I have been with this visit to La Tour, and on quitting it, in review of all I had seen and heard and read and knew of this poor people, through so long a period, and often, so fiercely persecuted and almost destroyed, felt as if my heart breathed in unison with the sweet lays of Mrs. Heman, and could and did,

Rejoice, that human hearts, through scorn,  
Through shame, through death, made strong.  
Before the rocks and heavens, have borne  
Witness of God so long!

*October 3d.* Attended worship this day in the Vandois church in Turin, and heard Mr. Bert. The service in the morning was in French, and in the afternoon in the Italian language. It was a rainy day but the house was well filled.

*October 4th.* Visited to-day the King's palace, and afterwards crossed the Po to see the convent of the Capuchin monks. This order is here numerous, and has amassed much property. They are a dirty looking set, who go without covering to their heads and with sandals to their feet, wearing a coarse woolen dark colored garment or cloak, tightened on them by a girdle. They do not wash themselves, and are, in appearance and reality, exceedingly filthy. What delusion! as if offensive filth of person, could be consistent with or indicative of a pure and holy heart. "Clean hands and a pure heart" are attributes of those that shall dwell in the holy hill.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

*Genoa,—Railroad over the Mountains—Conversation in the Diligence—Ponte de Riviera—Nice.*

*October 6th.* Left Turin yesterday at nine and a half A. M., by railroad to Augusta, and thence by Diligence to Genoa, where we arrived at about twelve o'clock P. M. The last part of the road, which is some thirty miles, occupied eight hours, being over the maritime Alps. We began to ascend at Augusta, and continued so to do for fifteen miles, descending the same distance to Genoa. The road winds up the mountain side, along the border of a rapid torrent precipitating itself through the ever turning and twisting gorges. The government is constructing a railroad along side of the road, and the works are of the most costly and magnificent character. Bridges are thrown across the torrent supported on heavy piers and arches, sometimes three, four, and five in number, and rising forty, sixty and ninety or more feet. In one place, where the terrace on which the road runs, had to be widened toward the torrent to make way for the rails, I counted upwards of twenty arches springing from piers, some twenty to thirty feet high, and resting on a heavy battlement elevated twenty feet or more from the margin of the stream. Some eight or nine tunnels pierce through the jutting headlands, where the road could not be carried round them on terraces. The work is all finished in the most perfect manner. The bed, on which the rails rest, is dug out from two to three feet deep, and filled up with finely broken stone, on which

gravel is spread before the rails are laid. The sides of the road are protected by heavy walls, secured by coping with massive pieces of cut stone.

The number of passengers was sufficient to fill the Diligence. They were generally Italians. In almost all the cars in which I had traveled and often in the coaches, I observed one or more priests. In this, however, there was none. The conversation between some of the passengers, which was carried on in Italian, became in the progress of our journey, very animated and exciting. I could not understand the language well enough to catch the drift of the remarks, but sufficiently to perceive that politics formed the topic. A very fine looking and intelligent Italian gentleman, who seemed to take the lead in the conversation, became occasionally very warm. In the progress of his remarks, he broke forth in the English language, expressing himself with great violence, in reference to the question at that time producing much excitement in Sardinia, viz: the action of the Roman court in reference to the Sardinian parliament's legislation on the subject of marriage.

The contest turns between the claims of the priesthood exclusively to solemnize the rites of marriage, on the plea of its being a religious sacrament, and the popular demand that it be regarded and provided for, by the laws of the country as a civil affair. Resistance to the claims of Rome has, thus far, been very bold and determined. The tone and spirit of this gentleman's remarks excited my surprise, and at a convenient opportunity, I intimated it to him. He perceived that I was an American, and having remarked, that I was surprised to hear him express himself in a stage coach in Sardinia, so freely in reference to priestly rule, he replied, that he was a member of the Sardinian parliament, and expressed himself as freely before it, as he did now in the Diligence. In the most unqualified and bitter terms he denounced the influence of the priesthood, and concluded by expressing it, as his solemn conviction, that liberty would never be successfully and permanently established in Sardinia, till the throats of the priests were cut. "They," said he, "are the enemies of liberty, and if it perishes, *they* will be its murderers." In further conversation, I found him very sanguine in his hopes for the future of his country. Expressing my doubts and fears, arising both from the isolated position of Sardinia in Continental Europe as a Constitutional Monarchy, and from the jealousy and hostility of the Absolute Sovereigns in relation to popular freedom, and more especially, from its proximity to France—which would, evidently to me, very soon cease to be a republic, even in name,—he remarked, that it would be the interest of his country to from its political and commercial alliances, with the northern and Ger-

man nations. This he expected soon to be facilitated and consummated, by the construction of a railroad through the Alpine region, connecting Turin, Genoa, Venice and Milan, with the states of Germany, and establish business relations with Hamburg and the Holland ports. The wisdom of this policy at once struck me very favorably. But alas, Sardinia, as well as France, has shed and drunk much of the blood of God's saints! The days of retribution belong to the future; and, as I read the Scriptures, and understand the plan of the divine providence, I have no hope of Liberty, ever being successfully and permanently established, either by means of Constitutional Monarchy, or a republican form of government, in any of the antichristian nations of Europe. They are doomed to destruction, and the day is not far distant when our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, in executing "the decree" of Heaven, "shall break them with a rod of iron and dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel."

We remained at Augusta till we had dined. The fare was of the poorest description, by no means correspondent with the price charged. I took occasion, during the delay, to stroll around; and during my walk witnessed the preparation and processes for making wine. Large tubs that would contain a couple of hogsheads or more, were filled with crushed grapes. By tramping, the skins had been broken, and the pulp mashed. In this state the contents were left, for two or three days, for fermentation, when the juice of the grape was drawn off by tapping the tubs, and being decanted into barrels, was put away for the slower process of working itself clear. The pulp and skins that remained, were afterwards stirred up, and water having been added, were left for a second fermenting process, which yielded the low and sour wine drunk by the common people. It answered to our water cider, and was afforded at even cheaper rates than the bottled is with us. It possesses no potency to intoxicate, but the acid and astringent properties of the liquor thus obtained, render it a palatable and healthful beverage, which serves to counteract the effect of the lime-stone water, often so deleterious in the latter part of the season, when drank without something to relieve it from its injurious effects upon the bowels. The whole country rests upon a lime stone base, and the water, like that in the United States, wherever it penetrates through the rocky strata of the carbonate of lime, tends in the latter part of summer, to produce diarrhoeas, dysenteries, and other bilious diseases, for which the low cheap wines of the region seem to be an admirable preventive. I saw no signs of intemperance, and could not help thinking, that if, in the United States, in our attempts to arrest the growth of intemperance, and preserve the lives and morals of those in danger

from the use of intoxicating liquors, we could procure laws that would facilitate the detection and punishment of persons engaged in making enforced wines, and *drugged* liquors, poisoned wines and beer and ale, &c., and encourage the growth of the vine and the manufacture of the pure wine from the grape, and low wines of the character used in France and Italy, by which intoxication cannot be produced, and the brewing of mild ale, we should conciliate the mass of society, and more effectually banish intemperance, than by attempting severe legislation, to secure total abstinence from every beverage but water, and produce those dangerous reactions which so often throw the temperance cause seriously back.

The Hotel Feder, to which I went, both by previous recommendation of a friend, and of the Hotel Feder landlord in Turin, was filled. The young man, whom we had met in Turin, and who served us there as commissaire, being at Genoa, very politely met and conducted us to the Hotel de France immediately adjoining, where we found comfortable lodgings and excellent accommodations at moderate prices.

A Valet de Place whom Dr. H., and myself called to our aid, conducted us to places we wished to see. He led us first to the post office, where I found a letter from my son, dated Philadelphia, September 15, making it just twenty-one days from the date till its reception. It greatly relieved my mind, bringing cheering intelligence from home as late as the first week in September. I had begun to feel very uneasy, not having heard from my family since I left the United States. It required faith and submission to reign in my imagination, and keep my mind at rest, especially, inasmuch as when I arrived at Turin, being a good deal wearied and weakened by hard travel, my nerves were somewhat deranged and not so readily controlled by the will as in health. I felt truly grateful for the kind Providence of God which thus far, has made my way so prosperous. The cheering intelligence I received was like cold water to a thirsty soul.

GENOA is situated in the northwestern part of the great bay formed by the west coast of Italy, and the Alpine ridge jutting out into the sea in high headlands, about Finale, some forty-six miles west by the road. The city lies in the form of a crescent, along the shore of the harbor. The ground ascends rapidly, as you pass from the shore, till you reach the summit of the mountain ridges surrounding it. Three tiers of walls have been thrown around it, as the city has extended its dimensions. On the tops of the mountain heights are strongly built forts, which give it the appearance of a well fortified city. The population is about 160,000. Its commerce is reviving rapidly, and it contains manufactories of silks, velvets, damasks, soaps, &c.

There is a beautiful and extensive terrace raised upon an arcade, and shops, stretching along the margin of the harbor,—the arcade being on the inner side, where are the market and custom house, &c. Stores form the outer side next the harbor and open on it. All are white, of marble, the property of the city, from which it derives a revenue. The streets are exceedingly narrow, and most of them utterly impassible for wagons or carriages—mere alleys, not more than from ten to fifteen feet wide. The strada or street, called nuova, nuovissima, Balbi and Carlo, Felice at different turns it makes is the widest, yet does not exceed thirty-five feet. In some streets the houses, which are five or six stories, seem to lean toward each other, and are kept apart apparently by beams stretching across to prevent them from approaching. The port is terminated at either extremity by two piers, the Molo vecchio and the Molo nuovo. They stretch across the entrance, and are so situated as to prevent the heavy ocean waves, from rolling in with violence and thus render it easy for vessels to enter. A light house, built more than 300 years ago (1547), rises near the land end of the western pier, and towers to the height of more than 300 feet from the rock. The street above mentioned, contains many splendid palaces; the palazzo Rosso, Spinola Pallavicini, Balbi, Reale, &c. I visited the University, the Palace of the King, the Palace of Rossi, the custom house, and the court room in which the military authorities were sitting and drawing lots, to determine who of them whose names were returned as being twenty to twenty-one this year, should be drafted into the army. This last scene was a sad sight. I blessed God that, in my beloved country, there was no such form of oppression.

Genoa is a city of palaces. They stretch one after another, in rich abundance along the principal street of Balbe, Nuova and Nuovissima. Many of the hotels, as that of Feder, Croce de Malta, &c., were palaces once. The lower two or three stories are not lofty, but are appropriated for stables, stores, cellars &c. The main entrance is into a hall generally supported by columns and into a court. Magnificent marble stair cases start on each hand as you proceed; and not until you have ascended into the third story, do you reach the suite of rooms, where the family abides. In the King's palace and others, there is a small chamber or closet into which there is easy access, and whence, a signal given ascent or descent is had by pulleys to avoid the fatigue of the stair case. The court is surrounded by arcades supported by columns of marble. Beyond the court is often a small garden, shaded with orange and lemon trees. The splendor of the ornaments, the gilded ceilings and fresco paintings, and the rich furniture,

and extensive collections of admirable paintings, well repay the curiosity of the visitor, who is conducted through the rooms by an attendant at the expense of a franc.

*October 7th.* **FINALE.** Left Genoa this A. M., between six and seven o'clock in a voiture with Dr. H. to take a journey along the Riviera di ponente road to Nice. We engaged our Vetturino, and made a written contract with him to take us there in nine days, he to be at all the expense of our living and lodging by the way.

The road runs along the sea shore, winding around the jutting head lands of the spurs of the Appenines and the Alps, occasionally climbing up to the height of 100 to 1000 feet from the rolling surges that dash and break on the rocks immediately below. The whole coast is fringed with these projecting head lands, forming bays and bights, and having a town or village situated on almost every little piece of level ground at the mouth of a gorge. The scenery is exceeding fine. The day was as fine, and the journey has been one of peculiar interest.

Coming out of Genoa the Riviera road pursues the track of the old Roman Aurelian way, which anciently, as it passed over the mountains, was but a mule path, and often dangerous for the traveler. The present excellent road was planned and commenced by Napoleon, having been executed, as far as Mentone, under his government. It was finished by the Sardinian. It is crossed by some fifty or sixty torrents, the beds of which at present are dry, but show plainly how difficult, and frequently fraught with disappointment, must be traveling over it, during the period of heavy rains and snows rapidly melting on the distant mountains. A few bridges only have been constructed, and the sides are not, in some places, sufficiently protected with barrier walls. The towns are frequent, one occurring at the head of every little bay. San Pietro d'Arena, Monte de san Quirico, Villa Vivaldi, Sestri, in whose principal church they profess to show the bark of St. Peter, Pegli, Ora, Voltre, Arenzana, Cogoletto, Vrazina, Savona, Vado, Borgezze, Spotorno, Noli, Varigotta, Mariano, and Finale, were the successive towns through which we passed. In some of them the streets were so narrow that we had to drive along the quay. About fifteen miles from Genoa is the head land of Cogoletto, in the town of which name, and in that part of it called Porte, where we stopped to bait our horses, we were shown the house in which Christopher Columbus was born and lived. It is now occupied by an insignificant store, as much so as that in John Knox's house in Edinburgh; but doubts are entertained whether the tradition is reliable. The scenery was exceedingly picturesque and often grand, Genoa re-appearing continually in the distance, and all the intermediate vil-



lages, as we successively rounded the head lands jutting out still farther and farther into the sea. It was not till a short distance before we reached Finale, that it disappeared from our view.

Villages and costly seats with olive yards, and orange and lemon groves, fig trees, vineyards, and different varieties of trees, hedges of aloes, and patches of cane, continually presented themselves to view, and gave peculiar interest to the scene. I went into the chapel at Porte, and looked upon its images and pictures, the objects of a debasing idolatry; and while I stood there all alone, could not repress the sad feeling that overwhelmed me at the thought of the wretched ignorance and infatuation of the beings that honored such things. Beside one of the shrines or side altars, a tablet in satin contains a notice, that, by the liberal contribution of some Archbishop, mass is said there twice a week—a frequency corresponding with the sum of money appropriated—thus advertising it to be a regular merchandise affair. The church at Finale is connected with a collegiate establishment, and is very highly embellished with marble Corinthian columns, marble altars, rich sculpture, gilded cornices, and fresco paintings. It is called the church of St. John the Baptist, and has three large altars at the end of the building, and some six or eight in the side chapels. A franc obtained a full view of all. The virgin every where is made the object of adoration, and seems to stand and be honored as “the Queen of Heaven” far above Christ. In one of the shrines a wax statue of her is seen above the altar, in a chamber into which you look through a large glass window. Lights are kept burning constantly, so as to exhibit the figure, and a curtain hides it from the rude gaze of the spectator except when drawn for the purpose of exposure. St. John the Baptist, is especially honored here in various pictorial representations of his life; one of them represents the trunk of his headless body, the executioner with bloody sword in his grasp, and Herodias with his head in her hand—a shocking spectacle!

I noticed in the Cathedral Church, at Genoa, like tokens of honor to John the Baptist. A young priest, in attendance during our visit to that temple, conducted us through it, and led us into the different shrines and behind the altars, placing us in the best positions for light in which to see the various paintings. One of the altars or chapels in the side of the building is the shrine of the Baptist. We were taken behind the altar, and shown the tomb in which, they say, lies the real body of the saint, enclosed in an iron chest, which, on St. John’s day, is taken out and carried in great and splendid procession. While I was behind the altar, an English gentleman had been conducted within the rails by another priest. He seemed quite excited, and,

finding that I spoke the English, exclaimed, in great anger: "What abominable nonsense!—they will not let my wife (who was standing outside) enter or approach the altar!" I replied to him, that I understood them to say, that no woman is ever allowed, or has been for three hundred years, to go near the shrine—and this prohibition was meant as a token of indignation against Herodias, for having murdered the saint. Addressing the priest, and inquiring whether that were the fact, he replied affirmatively, which seemed to appease the Englishman's rage—but his lady remained outside the screen.

*October 8th.* SAN REMO.—Our journey, this day, has been through scenery equally grand and picturesque with that of yesterday. The terraces, on which the old olive trees grow, are very numerous, and carried far up the mountain side. The road often went for miles through olive groves. The ground on which they grow is kept clear of weeds and grass, and is regularly manured and stirred. Many of the trees were evidently several centuries old. The straggling, crooked branches and gnarled trunks of the olive trees, together with their grey-looking foliage, were unlike anything I had ever seen or imagined. We passed through Pietra, Logna, Borghetta, Cerialc and Albenga. While we stopped at the last-named place to water the horses, I strayed along the beach to see them fish for sardines, in which business we found many, in different places, engaged. We dined at Alassio, and passed through Lingueglia, Cervo, Diano Merino, Oneglia (where we dined), Porto Maurizio, San Lorenzo and several other smaller towns, and reached San Remo a little before seven o'clock—where we stopped at the Hotel Palma. Passing the headland before we came to Porto Maurizio, and looking back, we had a splendid view. The road runs up the mountain brow full one thousand feet from the water below. We counted seven different towns, and a dozen churches, appearing in different places, among extensive forests of the olive trees. Porto Maurizio is, in part, built upon a rocky hill, that rises from the water's edge, and contains a splendid church, the tower and cupola of which are all of white marble; but, like all the towns through which we have passed, its streets are exceedingly narrow—just wide enough for a carriage to get through—to do which with safety, those in the street were necessitated to enter the houses or step into openings along the sides of the streets. Arches are thrown across the street at high elevations, apparently to keep the houses from leaning over against each other. The upper part of San Remo, which is built upon the higher part of the hill, is impassable to carriages. The streets in it are exceeding narrow, and the houses, as they rise on one side, are in an embankment on the other, and so

woven together by arches, that persons might travel from one part to another, and all over it, without descending into the streets. These towns evidently owe their plan of construction to the times when it was necessary, in order to guard against marauding invaders, that the population should dwell closely together, and be better able to fortify, and resist a foe.

*October 9th.* Reached Nice this P. M. about seven o'clock. We dined at Mentone, having passed through Bordighiera, which is an ancient castle, finely situated under olive yards climbing the mountain sides. Here the palm tree appears frequently, many of which are swathed round, for the purpose of increasing the growth of the branches—said to be used in processions on the Sunday, deriving its festal name from their use among certain religionists. *Perinaldo*, the birth-place of the celebrated astronomer Geau Dominico Cassini, and of Monaldi, his nephew, as celebrated. Bordighiera, with the rural communes of Compo Bosso, Vallo Crossa, San Riagio, Soldano, Vallebuono and Sasso, once formed a Republic distinct from that of Genoa, though under its supremacy. The road runs mostly low, and sometimes near the shore from Bordighiera to Ventemiglio, once the capital of the Intimelian Ligurian tribes. The Catholics say that St. Barnabas was its first bishop. It stands on the north side of a high hill, which juts out perpendicularly into the sea, and on the top of which is an ancient castle. The road crosses a long wooden bridge over the Roja before entering the town. The streets are so narrow and rough and steep, that we had to alight from our carriage and walk. Here we saw some large and beautiful peaches, some of which we bought for a sous apiece, but their texture and flavor were not at all equal to their appearance;—disappointed in them, we abandoned them to our vetturino. As the street turns and winds up the hill, you pass a cathedral, which stands on the little terrace between the winding of the road, along its base on one side, and level with its roof on the other. Soldiers are kept stationed in the castle towering above it at the summit of the mountain, which gives it quite an imposing appearance. The next town to which we came, was Mentone, where we stopped to dine, at the Hotel de Turin. This town and Monaco, which lies off from the road, on a hill near the sea side, are the principal parts of the dominions of the Prince of Monaco—a petty monarch of the Grimaldi family, who holds the right of sovereignty, receiving rents in kind and thirlage, which he spends, half among his subjects, and the rest in Paris, where he resides, while he puts his kingdom under the protection of the King of Sardinia, allowing him to station soldiers there. I visited the churches here, and clambered up the

steep streets to an old castle, in ruins, on the top of the hill, which I found was used as a cemetery. A few tombs and vaults seem to have been appropriated by the more wealthy, while two or three vaults served for the general use. One of them was not closed, and the other imperfectly. It would seem that, after the flesh decays, the bones are disinterred and placed in the only room of the castle which remains. Hundreds of skulls and bones lay confusedly together in one corner of the room—a hideous sight.

The road, after leaving Mentone, climbs the mountain by the pass of Roccabrunna, and reaches a very lofty height of several thousand feet. Vineyards and olive-yards are found wherever there is soil enough to admit of the structure of terraces; and the road is shaded with rhododendrons, oleanders and plane trees. Roccabrunna is situated on a rock of breccia, which, it is said, has sunk several hundred feet without damaging or disturbing the castle and buildings. As we passed up the mountain, the clouds, which, for some time, we had seen gathering, poured upon us a heavy rain; but, ascending further, the atmosphere became clearer, and we could look down through an opening in the clouds below, to Monaco and Roccabrunna, and see them like gems studded in silver. The scene was exceedingly captivating. The ascent and descent occupied us about five hours. I was exceedingly interested with the geological phenomena this country presented. Granite, trap, breccia, conglomerate, sandstone and limestone, made their appearance in quick succession, sometimes. The whole masses presented the appearance of great disruptions and contortions effected by the upheaving force, producing chasms and cracks, which were filled up as with material washed into them.

The ride of the last three days has been, to me, more replete with varied interest, than any portion of my journey in Europe. The opportunity for geological observations itself was sufficient to compensate for the time and expense. The road leads you along the foot and over the sloping sides and bluffs of the Maritime Alps, where they terminate abruptly in the sea. These declivities, in many places, are as steep below as above the water—the depth, at a short distance from the shore, measuring hundreds of fathoms. The traveller is conveyed over a road, now winding around the curvatures or indentures in the coast, and then on ledges, climbing, in a zig zag course, upon the face of the precipitous escarpments of the mountains. As you ascend and descend, abundant opportunities are afforded to study the geological structure of the rocks composing the Alpine declivities. The great mass of them are of secondary formation; but it is obvious that they have suffered immense disturbance—those of the primary

formation appearing abundantly wherever the elevation indicates intensity in the upheaval force. In the beds of the valleys, or at the mouths of the gorges, the strata are composed of gravel, marl, sand and marine shells, sometimes elevated above the sea from one to two hundred feet. These strata are generally horizontal, or showing somewhat varying and undulating lines, and are evidently composed of the debris of the mountain, produced by the disturbance and disruption of the lower strata by the upheaval force that thrust the lower and older rock through their beds, and carried a portion of them up with them. So far from being led to believe, with Mr. Lyell, in the gradual and long-protracted operation of these upheaval forces, and the slow growth of these immense mountain masses,—to my eye, the scene demonstrated very rapid transmutations, and the simultaneous action of immense floods and torrents during that of the upheaval forces.

The Alps tower to the height of several thousand feet, with bold, precipitous outlines; and the deposits and disrupted strata vary in thickness along the coast—attaining less height, by several hundred feet, at Genoa, from what they do at Nice. I saw far more proof, that convinced me of the conjoint and rapid action of the volcanic forces, producing and co-operating with a general deluge, by the upheaval of the old ocean beds and the subsidence of the old continents, as Moses' language, naturally and easily interpreted, plainly implies—than of the slow and gradual processes, which many geologists seem to think they must assume. I see no satisfactory reason yet offered for such assumptions; nor do I think that, in denying them and calling for better proof than any yet offered, any man risks his reputation; at least in the present very imperfect and confused state of the often contradictory theories, given forth oracularly as science—which can lay no just claim to it, and, at best, are but smuggled, and imposed upon the ignorant and unobservant as facts. The man who will assume what Prof. Hitchcock lays down as the established principles or postulates of geological science, cannot but have as confused views as this estimable man appears to me to betray in other respects—who, whatever reputation he may deserve as a reporter of facts, when well established, can certainly make no just claim to logical power or accuracy. He has utterly failed in the exhibition of anything even like proof of the positions he laid down in the Biblical Repository, some seventeen years ago, and called established principles, when replying to some criticisms of Prof. Stuart. If such be the vague, illogical, ill-defined principles—mere beggings of the question, *non sequitur* inferences, or bold assumptions, mingled with reported facts—on which Geology

rests, we shall never be able to respect it as a science, or the logic of its self-lauding advocates. In the study of Geology, as far as it is a science, I take a deep interest; but the notions and explanations of admiring savans, however tessellated with reported facts, and sometimes so blended with them, in a sort of attractive mosaic, are not to be thrust upon us *ex cathedra*; nor the mouths of those who object to their logic closed by such a self-complacent bluffing off as the learned Professor of Geology attempted, when he remarked—"I am satisfied that the *tout ensemble* of evidence in support of this principle (a principle, by the by, which is made up of an assumption not proved, and an inference from it wholly a *non sequitur*) can never be so expressed in words as to make much impression on the mind, even of an intelligent man who has no *practical* acquaintance with geology."

*October 10th.* Although it rained, occasionally, quite hard upon us as we descended the mountain to Nice, along the road leaving the coast, there was something very grand and exciting in the scene. We reached the city early yesterday afternoon, and took up our abode in the Hotel des Etrangères, where we found excellent quarters. The population of this city is about 30,000. The streets of the older part of the place are, like all the other cities we have seen, quite narrow, and by no means clean. New streets, terraces and squares invite the abode of visitors, presenting a more attractive appearance. But I should not relish a winter abode, for health, in this place. Its sheltered position, exposed only to the mild winds from the south across the sea, give it, in general, a climate almost tropical; yet, when the winds come down from the north, rushing through the mountain gorges, the temperature is by no means what I should think would be favorable to invalids. As a watering place inviting to visitors, it has not been said, I should judge, without foundation, whatever may have been its reputation as a place of resort for consumptive and other patients, "there are gaiety, idleness, sickness and death." It has some manufactures of silk, and its exports are chiefly oil, wine and fruit. A fine terrace, in the new town, affords a very extensive and beautiful prospect.

I worshipped, to-day, in the English church. The congregation was numerous, many English residents and travelers being here; but there was nothing especially worthy of notice in the religious services. The day has been rainy, and most of the time has been spent in my own apartment. I observe that the pomegranate and fig, with the prickly pear and the aloe, as well as the palm and the olive, are quite abundant in the gardens. In Villafranca, which lies close to the shore, and, like Mentone, is more protected than

Nice from the northern blasts, the climate is said to be milder in the winter, so that oranges, lemons, cherubias and olives are successfully cultivated. It is preferable, on this account, for invalids.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

*Passports—Villa Pellavicino—Leghorn—Florence.*

GENOA. *October 12th.* Left Nice last evening at six o'clock, in the steamboat Dante; and arrived this A. M., about six. The evening was rough, and the wind blew strongly ahead, carrying a heavy sea. I was unexpectedly exempted from sickness or any disagreeable feeling, and slept well through the night, rising in the morning just as we entered the harbor.

Our passports had been taken from us upon our arrival at Nice, and as we were told, were delivered to the police, where we were required to report ourselves. Upon inquiring for them we were answered, that they would be *vised*, and we should find them at "the bureau" of our hotel. On Monday, when we inquired for them there, we were told, that they had been delivered to the Captain of the steamboat, who would keep charge of them, and we would find them at Genoa, when we arrived there. In the meantime, although Nice is in Sardinia, and they had been *vised* in Turin for Tuscany, Rome, and all Italy, and again at Genoa, before we left there for Nice, yet had we to pay several francs for something done to them, we knew not what.

As soon as the boat was anchored in the harbor the Captain went ashore, to report his arrivals, and, as he told us, to deliver our passports to the police. After his return, somewhere about half an hour, a boat, with custom house officers, came along side. These officials, having entered, and made some inquiries and examination, ordered the baggage to be all brought on deck. This done, we were told we might go ashore. Boats from the shore, in great numbers, were quickly in attendance. We were passed, first under the inspection of the custom house officers, and then of the police; but without any further examination of our baggage, which were but three *Sacs de Nuit*.

We expected to remain in Genoa only through the day. There being about time enough to see the Villa Pellavicini, before sailing for Leghorn, and having, already, seen all we desired of Genoa, we took a voiture, and a valet de place, who had obtained permission for us in a written note, signed by the clerk of Signor Pellavicini, to visit his Villa, about eight miles distant from the city. I was desirous to see a genuine Italian villa, and was fully gratified.

## LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS.

BY WARREN ISHAM.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

*Adieu to the Beautiful Valley of the Nile,—A Gloomy Pass of a Hundred Miles,—The Quarries of Silsily,—Arrival at the Cataracts and the Confines of Nubia.*

Leaving Edfou, we were soon borne beyond the limits of the beautiful and fertile valley, which, for hundreds of miles, I had traversed with delight. Henceforward, to the southern boundary of Nubia (something more than a hundred miles), the ledges draw in closely upon the river, contract the intervale almost to a mountain defile, and sometimes, even, the precipices overhang the river itself—only occasionally retiring, so as to form a small plain, which, if it be not covered with sand-drifts, is too elevated to be benefitted by the annual overflow, and is nearly barren.

In the midst of this long, dreary and desolate region, are located the quarries of Silsily, which furnished most of the stone used in the construction of the stupendous works of art at Thebes and other localities. Some of the quarries I found to be cut into the mountain, so as to form grottoes, whose departments are embellished with paintings of high finish, and of the same general character with those in the tombs I have described. There is one quarry whose excavations are more than a mile in length, twenty rods in width, and eighty feet in depth. The roadways, over which the immense blocks of stone were transported, and the wheel-tracks of the carriages used, are plainly visible. A little imagination would convert them into railroads. Steps and footholds, cut in the ledge to facilitate access to different localities, are also to be seen. And here lie huge blocks of stone, quarried and partly chipped, and left unfinished; while others are but partially disengaged from their native bed, and others still merely laid off in outline. A little way off is to be seen that fabulous monster, the Sphinx, blocked out and partly wrought into form, and the chips looking as new and fresh as though it was but yesterday abandoned by the workmen. It is not unlikely, that some great battle turned the tide of fortune against the proud monarch who then reigned, arrested the pursuit of his ambitious projects, and put an end

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forever to the multiplication of those works of art, which raised ancient Egypt as much above all other nations, as modern Egypt has sunk beneath them.

Still further on, in this dismal mountain pass, at a point where the ledges recede from the river, lie the ruins of the ancient city of Koum Ombus, which are four miles in circumference, and are nearly buried in the sand. Portions of the remains of a magnificent temple, however, are still visible. This city, comparatively of modern origin, was built by one of the Ptolemies, not more than two thousand years ago.

Emerging from this barren, confined and tedious solitude, we soon arrived, to my great joy, at the town of Assouan. This was the ancient Syene, the frontier town of Egypt, where the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies expended their treasures upon fortifications and works of art. The present town of Assouan, however, does not occupy the site of ancient Syene, though it is immediately adjoining it,—the inhabitants having been driven from the latter by the plague, which swept off twenty-one thousand inhabitants at one time.

Just above Assouan, is what is called the cataract—though, in fact, it is nothing but a rapid. From the descriptions of the ancients, however, it appears to have been once a fall, characterized by great beauty and sublimity. Then, the passage of the river was so impeded at this point, that Nubia and Abyssinia were blessed with an annual overflow, and the valley of the Upper Nile, though quite contracted, teemed with the fruits of the earth, as that of the Lower Nile continues to do to this day. Above this, however, for long stretches of travel, the contracted interval is quite barren and mostly uncultivated, and the inhabitants few, poor, squalid and destitute; but I did not penetrate far into it.

Above the rapids, within the borders of Nubia, is the Island of Philoe, which is famous for its remains of ancient temples—among which I lingered with delight. Upon this small, barren island, are the ruins of no less than eight temples, of Egyptian style and origin—some of them of great magnificence. A beautiful colonnade, adorned with nine massive columns, and presenting an aspect of grandeur, first arrested my attention. Through a passage-way near by, entrance is made into a large court. As you enter it, to the right is a majestic propylon to a temple equally majestic, while to the left is another colonnade, leading to the river bank, on one side of which, thirty-six columns are still standing in a straight line, and on the other nineteen. Next comes a smaller court, flanked on each side by a colonnade, &c., &c. The decorated hieroglyphs are beautifully

wrought, and retain their original brilliancy. In one apartment, the columns are richly sculptured, and painted in the most vivid colors—especially the capitals; the ceiling has a bright blue ground set with stars, which seem to twinkle as from a firmament. It was with reluctance I turned my steps from these interesting remains.

I have spoken of the cataract; on each side of it rise those mountains of rose-colored granite, from which the famous obelisks, columns, statues, &c., which adorn the temples of ancient Egypt, were taken—and an obelisk about eighty feet long, partly quarried, still remains in its original position. Columns in a rough state, of nearly the same dimensions, and huge blocks of stone, thirty or forty feet in length, cloven from the rock, are also to be seen. And there, too, are traces of the chisel and the drill, and also of the massive wedges made use of to cleave the mountain rock.

The bases of these granite ledges underlie the river, and rear themselves up in little peaks and islets in its midst, among which the impetuous current dashes, foams and roars—presenting a scene of wild magnificence, which contrasts beautifully with its quiet and peaceful passage hence all the way to the sea.

Just below the cataract, is the island of Elephantine, which is beautified, not only with ancient remains, but also with a luxuriant vegetation; while, upon the barren waste all around it, scarcely a green thing is to be seen. This delightful island, which abounds in tropical fruits and which, as contrasted with the country around it, seems a sort of paradise, is inhabited exclusively by Nubians, a people far superior, in many respects, to their Arab neighbors. They are of a jet black color, but have neither the flat nose, thick lips or sloping forehead of the negro. They are, physically, well formed and handsome, and bear a stronger resemblance to the ancient Egyptians, as depicted in the temples, than any race I have seen.

Fragments of bricks and pottery are strewn over a great part of the island, and in the midst of them I found a very ancient temple, presenting many interesting features—a pilastered gallery, of great beauty, extending all around it. Fragments of other edifices, of still greater magnificence, are to be seen near it.

Of the town of Assouan I have said nothing—nor is there much to be said, the decline of its commercial intercourse with Ethiopia having undermined its prosperity and divested it of all its importance. There are some remains of its former splendor near it, but they are well nigh buried in the sand. The ancients make mention of a well here, so situated as to reflect the disk of the sun entire at noonday—proving that it was directly under the tropic; but no trace of it can be found,

and it is contended that, at the present day, the tropic is half a degree further south. It follows, then, that either the pole of the earth has changed its position, or that there was some mistake about the matter. The existence of such a well, however, is spoken of by ancient geographers as a well-attested fact. The matter seems to be involved in inexplicable mystery.

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#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### *The Nubian Slave Dealer.*

Nearing the confines of Nubia, I met with a group of dark-visaged people, one of whom towered in manly stature above the rest, manifestly a superior, whose will was law. Him I approached, and drawing upon my stock of Arabic to its utmost, with some aid from my man Mahmoud, I found no difficulty in striking the *key-note* to his ready colloquial powers.

He was a Nubian Slave dealer, on his way north into Egypt, to dispose of his stock in trade, the sable children of the desert.

And do you sell your own countrymen? said I. No, he never did that, they were not Nubians he dealt in, but negroes from the regions beyond, from Sennaar, Darfur, and Kardofan. He would not be guilty of selling a Nubian—that would be monstrous!

But Nubians are bought and sold—are they not? He replied, that they were to some extent, but not much; they were a very superior people.

But have you no scruples in seizing people of another nation or tribe, and forcing them away from friends and country, to sell them into Slavery? O, he never did that, was the quick reply. He bought them already captured, already separated from friends, and in the market, and if he had not bought them, somebody else would.

And who captures them? Who tears them from their homes? Who brings them into market? Sometimes, he said, they were captives taken by a victorious tribe, and sometimes they were hunted down by bad men who made it a business. The wild Arabs (Bedouins), he said, were great men-stealers, and were the terror of the solitudes of the desert. They would lie concealed for days, watching their opportunity to seize upon the natives, as they crossed the desert alone, or in small groups, from village to village. Mounting their well-trained steeds, they would give chase, bounding over the desert like the gazelle, and the poor terrified creatures, like a brood of chickens at the approach of a hawk, would flee every way in affright; but, no hiding

place could they find. Howling with despair, they were forced away into Slavery. He could never be guilty of such a thing as that. He never made any man a Slave, but as somebody would buy them, he might as well make the speculation as any one else.

I asked him if the business was profitable? Not very, he replied, so many of them died, (at least one third), before he got them to market, and then there was so little demand, and the price was so low, (not more than ten pounds a head) that there was very little to be made; not good business, he added, like it is in your country, where there is such a great demand, and great prices, and where slaves do all the work.

This brought me to a full stop. "Not profitable like it is in your country!" I felt like retiring, but, rallying again, I demanded an explanation. The amount of it was, that in one of his expeditions into Egypt, he had met with a Dr. Hunt, (I think that is the name) from Louisiana, who had given him a most glowing account of our "peculiar institutions," and he was on tiptoe to know more about the matter.

I told him, that very true, slavery existed to a shameful extent in my country, but it was generally admitted to be a very great wrong to humanity, and that efforts were making to put an end to it among us.

He agreed with me, that it was wrong, and said, that after he had made another hundred pounds, he intended to give up the business.

P. S. Since this conversation occurred, Slavery has been abolished in Egypt, and if my Nubian friend is still intent upon another hundred pounds before he gives up the business, whither will he direct his steps to get away from the advancing light of civilization? I have not yet seen announced his arrival upon our shores. And, should he come to this inviting field, it is by no means certain, that he might not find the system of slavery in our country of so different a type from that of Egypt, as it was, that his sensibilities might revolt at the idea of embarking in the traffic. Slaves *there*, I found, were the inmates of the families of their owners, as much as their own children were, being treated with much kindness and indulgence, while the upward path to distinction, was equally open to them. And when they rose to distinction, so far were they from being ashamed of their former condition, that they boasted of it, while all around them were ready to award to them the credit of having risen by their merits. Such a one, said the great Pacha, naming one of his generals, "has the best connections—he *was* bought."

Still we should like to hear, that Ahmed had made his appearance among us, and to listen to the audible expression of his moral reflex-

tions upon witnessing the new, and (to him), strange phases which American Slavery would present.

We met him the second time in Cairo, on our return. A number more of his slaves had died, and he had disposed of the remainder so low as scarcely to save himself. He aided me much, both by counsel and active effort, in fitting out a caravan to cross the "Long Desert," for which I shall ever hold him in grateful remembrance.

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#### CHAPTER XXXV.

*Floating down the Nile—Sketches of the Oasis, and of the Eastern and Western Deserts.*

Having reached the end of my journey in a southerly direction, and finished my explorations at this point, we were ready to set out on our return. As the north wind was still blowing, the long sweeps to which the sails were attached, were disengaged from their fastenings, and laid upon the deck, extending from end to end, and the boat, thus dismantled was abandoned to the current, there being nothing but the naked hull to oppose resistance to the wind. Very little progress was made during the night, however, for I never awakened, without finding the boat upon a sand-bar and the men all asleep. And after arousing them, and getting again afloat, but little time would be passed before they would all be sound asleep again, and the boat as fast aground as it was before, a contingency which was guarded against during the day to a considerable extent, by the use of poles. Thus abandoned, it floated like a log, sometimes bow foremost, and sometimes stern, but oftener with its length across the stream, and making a speed of about forty miles a day and a night. It was rather an uncouth way of sailing, but better than no way at all, and we must either submit to it or stay where we were until the wind should come round, a change which might not occur for many days, and which did not until we had floated seven hundred miles down the stream. An excellent opportunity, however, was thus afforded me to explore the country, and note down the results.

The most tedious portion of the way of course, lies through the barren mountain defile to which the valley of the Nile contracts toward the southern boundary of Egypt, of which I have spoken, there being nothing to relieve the eye for more than a hundred miles, save the buried ruins of Ombus, and the quarries of Silsily, and there is neither opportunity, nor temptation to ramble upon the banks.

As we are floating past this dreary waste, I will beguile the tedium of the way by giving some account of the deserts, between which reposes the lovely valley through which the Nile threads its way to the sea, and the information I shall give, will not be less valuable for not having been obtained as the result of my own personal observation. It would give me great pleasure to be able to say, that I had seen it all, but I could not go every where, and see everything. Fortunately, however, I have fallen in with an intelligent and enterprising traveler, from whose diary I transcribe the following facts:

Eastward, between the Nile and the Red Sea, the desert varying from 80 to 147 miles across, is broken into a succession of mountain ridges, hills and valleys, which latter present patches of coarse herbage here and there, well adapted to the appetite and masticating powers of the Camel. The whole region is sparsely inhabited by Bedouin Arabs, who live in tents, and sustain themselves mainly by Camel-breeding, for supplying the Egyptian market, principally at Esne. They also bring gum, senna, and some charcoal made from the acacia trees, to the same market.

Through this dreary region, from Coptos on the Nile, below Thebes (now in ruins), to Berenice on the Red Sea nearly opposite Assouan, there was, in the time of the Romans, a great commercial thoroughfare, by means of which intercourse with India was kept up. Ten wells, marking the different stages on the route, still exist, though it was long since abandoned for a much shorter one from the same point on the Nile to Cosseir on the Red Sea nearly opposite, the latter being only eighty miles, while the former, running obliquely, was 250 miles. The Cossier route is traveled by the great annual Caravan of upper Egypt in its pilgrimage to the tomb of the prophet, which returns laden with the gum, fruits, and spices of Arabia.

Berenice is also in ruins, though the harbor is said to be a good one. Some seventy miles to the north of it, and twenty-five miles from the sea, are to be seen the Emerald Mountains, once so famous for the precious stones they yielded, rearing themselves up to a height of ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Occasionally, here and there, a little verdure, a few date trees, a well and a grottoe, mark the spot where some anchorite wore away his life under the rigid austerities of his order. Two Monasteries surrounded by date, olive, and apricot orchards, on the Red Sea, and occupied by Copts, still exist.

A few wild animals, as the Hyena, the Jackal, the wild dog, the antelope, and the gazelle, claim this desert as their own.

The western side, of the valley of the Nile is bordered by the Lyb-

ian desert, which loses itself in the great desert of Sahara, the latter spreading itself over nearly the whole of northern Africa, stretching three thousand miles away. The ancients represent these deserts as being spotted with Islands of verdure, and compare them to a leopard skin. These green spots were called by the Greeks Oases, or "Islands of the blessed," all else being one vast ocean of sand, often driven by the winds in clouds which darken the air, overwhelming and destroying whole caravans which make their way across them by the aid of the North Star, the heat by day being too intense for traveling. In one instance two thousand persons thus perished.

Again I quote from the diary of my friend: Directly opposite to Thebes, six or seven days journey into the Lybian desert, is the Great Oasis, so called, consisting of several patches separated by sand drifts, and extending nearly one 100 miles northward in a direction parallel with the Nile. It is beautified here and there with gardens and palm groves, a sure indication of rivulets of water running through them.

Remains of ancient Egyptian architecture similar to those found upon the Nile, are to be seen here, and among them, the ruins of a large temple, the columns, cornice, hieroglyphical symbols, &c., showing it to be of Egyptian origin, and on a magnificent scale.

The streets of the principal town, El Karjah, are not more than four or five feet wide, are purposely made tortuous, and covered by the projecting roofs of the houses, to shut out the sand, which may frequently be seen drifting into heaps in sight of the town.

Near this town is what appears to be another, but upon nearing it, it is found to be a city of the dead, consisting of square structures with domes, and some of them with corridors running all round, and presenting a very beautiful appearance at a little distance, there being not less than two or three hundred of them, all containing mummies, or fragments of them. Some of them are of considerable size; one has aisles like our churches, and has the sign of the cross and pictures of saints upon its walls, being evidently once appropriated to christian worship. These tombs are thought to be of Roman origin.

Near a hundred miles to the west of the Great Oasis, is the Western Oasis, on it are twelve villages of Bedouin Arabs. El Cazar is the principal town, and is delightfully located upon an eminence, and surrounded with groves of palm, acacia, citron, and other trees. Indigo is produced here. Some ruins are also to be seen upon this oasis.

Directly north of the Great Oasis, and nearly in a line with it, is the Little Oasis, which is a valley surrounded by high rocks, forming a plain twelve miles long and six broad. El Kassar is the principal

town, and there is to be seen a well sixty feet deep, whose water rises to a temperature of  $100^{\circ}$  at midnight, and sinks to forty (quite cold) at noon every day. At another village is a spring which colors white flannel immersed in it a jet black in twenty-four hours, an effect doubtless due to the chemical properties of the earth through which the water passes.

The inhabitants live mostly on rice of a very poor quality, and export dates. A large part of the land is at present barren.

But the most interesting Oasis is that of Siwah, the northernmost one of them all, six miles in length and four in width, situated about one hundred and twenty-five miles west of the Nile, its northern extremity being nearly opposite to Cairo. The land is very fertile, and produces abundantly. In its gardens are to be seen the date, the pomegranate, the fig, the olive, the vine, the apricot, the plum, and even the apple. So productive of dates is this Oasis, that nine thousand camel loads are said to have been exported from it in a single year, an amount which seems incredible.

The principal town is a perfect sugar loaf in form, being built around a conical hill, and its narrow winding, covered streets, are like stair cases, and are illuminated with lamps at noon-day.

The houses are very high, a story being added every time a son is married. The town is divided into two quarters, the upper being occupied by married people, and the lower by bachelors and widowers, the latter not being allowed to be out after sundown, but at the peril of a fine.

Upon this Oasis are to be seen what are supposed to be remains of the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon, whose oracle Alexander crossed the desert to consult. The various tribes upon these oases, also those in the eastern desert, are naturally subject to Egypt, and pay some tribute. Some of these tribes are well ordered communities, and seem to be hospitable, while others are little better than free-booters, preying upon each other, and upon all who come in their way.

Though these green spots were designated by a Greek term suggestive of paradisaic delights, they could not have been regarded as very desirable places of abode, for both Greece and Rome made them their Botany Bay. To these solitudes of the Lybian desert, State criminals, including Ministers of the christian church, were not unfrequently condemned to waste their days in hopeless banishment, in the second and third centuries.



## CHAPTER XXXVI.

*A Sighting.—The Crocodile and other Animals of Egypt.*

We are still in the Narrows, which eke out the valley of the Nile, at the southern extremity of Egypt, I and, have just seen a sight. It was what seemed a log, rolling itself over and over down the beach into the water, but was in fact a crocodile. Being short legged, and not very swift of foot, the crocodile takes this method of tumbling itself into the water, in case of sudden alarm.

This species of the lizard tribe, as seen here, is sometimes thirty feet in length, and ten in girth. It is covered with scales, which resist a musket ball, and has an enormous mouth, opening quite to its ears, studded with two rows of teeth in each jaw which lock into each other. It is noted for stratagem and blood-thirstiness, taking its prey by surprise. To this end, it lies perfectly still, or floats quietly along like a log, just even with the surface of the water, apparently heedless of everything, until within reach of its prey, when, with a sweep of its tail, it is scooped into its expanded jaws. Cattle, men and dogs, are said to be its favorite morsels. Its home is in the water, but it frequently crawls out upon the land, where it lies in a quiescent state, but upon being alarmed, it hurries back into its native element in the unceremonious manner above described. Its roar is terrific, like that of some fiend, breaking through the bowels of the earth, and causing one's hair fairly to stand on end.

The crocodile of course was a sacred animal with the ancient Egyptians. It was not allowed to be killed, and was often made a pet of, while it lived, and embalmed when dead. Herodotus, (450 years B. C.), speaking of the people of Thebes, and of those at lake Meros, of his time, says, "each person has a tame, pet crocodile, with pendants of glass and of gold in his ears, bracelets about his fore feet, and he gives him his regular allowance of food daily, and when he dies, he is embalmed, and placed in the sacred tombs."

That other monster of the Nile, the hippopotamus, seems to have retired from Egypt, and is only to be met with above the cataract. It would well be worth a week's journey to see this extraordinary animal, which has been pretty well identified with the behemoth of the scriptures.

This animal, when at full size, is some fifteen or sixteen feet long, and as many in girth, and though his legs are very short, he stands six or seven feet high. He is destitute of scales, and yet his skin is so

thick and solid, as to be proof against a musket ball. In its raw state it is cut, and pared, and rolled into whips, which, in the hands of severe masters, inflict cruel chastisement, and of course are in great demand, and in general use in bastinadoing, &c. Its teeth are used by dentists for the manufacture of artificial ones. No animal, not even the elephant, has so strong a build.

It is with some show of reason, that this animal has been pointed out as the Monster of the book of Job, "whose strength is in his loins," whose "bones are as bars of iron," which "eateth grass like an ox," which "lieth under the shady trees," and "under the covert of the reeds and the fens," and "encompassed about by the willows of the brook." From this description, it is manifest, that he could not have been a sea monster, but must have been an amphibious one of a large river. He is not to be identified with the rhinoceros, though of the same genus, the latter being a native of India.

There is a little creature, which may often be seen here, at the close of the day, stealing across the fields and along the river bank, looking earnestly about, and listening, to avoid danger, while it scents out its prey with fatal precision. It is the *Ichneumon*, upon its mission of destruction, hunting out the eggs of the crocodile, and other destructive and poisonous reptiles, eating some and destroying the rest, leaving "no stone unturned" to accomplish its purpose.

This diminutive animal is said to be easily domesticated, and to be very much at home in the family of which it is the inmate.

In the solitude of the eastern desert, between the Nile and the Red Sea, along the valleys which yield a scanty herbage, can be seen those delicately formed and timid creatures, the antelope and the gazelle, quietly grazing, or bounding away with the fleetness of a bird of the air, at the approach of man.

In the same desert, which is the home of these most harmless and timid of all animals, dwells also that most ferocious, blood-thirsty, and hideous-looking of the whole animal tribe, the hyena, which prowls about the grave, and gnaws its sweetest morsel from human bones.

More fit companion with the hyena, in these solitudes, is the Jackal. The twain, are none too good, however, to prey upon each other, and both are in their best moods, when scenting out dead bodies upon the track of the caravan. But the bodies of animals are quietly left to the jackal, when human corpses can be found to pamper the appetite of the hyena.

Of the larger carnivorous animals, such as the lion, the tiger, the leopard, the panther, the wolf, and the bear, there are none either in Egypt, or the contiguous deserts, there being no forests to shelter them

in the valley of the Nile, and nothing on which they can subsist in the solitudes of the desert. For the same reason, the different kinds of game so abundant in the forests of some other countries, and especially of new countries, are not to be found here. The rabbit, however, I have seen bounding over the sands of the desert. And I saw what seemed a species of fox darting from my sight amid the ruins of Thebes.

Of course then, the variety of wild animals, and of game of every sort, must be very limited; both in the valley of the Nile and in the deserts, which spread themselves out on either hand.

The "wild beasts" which infested the desert in the days of Abraham, and to which Joseph was represented by his brethren as having fallen a prey, while on their journey into Egypt, were doubtless the same which still prowl through its solitudes, the hyena and the jackal. It is not the wild beasts however, but the wild men of the desert, which are now the terror of the traveler.

Whether, among the highly favored animals of Egypt, the hyena ever attained to the honors of deification or not, it certainly had as high claims to divine honors, as any other beast. One would have thought that the trick Cambyzes, the Persian, played upon the defenders of ancient Pelusium, would have shown them the ridiculousness of this grovelling devotion. But no, as they saw him advancing under the protection of the deities they worshipped, the cats and dogs, which he shrewdly ordered to be borne in front of his army, their hearts sank within them, not a weapon was raised, and the city fell an easy prey to the conqueror.

And is it possible, that the people who were so debased as to worship even reptiles as deities, were the authors of the stupendous works of art I have described? Even so; in the one case, they showed an imbecility which excites our pity and disgust: in the other, they evinced a boldness of conception, and a power of execution which excites our astonishment.

As a redeeming consideration, it has been suggested, however, that, as Sabaism, or the worship of the luminaries of heaven, was the earliest and purest form of idolatry, and, as several of the different constellations or groups of stars, have the names of animals, as Taurus (a bull), Leo (a lion), Aries (a ram), Scorpio (a scorpion), it was but natural that in time the worshipper should transfer his regards to the animal itself, as a symbol of the constellation, and that gradually the original object should be lost sight of, the animals be deified, and their number multiplied so as to embrace the long list of birds, beasts and creeping things to which the ancient Egyptians bowed themselves down.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

*Human nature in Egypt—eight different sorts of folks in other countries—not one of whom is to be seen in Egypt.*

Onward we drift, and, as we are borne along by the flowing tide, I will devote the passing hour to the new and strange edition of human nature, whose ample volume is opened upon me here—a theme by no means less fruitful in interest to me, than the architectural wonders I have described.

The opportunities I have enjoyed of extending my acquaintance even with the brute creation, have passed pleasantly away. Indeed, it is one of the luxuries of travel, to ramble through zoological gardens, and note new and strange varieties of animals; and as I have passed from country to country, the animals peculiar to each have engrossed a large share of my attention, and made large contributions to the stock of my enjoyment.

And certainly, not less have the new and strange varieties of human kind I have met with, interested my attention, though, there may have been little more than form and accent to identify them.

I have said, that there is nothing in Egypt like anything I had ever seen before, having more particular reference at the time to the queer personal appearance of certain animals I was describing. But the remark applies with even greater force to the people. Never have I seen such a type of human nature in any other country.

By way of illustration, I will specify the various classes which go to make up the bulk of the population of most countries but which are not to be met with in Egypt.

There are the woe-begone and forlorn, victims of misfortune or ill-treatment. These painful objects, to be met with in all our thoroughfares, are no where to be seen in Egypt. The wonderful elasticity of this people under oppressions far more grievous to be borne, than those which have reduced the English peasant to a forlorn remnant of humanity, presents a problem which I brought no key with me to unlock. That they should be so light and volatile, so brimful of enjoyment, singing and dancing to the music of their own chains, when one would look to see them howl with despair, was to me a spectacle to be accounted for on no principle of human nature with which I had become acquainted. True, their aspirations are so lowly, their expectations so small, and their wants so few, as to place them well nigh below the reach of misfortune, and though it does reach them, it is

perhaps disarmed of its sting by that *fatalism*, which is a characteristic of the Moslem faith.

And besides, they have a resource in coffee and the pipe, which never fails them. Weary and drooping, and taciturn, as they may be, these mild stimulants exhilarate them at once, and they will chatter like the swallow, and sing like the lark. They rise in the morning all unstrung, silent and inert, but no sooner have they taken a few whiffs of the pipe, than they begin to brighten up, as though some magic influence had come over them—their tongues are loosed at once and everything is in tune. I have often entered their villages before sunrise in the morning, but never so early that I did not find them collected as above, taking deep draughts of inspiration from coffee and the pipe. They drink their coffee without milk or cream, and without settling, and when I call for a cup, they invariably drink down the grounds which I have left at the bottom, smacking their lips, as though I had left the best part for them.

But, I am sorry to say, that, with all their social, merry-making habits, they are very apt to get into a broil. Indeed, this results almost of necessity, from these very qualities, huddled together as they are, in their villages. And it is really a spectacle to see them in full fight, making passes at each other as though they were dealing death at every blow, and pouring out threatenings and slaughter from their open throats—and that is all. I have often seen them thus engaged, but never saw them courageous enough to come to blows, or do anything more than beat the air with their fists and each other with their tongues. And it is quite as much of a spectacle to see how readily they will cool off, embrace each other, and become jubilant over their coffee and the pipe.

There are no moody men haters here, who, soured by disappointment, and embittered by ill-usage, wrap themselves up in *sullen* seclusion, a prey to tormenting passions,—a most revolting spectacle certainly. These people never thus torment themselves to death, foolishly imagining that in so doing they are taking vengeance upon others. They must be admitted to take the matter quite philosophically.

Then there are your hard-faced men, men who bear upon their countenances the impress of a reckless and hardened character, "living epistles, known and read of all men." But I do not remember to have seen a real hard-faced man in all Egypt, although I have found less moral honesty here than in any other country. The truth is, they become rogues without the hardening process of breaking through the moral restraints which a higher standard of morality would impose. Of course, the desperation of character which that process creates, and

which impresses its image and superscription upon the countenance, cannot be reached in a country where there are no such restraints to be overcome in the downward stride. Your attendants may wear pleasant and benignant countenances, and be really kind and gentle, and yet have no compunctions in robbing you the first favorable opportunity.

Nor are the gold-hardened, who cut themselves off from all sympathy with the race, setting their faces as a flint against the most touching appeals of humanity, to be found here. These people will both beg and steal to get money, but they will divide their last morsel with a fellow man.

*Demure, thoughtful* men, constitute a considerable class in most countries. But there are no contemplative beings here, moving about with downcast eyes, absorbed in their own reflections, and insensible to everything around them. The Egyptian is not a thinking being, any further than his necessities require, as an eating, drinking, merry-making animal—all else may go to the winds for what he cares. No lines of deep, absorbing thought are graven on his countenance.

Nor has care, gnawing at the vitals and corroding the life away, drawn its traces upon him. There are no care-worn, anxious-visaged beings, hurrying along the streets here, as though chased by some fiend.

There are no slow spoken, word-measurers among the Arab population of Egypt. They never stop to think how much dignity they can get up, and what oracles of wisdom they can pass off their empty heads for, by putting a restraint upon the tongue. That would be torture—the Egyptian is essentially a talking being, and talk he will, fast, long and loud. Lone and solitary confinement would be death to him. A solitary goose, or a solitary pigeon might live it out somehow, but a solitary Egyptian with nothing to talk to, would be the loneliest of all solitary beings, and would probably die with inconsolable grief.

Again, there are no sneaks in Egypt. I have found them everywhere else. England is full of them, and our own country has enough and to spare. There are poverty-smitten sneaks, purse-worshipping sneaks, clown-bred and natural-bred sneaks, literary sneaks, moral sneaks, and sneaks in general, a numerous tribe, who crawl at the feet of their superiors, with scarcely a sufficient stock of manhood to lift up their heads and look one in the face. But I have never yet met with the first sneak in Egypt. The most abject of them all will accost you with uplifted head, and with a sprightliness of air, and independance of bearing which confounds you. Said an Englishman to me, "Why those

fellows will speak to you just as though they were your equal"—a strange spectacle to him.

The beggars even, are not an exception. In other countries, the beggars will come sneaking about you, making up hideous faces, whining, and telling their pitiful tales. But you will not find a beggar in all Egypt to do that. He neither sneaks about you, nor makes up faces, nor whines, nor tells pitiful tales, to move your sympathy. On the other hand, he approaches you like one who has a demand upon your purse, and laughs in your face while he cries, "*bucksheish! bucksheish!*" and if you do not respond at the first call, he only bawls the louder. He seems to regard himself as a component part of humanity, and you as another, and it looks to him quite clear, that if you are blessed with more of the good things of this life than himself, you ought to divide with him, as readily as he would divide his crust with you.

The peasantry of Egypt are literally all beggars. In passing along the river bank, and through the fields and villages, the cry of "*buck-sheish!*" is eternally ringing in one's ear; nor is it a mere pretence to get money; while they approach you thus unceremoniously, they are more needy than most of the whining, canting beggars of other countries.

But that they should exhibit such an independance of bearing, kicked, cuffed, pounded, and trampled on as they are—that they should not lie down and crawl, and supplicate, like the oppressed of other countries, is a mystery to me, and to be accounted for only on the supposition that they have so little self-respect, as to feel no sense of degradation under their oppressions.

## JOURNAL LEAVES OF A EUROPEAN RAMBLE.

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

## CHAPTER I.

## ON BOARD STEAMER "ASIA," July 4th, 1855.

When the good steamer "Asia" swung loose from her dock, in the port of Boston, on the fourth of July, 1855, amid the farewell blessings of friends and the cheers of the multitude, I felt that, of all the days in the year, this was the very best on which to leave one's Native Land. A stiff breeze, blowing at the moment of casting off, whirled our bulky vessel backward and toward the shore, unexpectedly calling into requisition the services of an anchor ere the crew could steady her to the proper course. The great gun roared over the water precisely at 12 o'clock, and demonstrated the punctuality of the Captain to the hour of advertised departure. The bells of Boston rang joyfully a parting peal; flags waved smilingly from every mast along the wharves; large steamers and small craft of every description floated by us, crowded with excursionists, both old and young; brave old Bunker Hill seemed, in his granite shaft, to have taken giant form, and, high above the city, waived after us, from either hand, that glorious flag once so gallantly defended at his base, and charged us, in the name of Liberty, to remain loyal to the Land of our birth.

We all take it for granted, while we toil at the heavy oar of daily labor, that patriotism dwells at our heart and the love of the Union is deeply rooted about its living fountains; but let a man set his sail for foreign shores on the day of her National glory, when the great heart of the Nation is palpitating with patriotic emotion, and ascending in grateful shouts like sweet incense to Heaven; let him see the light of her beauty shining from ten thousand flags, all streaming her heroic history to the gentle winds,—and then remember that perchance, like the man who goeth into a far country, he may see her again no more forever—and, my word for it, he will realize that his *amor patriæ* is a deeper and stronger living principle within, than he had ever before imagined—that, next to the love he bears his Maker and his mother, his Native Land has the largest share.

Thus were we surrounded with holy influences, as our black and massive Steamer turned her head toward the sea, and commenced

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bearing us out upon its tumultuous waves. The sailors were dragging home the heavy cable that had dropped our larboard anchor, accompanying their labor with a rough chorus, well suited to their monotonous task. From the Navy Yard of Boston, gun after gun rolled its white cloud of smoke across the harbor, and spoke words of farewell to the great ship so soon to disappear from a home horizon. A couple of sailors stood at our two guns, one on either side of the bow, and awaited orders to respond. A fat and burly son of Neptune was superintending the return of the anchor to its place. Our Captain stood aloft on the top of his wheel-house; gay streamers floated from various parts of the rigging over our head, one for each State,—and the mighty arm of the engine was already at work, turning our stupendous wheels. Suddenly, the burly officer leaped to the roof of the forward cabin and issued the command—"Make ready!—fire!" Two black-mouthed iron guns thundered forth their farewell salutation from our larboard bow, another pair bellowed from our starboard; and again and yet again they spoke, until thirteen guns, in honor of the old thirteen States, had rolled their echoes across Boston Common and entered the ears of the giant on Bunker Hill. This tribute to our National birth-day, from a vessel at whose peak floated St. George's cross, was grateful to the American passengers on board, and doubly so as we again swept down past the white-washed wharf where our friends were gathered waving anew their farewell blessings. Some climbed to the top of the spiles and fluttered handkerchiefs or waved their hats after us until they slowly faded from our view. Then a sweeping curve in the course of the Steamer hid the crowded wharf from sight, and broke the last link with home, leaving with us, as the most recent evidence of our Native land, only the wet mud hanging upon the flukes of the anchor!

The sailors are now engaged in cleaning up and covering the brazen rails of the promenade deck with protecting canvass. The old guns have gone to sleep; the streamers, after receiving the salute rendered us by the dropping of the flag at Fort Independence, are borne off under the arm of a Jack tar, as curtains to his bunk,—and the thunder of the "Asia's" wheels is now steadily sounding over the sea.

All parties, wafting back long sighs, now press confusedly into the cabin, and endeavor, with claret and cheese, to preserve a proper equanimity of spirits, and indulge in their first reconnoitering of one another. Here are two hundred and fifty passengers, necessarily shut up with each other for almost a fortnight, and compelled to make acquaintance. It is, therefore, a matter of some anxiety to know who

you have on board, and to speculate as to the probable sort of companionship likely to be found in the cabin and the state room.

An hour has passed, and we are again upon the deck. The headlands are beginning to fade from sight, and old Ocean, bathed in all his cerulean blue, is looking us square in the face. To one who, for the first time, passes out to sea, the color of the water seems singularly blue. The Western lakes show an emerald surface, while the veritable Ocean is indeed "*darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.*" Most of the passengers have passed up to the promenade deck, where some are comfortably seated beneath the awning that, as yet, shelters from the sun; others walking arm in arm; and others still, hanging pensively over the taffrail, dreaming of friends in the rear.

Not very remote from my seat is a young gentleman, earnestly engaged in conversation with a pleasant-faced lady of eighteen or twenty—and fragments of their remarks are overheard by their neighbors. They first chatted about the sea and its tides, then of the "Star" papers, then of the poets of England, next those of Scotland—especially Burns, from whom they both quoted freely and pertinently. Suddenly, the lady begins to grow silent; her responses are few, and strictly monosyllabic; her hand is placed to her head, she complains of uneasy sensations—exclaims, "What long waves! how the vessel swings between them!" Now she grows "cold," and a whiteness appears about her mouth; her eyes swim in their sockets like the ship among the waves; she "would like to go down below," but dare not attempt it. Suddenly, she falls on the shoulders of her companion, and from a pair of rosy lips is expressed a very decided apprehension that she must——. Bah! I cannot write the word. It has already disturbed my own stomach; and, though it fell from the lips of Venus herself, were she now to rise from the sea and utter it over our bulwarks, it would still be the same shocking, abominable word it ever was. I leave her to the mercy of her gallant companion, and escape forward. The perspiration is already starting on my brow, but I bare it to the breeze, which is freshening up, and rally. Looking over the bow, I observe the figure-head to be that of a female representing the continent of "Asia." In her right hand, she holds the wealth of "Omer and of Ind;" in her left, a beautiful bouquet of fresh flowers. Some sailor of taste and sentiment has gathered the pansy, the lily, the daisy, the rose, and lodged them in her keeping. From what country home had they been culled? Into what cottage window and upon what bright faces had they that morning looked? The sun had saluted them in his rising, while fresh with the dews of the garden; he would kiss them "good night" amid the salt spray of

the Ocean. But there they are, extended, apparently, as a propitiatory offering to the stormy King of the Seas; and I accept the thought—nay, more, indulge the hope, that these gentle flowers may win for us, at his hands, gentle breezes and a prosperous voyage.

We dined at four o'clock—that is to say, the majority of the passengers did, and I went into the dining saloon in their company. My place had been wrongfully taken possession of by a clever sort of a Scotchman, and, had it been any other day than the fourth of July, all claim to it would probably have been surrendered. But what American can concede a right (even if it be no more than a seat at the dinner table), to a subject of Great Britain, on the day of Independence? My position was maintained—and yet I felt like the dog in the manger, for my appetite seemed to have been left on shore, and after swallowing a spoonful or two of soup, a silent monitor within ordered me to withdraw, and the order was promptly obeyed.

On reaching the deck, I beheld *undique mare, undique cælum*. The land had already faded from view, and we were plunging on over our watery pathway some sixty miles from Boston Harbor. Tottering forward, I located myself amidships, on the stairs that ran over the larboard wheel house, and gave myself up to meditation. I am not a sailor—never was, and in the years to come, be they few or many, I never expect to be. Whatever Nature may have designed me for, of this I am assured, she never intended me to graduate from the school of Neptune. Like many others, similarly organized, I can enjoy the billows vastly better from some high promontory, with good foundations, than in tumbling upon their bosom. The power of the will, I knew, was often almost omnipotent, and here was a fitting occasion to test it. A cruel conflict had already begun internally, which seriously threatened my peace, yet here upon the wheel-house I was resolved to sit and conquer, if it were possible. Many of the passengers had already yielded to the magic influence of the sea. Some had disappeared, with woe-begone countenances, to their berths below. Others yet maintained a very questionable control of their legs, and, with commendable zeal, trotted their symptomatic corporations, or those of their still more sensitive lady friends, backwards and forwards over the promenade deck. The sudden stagger or the circuitous reel, on their part, would occasionally send a pang through me which threatened an immediate destruction of my precarious quiet. But, by turning the eye again over the far-off waves—not looking at those that swept directly underneath,—I recovered a little and was again at ease. When thus situated, one begins to experience the first wild symptom of sea-sickness—a comparative indifference to

life—a “don’t care” what becomes of yourself or your craft. Your cogitations are somewhat in this wise—at least, mine were: “Should I suddenly become sick to an extent involving a dash toward the sides of the Steamer, it would be necessary to ‘bow the head’ over the iron rod running along the top of the wheel-house, and there I would go. But then suppose the sickness to increase, as it certainly would;—the exhausted frame must gradually sink towards the roof of the busy wheel below, and, in all probability, slip under the rail into the boiling surge. No one would be likely to observe that a passenger had suddenly stepped out of the ship, or, if they did, exhausted nature could not sustain itself long enough for a rescue.” Then the utter indifference with which you contemplated such a possibility takes yet stronger hold, and you begin to fancy that it would be a pleasure—nay, even a glory, thus to go out from the world by Neptune’s wave-bound gate. You wonder why the discontented ones of earth, in whose bosoms lurked suicidal desire, did not come to this wheel-house, and, in the solitude of the night, plunge hence, through the boiling waters, into that mysterious Land toward which they had so long and so unhappily journeyed. You may fight against these feelings, and remind your fascinated or insane spirit that a wife and friends would perchance bemoan such an exit as this—that temporal affairs still have obligations upon you and claim your return to land—that perhaps there is yet a happy round of life in reserve, if you will only consent to receive it; yet still there appears to be a clapping of hands and a calling of voices from the waves, that seem almost certain to win you to their fatal embrace. Thus are you exercised and tormented, while onward rolls the black ship,—and suddenly some friend recalls you to conscious life, and you see that there is only one alternative, and that is, to stick to the ship, and be willing to go down only when she goes—battling through your distresses, meanwhile, as best you can.

While thus musing on the paddle-box, up comes J——, one of our passengers, who had, in the morning, been so eager to be *en voyage*, that noon appeared as tardy as midnight in its coming. But what a change! He drooped all over, even to his neatly-trimmed moustache, and as he drew nigh, revealed the fact that he was already in a suffering condition. The pale streaks of advancing trouble were plainly visible on his melancholy countenance, yet he hesitated to make confession—although virtually telling his own, by inquiring after the particular symptoms of others. He drew forth a cigar, that morning purchased at the “Tremont,” looked very wistfully at it, bemoaned the harsh fate that forbade its enjoyment, and, shaking his head,

restored it again to his pocket, and rushed down below. In five or ten minutes he returned, languor enstamped on his face, and his gay spirit drooping in his eyes. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "what a fool I am! How I regret ever coming on board this infernal boat. Europe! what is it? A darned old country at best, and half rotten at that! I don't want to see it or any of its triumphs of nature or art. What care I for any of them? I feel, just now, as if I could kick St. Paul's with contempt, discharge a tobacco quid at all Paris, and fling a brick at the Pope! Oh! what a fool, what an infernal fool was I, to leave good, sound American soil, and—and——." But here internal commotions compelled another rapid descent below, and a half an hour or more elapsed before he was enabled again to reach the deck.

But evening has advanced upon us, and suddenly we are enveloped in a dense cloud. Moisture, heavy as rain, descends upon our ship, and winter overcoats are soon dampened through. An order is heard from the forward deck, and an old Jack is seen to approach us, rig up something alongside of the steam-pipe, take hold of a rope, and fix his eyes forward. Thinking him a good subject to chat with about our route and rate of speed, we approached the spot where he stood. Suddenly, and just as he was addressed, he pulls the string in his hand, and, horror of horrors! what a fearful scream salutes us! It sounded like ten Hudson River Railroad whistles concentrated into one, and seemed loud enough to have entered the ears of our friends in Detroit. "What in the mischief is that?" cries J——, who, by this time, had regained the deck, and was crawling toward us. "Fog whistle," says old Jack. "Is this a fog in which we are involved?" "Yes, *sur*,—we h'always 'ave them till we get h'off the Banks." "Do you keep this horrid thing at work all the time it lasts?" "H'all the time, *sur*!" And so it was, for, through the silent watches of the night, s-c-r-e-a-m, s-c-r-e-a-m, s-c-r-e-a-m, it sounded upon our ears, like the mourning spirit of the lost "Arctic," hovering over these foggy waters, and warning us against the sad fate that overwhelmed her unhappy crew—so melancholy, so beseeching did its strain at last become.

But, with old Jack of the whistle, we continued our chat.—"Are not the Cunarders stronger than the Collins ships?" "Oh yes, *sur*,—no ships could be stronger than h'ours, they 'ave so much iron and timber in em!" "How many are now in the line?" "Only three now running, but seven in all—the rest are in the Crimea, making money fast, *sur*!"

"Jack," says I, "what is good to cure this deuced sea-sickness? It is tearing the very bowels out of me." "Nothing is good, *sur*," says

Jack, with a grunting kind of laugh, "*it is the motion h'of the boat, zur. Jist bouse around on your legs, zur, 't is h'all you can do for it.*" "Do you think we are going to have rough weather, Jack?—I fancy I see the clouds through this fog." "*Oh no, zur,—shan't 'ave any rough weather this month. You'll 'ave a good ride of it, and by to-morrow night we'll land you in Halifaz.*" "How much of a load and crew have you, this trip?" "*About two hundred and fifty passengers and twenty-eight of a crew, zur.*" "Have you boats enough to float them all, in case of accident?" "*We 'ave eight, zur,—plenty to carry 'em h'all, zur.*"

"Keep that whistle going, there!" shouts Capt. Lott, as he stepped back from the wheel-house, and addressed himself to Jack, who, with an air of apparent neglect of duty, grew suddenly silent. "Perhaps it annoys you, Jack, to have us talking with you while on duty?" "*'Tis not allowed, zur.*" "Good night, old Jack!" we cried—and left him, standing in the drenching fog, with nothing but his duck breeches and a linen blouse over him,—the alarmist of our crew, and the warning herald of our ponderous approach.

"Let's to bed," says W——, another of our passengers, "neither of you feel very bright—so let's descend!" "Agreed," cried all,—and down we went, wending our way, down and down, to the bottom of the well appointed for our lodgings. On reaching the main deck, we observed an old chap with a big copper bucket and a spout to it, ministering grog to the crew. He had a little copper cup with a long handle to it, holding perhaps a gill, which he dipped to the full and passed to the sailors' lips, as they presented themselves in regular succession and in profound silence. How pleasantly they swigged it down, wiping their lips with their tarry shirt-sleeves, and grunting out their satisfaction as the liquid seemed to hit the right spot. "What is that liquor?" we inquired of the Genius who presided over the bucket. "Rum, zur." "How often do you give it to the men?" "We grog them twice a day, zur." "How much each time?" He held up, in reply, the long-handled cup before mentioned, while the sailor who came next in the order of toppers, followed it with jealous eyes, lest, perchance, we might rob him of his nightcap. Here, then, was one of England's old customs, still rigidly adhered to. How it brought back the novel-reading of our boyhood, when we fancied ourselves, through Maryatt's quill, as familiar with a vessel's deck and customs, as with the first page of our Greek or Latin grammars. While we remembered the evils of intemperance, especially among sailors, still, as we saw this liquor taking its oily course down these rough throats, we could not help wishing that the rum was less injurious, so very comforting did it seem to old Jack, on this our first foggy and now rainy night upon the sea.

## TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY GILBERT NATHAWAY, ESQ., OF LAPORTE, IND.

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## CHAPTER V.

Never did a worthy sentinel at his post sound the notes of alarm more valiantly than I did. No reply came from the intruder. Silence reigned supreme—save the low moan of the wind 'mid the limbs of the trees, and the rustling of withered leaves. I listened a few seconds in silence, when a low and apparently suppressed breathing reached my ear. This confirmed my suspicions. I raised myself up still higher from my resting-place. Throwing out my hand, it came in contact with the coarse hair of his head, as he lay crouched by my side. A feeling of horror and alarm seized me. "Great God of mercy!" I cried, fearing his purpose might be murder as well as robbery. I sprang to my feet. Seizing the first thing my hand came in contact with, I stretched myself to full height, standing braced ready for the onset. I demanded why he was there and what he wanted. By the faint light which found its way through the crevices of the logs, I perceived the dark, black object of my dread rise up before me, extending his brawny arms, which, to me, seemed huge. Methought he was about to crush me in his terrible grasp! In an agony of excitement, I exclaimed, "Begone!" Suiting the action to the word, I sent the missile I held in my hand, with all the force I could command. As good fortune would have it, this took effect on his face, accomplishing the desired object,—for he immediately settled down to the floor, and quietly retreated under the house, through a large hole in the hearth. As he passed out, I heard the rattling of his chain, and then discovered that it was the pet bear that had caused my alarm!

In the course of the day, I had put in the pocket of my overcoat a handful of acorns, which, it would appear, he was in pursuit of. The missile I had hit him with, was a bottle of snuff, which the wife of the Doctor had left standing on a bag of corn-meal, from which she had taken the supplies for our supper cake.

Bruin retreated to his nest beneath the floor, and I to mine above, —glad that the battle had terminated so favorably. But both of us

kept up a terrible sneezing for some time, as the contents of the broken bottle were floating, in fine particles, through the apartment.

With two such adventures, sleep was driven entirely from my eyelids; and when the morning light appeared, I deliberately took a survey of the battle-field, with as much complacency, I doubt not, as a commanding general would of an ensanguined field, which would bring him promotion in rank or a marshal's baton.

I left the Doctor's the next morning. My narrative will be continued in my next. I must now bring this to a close, for you must know, I write in a cabin where such a thing as a candle is not known. The only means of light I have, is from two pine-knots, held by two dirty negro boys, one on each side of me,—sitting near the mud fireplace, so that the smoke from the torches may be drawn up the chimney,—with my portfolio on my knee. The knots having been consumed, the boys are tired and sleepy, having, as they suppose, earned their dime each. I must leave you, till I have opportunity of sending you another epistle.

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SHERMAN, Texas.

*Friend K.*—Since writing you from Lowring's Ranch, I have had several days' travel, a portion of which was through a very beautiful country,—and now, seated at a table, in a very different place from what I then was, with quite another sort of light before me (held in a metal stick, bright and clean,—and not as then, in the dirty hand of a living holder) I will endeavor to give you another chapter of the incidents of my journey.

I am spending this day at the house of Mr. R——, who, like many persons you meet in new countries, has passed through the settlement of several new States. A Virginian by birth, he spent the early part of his life in Kentucky—his father having emigrated to that country at an early day. Two years of his life were passed at Pittsburgh—after which he emigrated to Illinois, where he resided several years, during the settlement of that part of the state in which he was located. From Illinois he went to Missouri, and was, for some years, on the confines of civilization in this new country—from which place he came here. Five years' experience has made him quite a Texan. At first, he cultivated a farm; but the female portion of his household finding it too lonesome to reside in the country, with neighbors no nearer than from five to ten miles, he sold his farm, and has come to town; and is now keeping public house, with the hope that his family may see company. But, finding his new business not very profitable, some of his family are endeavoring to have him return to the country



—being willing to forego the company for the sake of a few more dollars.

Thus it is—the poor fellow has been changing his place of residence every few years; and, now that the frost of age has silvered o'er his scattered locks, he is about to settle again on a new place, where he will be deprived of all luxuries and most of the comforts of life, such as his age and tastes require—and which, doubtless, he would have possessed, had he remained in any one place long enough to have them gather around him.

He is a man of much reading and general information. The house is neat, and scrupulously clean—a very novel feature in this portion of the country. Take it all in all, it is a very comfortable place to stop a few days.

Next night we spent at the cabin of a cotton planter—having driven more than thirty miles, through a country equally barren with that above Washington. No settlements, scarcely, were there, to relieve the dull monotony of our weary ride. Here and there, a miserable cabin was visible amid the tall, half-decayed pine trees, with blackened stumps and half-consumed logs scattered around; but no real signs of thrift or comfort. The soil was light and sandy, and whenever an attempt had been made to cultivate it, the cotton stalks were thin and feeble. What few people we met, were lean and lank—passing with a shuffling gait, as if their strength of limb was altogether inadequate to the task of moving their feet.

The night was cold and frosty, much the coldest I had experienced. The house was small and open, and, notwithstanding a large fire was burning on the stone hearth, still, it was so much like being out of doors in the apartment, that it was cold and cheerless.

When I came up to the house, the sun had long since gone to his resting-place, and the shades of night fairly set in. Charles remained at the wagon, while I went to inquire if I could “stop all night with them.” Receiving a favorable answer, I approached the fire, where I stood enjoying its genial rays, when I was asked to walk out to supper and a servant dispatched to the wagon, to inform the gentleman that supper was ready. Soon the boy returned, with the intelligence that “the gemmen was as black as he was, and no more of a gemmen;” at which announcement, the master inquired if I had a servant with me. Being informed on this point, we were led to a cold and cheerless room, through which the first “norther” was whistling its shrill and inharmonious notes.

I was early aroused, the next morning, by the sound of the strokes of the task-master's lash. Hastening out, in the direction from which

the sound came, I perceived the "overseer" of the place, soundly belaboring the back of a poor fellow, in tattered rags, with a black leather whip, such as the teamsters use in the mountains of Pennsylvania. The cause of this drubbing seemed to be, that it was then daylight, and the boy was not yet at the cotton-gin house. The position of the overseer did great credit to his discernment; for it was quite out of the question for me to perceive any of the normal indications of approaching day. It was yet so dark, that it was with difficulty I groped my way from the house to where the parties were standing. The season when the seed is separated from the cotton, had arrived; and it was quite evident, that at this time—to say nothing about the balance of the year—the *ten hour system* did not prevail.

"It is daylight, and you are not at the gin-house!" repeated the task-master,—and then would he apply the heavy whip, with a purpose that really made me shudder. The poor black stood in a humble attitude, receiving the blows without uttering a word or a groan; with tears streaming from his eyes, the very picture of despair;—a victim of brutal cruelty. When the whipping ceased, the poor fellow, with slow step and sluggish tread, approached his mule, which was standing near by,—mounted, and slowly wended his way, through the half-decayed standing timber, towards the gin-house, and was quickly lost to sight, amid the sombre shades of early day.

It was the first time I had witnessed a scene of this kind. The deep degradation and complete humiliation of a being in human form, has made an indelible impression on my heart, which I am confident, will never be effaced, and which I find myself utterly unable to describe.

My suspicions being thus aroused as to the treatment slaves on this place were receiving, I took occasion to examine the "quarters" and found the following state of facts: A single log building only partially roofed, and without "chinking" or plastering, afforded all the protection the poor inmates had from the frost king, which was a slighty visitant. There was no chimney—a pen of small logs was built at the end of the cabin, where the chimney ought to have been, which served the purpose of a fire-place. There was no bedstead, neither was there any bed clothing, save a few rags, which served this purpose.

Here, in this condition, all the field hands of the plantation were fed on their coarse fare, and here they spent the chilly nights—big and little—old and young—of both sexes, in one filthy *hodge-podge*, or *teaming stew*; and when it is added, that they are not half clad, and as we have seen, required to perform heavy tasks, we are led to conclude

there is one place at least, where to be a slave, is not the most pleasant thing that can be imagined.

But in justice to the people, here it ends. When at Jefferson in the same county, I was informed by a reputable gentleman that this must have been a very rare case, for most of the planters in the county take excellent care of their slaves, and as a reason for the treatment, that these poor negroes suffered, I learned that this plantation had been recently purchased by the present proprietor, and the slaves *hired*. That he had recently been a merchant in the neighborhood, at which business he had failed, by which his creditors lost much money, and thus he had taken the title to the property in the name of his wife—(a proceeding allowable in this country) by which means and some other "*hocus pocus*" acts, he expects to keep from paying his just debts. That he has but little knowledge of slaves, having been in the country but few years, being originally from the free states.\*

I left his roof with great disgust, notwithstanding his evident effort at politeness.

It was in the quarters I have described, that Charles was obliged to spend the night, sharing their fare in all particulars, and to one who breathed the air of freedom—was the owner of a large tract of land and several horses, it was an adventure he did not care to repeat. He informed me that he passed the night in collecting what fuel he could, and sitting in moody silence by its glowing blaze. He had scarcely slept a wink during the night.

At Jefferson, for it was at this place we arrived the next day, many friends came to greet me. I had been here before, and formed some very agreeable acquaintances. It was here I had the adventure with the Texan, whom I brought in after his efforts to evade me, the particulars of which I related to you on my return—and who was afterwards shot by a Mexican in the act of stealing his horses near Brownsville on the Rio Grande.

This is a place of considerable trade, being situate at the head of navigation in this neighborhood. Caddo Lake is connected by outlets with Red River some distance above Shreveport; and from the lake to Jefferson there is a small stream or bayou connexion, which, during high stages of water, affords navigation for small class steam boats. When the town was first located, and, for three or four years thereafter, navigation was good—water was abundant, and the arrival and departure of steam boats almost a daily occurrence. Business was prosperous, merchants came from all quarters; mills were set in motion—lumber became cheap—stores were rented and dwelling houses came

\*Yet, all were liable to the same cruel treatment.—Ed.

up as if by magic. Plantations were opened in the productive regions west of it—cotton and corn flowed in in great quantities, and were exchanged for the various supplies needed on the plantations. Emigration from Georgia and Mississippi flooded the country with its rich streams of wealth. Prosperity was the order of the day. Wharves were erected along the bayou, and large warehouses were constructed for storing the rich products which here sought a market. It is more than one hundred miles nearer the growing districts of Texas, than Shreveport, to which place the older settlers had been in the habit of taking their cotton, and for a time Jefferson seemed to threaten destruction to the trade of that once flourishing town.

But a succession of dry seasons has brought a change over the spirit of the dreams of the Jeffersonians. The bayou is nearly dry—a greater portion of Caddo Lake is not navigable, in consequence of the obstruction by innumerable "cyprus knees" with which that water is filled, brought to the surface by the receding of the waters, and which are so destructive to the bottoms of a steamboat when brought in contact. Business has declined—the streets once teeming with active trade, are dull, and the stores, so recently filled with goods from almost every clime, are now mostly tenantless. The products of the country no longer come here for market, but are hauled by slow ox teams to the more fortunate points on the river, many weary miles from where they are grown.

Some have failed—many gone away, while others, with commendable courage and energy are laboring on, with the hope that the river will descend—the floods come and open navigation to their town. With trade, depending upon the passing shower—the prosperity of the place must be precarious. Could there be any certainty of navigation, say nine months in twelve, its position is such in relation to the cotton portion of this region—that a fine city would soon be built up, notwithstanding the unhealthiness of its location. And I may remark, that it is the only place I have found, where the inhabitants will admit it to be more unhealthy than neighboring towns.

I spent some four days in Jefferson, in which time I fitted out, for my long winter ramble, and it may be said that here my journey really begins.

The weather for some time had been very fine. The roads as far as could be heard from, were in excellent condition; I therefore determined not to travel on horseback, as was my purpose at first; but procured two horses and a small wagon. By this means I hoped to travel not only more easily, than by any other method, but more speedily. I could take with me all necessary clothing, a book or two, as well as

my writing materials. It is owing to this fact that I am able to send you these jottings-down of my journey.

After the usual talk where a horse trade is on the *tapis*, I procured a pair of common horses, the best the market afforded, and a new buggy, very light, and to the eye of most persons, quite fragile. It was intended for the shell road out of New Orleans, and therefore very unsuitable for the rough muddy roads, such as I would be likely to meet with, on my journey, as part of my way would lie over a very remote and new region—where wheels of any kind had scarcely been seen. I confess I had some misgivings, but on examination I found the vehicle was well made, and apparently of good material. The harness and whip had seen much service in a livery stable, but they being the only things of the kind procurable, I was forced to take them, even at the high price named by the Yankee from the white mountain state from whom I bought them.

When I had got my outfit "rigged up," and had taken a turn or two about town, to see that all was right, many were the conjectures and prognostics as to how I would get through the country. Some said I could get on much better in this way, than any other, while others predicted that I would not keep my establishment together a hundred miles; others again, were quite sure I would break down before I had reached the limits of the county, that the next thing they would hear of me, would be that I had sold the buggy for what I could get, giving what there might be left of the harness, for a pair of saddle-bags and one of the horses for a saddle and bridle, and being thus equipped, they were kind enough to say, I would get on pretty well.

It was really amusing to listen to comments of the above character, and have them point out what part of the carriage and harness, in their opinion would first give way. I listened to their comments and gibes with as much complacency as possible, and quietly made my preparations.

I took the precaution to supply myself a small cord, an extra string or two, a few nails and tacks, and a small hatchet, to which I added a water bucket and a box containing crackers and cheese and preserved meats and fruits of various kinds, denominated the commissary chest. Thus equipped, I set out on my long journey.

Having told you what my equipments consisted of, it may not be amiss to state what formed no part of them, and at which you may be somewhat surprised. I had no gun or rifle of any kind, no bowie knife or other deadly weapon of defence or protection. This was supposed to be fool-hardiness, on the part of some; when it must be known to others that at some periods of my journey I would have in my posses-

sion, considerable sums of money. But experience had taught me, that any thing of the kind was quite unnecessary—and furthermore I was unyielding in my determination.

The clock had told the hour of eleven, when all things being in readiness, I took leave of my friends, and the loungers, about the hotel, who gathered around to see me off. At night fall, I reached the small town of Dangerfield, thirty miles distant, in good condition, not having met with any of the difficulties, so confidently predicted by the knowing ones. At this place there is to be met with, what the traveler so much desires, and which, in this state, he so seldom finds, a comfortable hotel. A small unpretending house, built partly of logs, after the ordinary plan, with porch, or as it is called here, a gallery running across the entire front, affords good cheer to the weary pilgrim through the land; for in truth it is a sort of pilgrimage one makes, who goes over this state, for without a religious duty being the moving cause; one could hardly be expected to make the tour. And what is still more rare, one finds here, a good, faithful and honest ostler. To have one's horses well fed and groomed, is the first care of the real traveler; and as a general thing in a large percentage of cases, unless his personal attention is given to it, this will be neglected. In my peregrinations in this state, I have met with some curious tricks that landlords play upon travelers, one I will name. At one place corn was scarce, consequently was high in price; the keeper of the stable at which I had my horses cared for, concluded the less one traveler's horses eat the more he would have to give others, and in the fertility of his genius he hit upon the plan of besmearing it with grease, having learned that when served in this way, no horse, however hungry, would eat it, making a peck of corn serve to feed a dozen horses, the owner supposing his horse sick, the reason why he did not eat. The trick cannot be detected without close inspection. I therefore ever made it an invariable rule, to inspect the corn before it was put into the manger. Having been once deceived, I was determined that the imposition was not to be practiced a second time, particularly when it would be at the discomfort of my horses.

Mr. Harris, the proprietor of this house, was for a time a resident of Keokuk, to which place the landlady was constantly looking, with tears of regret. She did not like Texas—never did, and he did not believe she ever would; and in this last position, I fully agree with her; for the mere idea of not wishing to live here, will ever cause her to dislike remaining. Not in fact, but what she has her health—not but what prosperity has, in a reasonable manner crowned their efforts, not but what they had all the privileges of educating their children—for

in that regard, they were more fortunate than they could have been in Iowa; but, as I learned after some conversation, she did not wish to live in a *log house*! and the whole secret was out in a few moments after, when I found there were two daughters from sixteen to eighteen years of age. But she was homesick—a malady which I believe, defies the skill of the most learned of the healing art. It is a little doubtful whether Homœopathy would prove beneficial.

There are established here, and in successful operation, a college for boys—and a seminary for girls; both of which are well patronized. Pupils come from a long distance, and, it is said, receive as good an education as in any schools of the kind.

My next day's drive brought me to the bottom lands of "White Oak," a stream of considerable dimensions watering a fertile region of country. For seven miles there had been no house, and when my eye rested on the cabin, it was a cheering sight. I drove to the door, and to my inquiry to a man in his shirt sleeves, if he had "corn and fodder," I received an affirmative reply.

Most of the family had gone a visiting; soon however the oxen were visible through the trees, and then the wagon to which they were attached; in a few moments the "team" was at the door, and the load discharged, consisting of divers persons both old and young.

I was sitting in one of the rooms of the cabin, and as they came in, one after the other, they each saluted me with a nod of the head, and a guttural "howdy." At first, I was somewhat at a loss to make out the family; for having nothing else to employ my mind, I began to speculate on the probabilities of so many children, belonging to the same parents. I glanced at the man of the house, who sat without coat, vest or cravat, with heels resting on the gallery railing, nearly as high as his head, and then at his grouch, a woman of great rotundity of zone, and spacious dimensions, who at the time was very busy preparing supper. From their appearance, both being young, I concluded that the oldest of two young women, who busied themselves with household matters, could not be a daughter of the landlady. And then there were so many children, come to count them, that it looked really presumptuous to suppose them all brothers and sisters. Yet from other appearances, it seemed as though they were of the same parents. Some time was spent in vain speculations of this sort, when supper was said to be ready. As requested, some of us "took seats at the table," while many remained without seats, standing in platoons around us, watching with intense anxiety the movements of the more fortunate.

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## NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, D. D.

The road to it runs along the Riviera di ponente, or sea shore, over which we had passed on our way to Nice. I saw in Sestri and another village, the skins of hogs, in great numbers, all apparently stuffed and filled, paraded in different places. As they stood up in a leaning position against a wall, they presented a very singular appearance. They were the entire skins without the head, and with part of the legs, commonly used in this part of the country, as the casks, or vessels, "the bottles" into which the new wine, fresh from the press is put for preservation. They reminded me of the "bottles" of antiquity of which the Savior speaks, except that the skin of the hog is substituted for that of the *goat*; perchance some may have been of the latter animal. These skins are also used for carrying water on the backs of donkeys and men.

The villa is a beautiful achievement of taste and wealth, an effort in fact to improve nature. The entrance from the road or street passing through the village, is through large iron gates, which were thrown open for our carriage, by persons in attendance in lodges or houses adjoining. On the delivery of the note, granted in my name, and for my company, we were directed to drive forward. The way on which we entered leading from the village, gradually ascended along a wide gravel walk enclosed by a stone wall. The walls were partly concealed with hedges and vines, of various sorts in full bloom. In front of these hedges were rows and clusters, of different sorts of ornamental shrubs and trees. It was not far we had to ascend, till we were on the esplanade before the palace, which stands upon a terrace overlooking an extensive garden, sloping down the side of the hill or mountain on which the villa is situated. The garden is arranged in beds of different dimensions, appropriated for fruits and vegetables. A vineyard,



lemon, orange, and pomegranate groves of every variety, both ornamental and useful, for which the climate is adapted, beautify and enrich the scene. We did not enter it, but from the terrace on the north side, had a full and commanding view of it, as it hangs to the south.

On entering the hall of the palace, a servant was in attendance to conduct us through the grounds. The family being at home, no admission was had into the dwelling apartments. But we passed up a marble stairway, to an higher and more splendid terrace, which towered, on the eastern side of the palace, at an elevation of two stories above that of the esplanade forming the open space before the western part. Like all the splendid buildings of that description, in and about Genoa, the two or three lower stories are appropriated to the use of the servants, and for cellars, store rooms, and sometimes, but not in this case as far as I could see, for stables. The upper terrace on the eastern side, approached by a flight of marble stairs, is all floored, and ornamented with a balustrade of the same material finely sculptured. The floor is tessellated, composed of alternate flags of bluish lead colored and white marble. The banisters are of white marble, cut as perfectly as if they had been turned upon the lathe.

From this terrace, commanding a still finer prospect of the garden than the first, you pass along in one direction, toward the green house, and in an other, to the walks leading up and around the mountain, ever winding and branching as you ascend, until you reach the summit, towering several hundred feet above the stately palace on its side. We passed along these walks through bowers, lined with all sorts of shrubbery, both fruit and floral, forming, as it were, a fringe upon their sides, and skirting thick groves, or rather thickets of every variety of trees. Balsams, cypresses, pines, firs, cedars, and all sorts of foreign evergreens are seen rising from the sides of the steep hill, and spaces intervening between the circuits of the winding and climbing walks.

At much expense, from different countries, different sorts of trees peculiar to each, have been procured, and planted in great numbers on the mountains' side. At one point, as you ascend, you suddenly come upon a beautiful marble temple, with columns and statuary, all adorned in the most tasteful manner. Entering it, you find various apartments handsomely furnished; floors laid in mosaic, mosaic tables, and every thing of the most costly character. Then again you come upon a little lake, filled with red and golden fishes, sporting in the pure water. Gushing torrents are seen at one time, rushing and dashing down the mountain's side, through little deep ravines, and then again bursting forth, like fountains, from the solid rock. Passing on

higher up, you reach a neatly constructed cottage, planned apparently as a place of retreat, and bearing an appropriate motto. The front of it is highly decorated, and the rear rude and rustic. Swiss summer houses occasionally present themselves, embowered in the woods. Ascending still further, you reach a tomb, around which lie some ruins of an ancient temple, whose broken arches and columns and crumbling walls, appear at a little distance through the trees. The tomb is quite a splendid affair, and purports to be that of some hero, who had demolished the ruins of the castle appearing in sight, and thus established the dominion of his house,—all of which is imaginative, merely for artistic effect.

Ascending still higher and higher, you reach the summit of the mountain, on which is a castle with its round tower. Entering this, you find pleasant and handsomely furnished rooms, where you may rest, before you mount the pinnacle, to take a view of the whole fairy scene.

In one place, as you pass along, you come upon a beautiful terrace out out of the rock, on which are constructed vertical, and horizontally revolving swings, the former having seats like chairs, and the latter carved horses, saddled and prancing, as it were, for the chase, on which you are invited to sit, while, by some hidden machinery, in what resembles a shed near at hand, the whole is made to move without your seeing how it is done.

Descending by another range of walks from the summit, you meet rude summer houses on the way, constructed after the Swiss fashion, until, unexpectedly, you find the path has brought you to the entrance of a cavern in the mountain's side, through steep and rugged rocks. Pushing your way into the cavern, you find yourself, presently, by its hidden turns, brought into darkness; and just as you begin to feel your way cautiously as you proceed forward, light breaks in from an aperture in the vaulted ceiling of the cave, or through a crevice in the side, sufficient to relieve you and indicate the course to take. Looking on either hand, you see massive columns of stalactites, supporting high gothic-like looking arches, covered and fringed, as it were, with the same mineral. After various turns in this labyrinth-like cave, you suddenly come upon a lake of water, which, spreading out before you, runs among similar arches, turning and twisting round their stalactitical piers, and presenting to view, in the dim light that breaks in from a distance, a prospect almost bewildering. But you are met by a boatman, who relieves your perplexity, and for a franc ferries you and your company across this "Stygian Lake." Some six or eight including any company, after having rested a few minutes on benches near the

waters' edge, embarked with this Charon, who ferried us among the tortuous windings of the lake and cavern, until, suddenly, we emerged from the facade of a rocky cliff, on to a beautiful sheet of water.

This beautiful lake rolls its peaceful stream around a smiling and verdant island, on which stands an highly finished and picturesque temple, the abode of nymphs, whose presence is indicated by admirable statues, as large as life, and exquisitely wrought, out of the purest Parian marble. Various kinds of fishes sported in the clear waters of this lake, which passed off suddenly, through foaming rapids, tumbling and dashing themselves down along their rocky channels overhung with thick and various foliage. A bridge is thrown across the ravine, over which you pass, after landing from the boat, having previously been conducted through a Chinese pagoda, most neatly ornamented, and into a circular temple, whose roof is supported with columns, containing, in its closed central apartments, accommodations for bathing. The seats of the former, and the doors of the latter, are so constructed, that as you sit down upon the one, or open the other, light jets of water are thrown with startling effect upon you, to the great amusement of your company.

This last elysian like scenery closes your journey, and a few turns among the shaded walks, bring you out upon the marble terrace at the other end from which you commenced your ascent. The water, which supplies the lakes and pools for fish, and is seen, spouting like fountains, or dashing like torrents, in different places on the mountain sides, is all brought by conduits from streams in adjoining and higher sources. The stalactites, too, are all imported from different places, and so arranged that you would not suppose they had ever been elsewhere formed.

While the great body of the cave is dry, so that no water falls upon you, and no dampness ever offends you, in some places the percolating rills are seen, and stalactites in actual process of formation, thus helping the illusion. Immense must have been the money expended on this fairy scenery, and not among the least expenditures must have been that for a massy stone wall, surrounding the whole, and running up the sides of another mountain in the rear, left in all its native and rugged grandeur.

The Pellevicini family have a splendid palace in the city of Genoa, and the legend says, the name was given, from the success with which the founder of the house obtained, appropriated, and secured to himself, the property of a foreign government—Pellevicini in Italian meaning, "take from your neighbor."

*October 18.* Reached Livorno, as it is here called and written, or

Leghorn, this A. M., about six o'clock, after another stormy passage in the French steamboat Dante, which left last evening at six, having taken our passage at Nice to this place. It was not till between seven and eight A. M. that we got ashore. Our passports were first taken ashore by the Captain; then a boat full of dogano men, or custom house officers, came aboard, and the baggage was assorted. On leaving the steamer we were taken first into the police office, where we received a permit to go ashore, and were told that we must give that permit to the keeper of our hotel, who would present it, and have the proper *vizees* made. Then we were paraded before custom house officers, guarded by a police force; our trunks were unlocked and examined, but with courteous care. To my great amazement I was asked whether I had in mine, either arms or tobacco, both of which I hold in abomination. Being informed that I had neither, no further search was made. The boatmen that took us to the custom house, waited for us, and rowed us out of the harbor, and along the canal to the San Marco hotel, where we had determined to stop, and which in no respect disappointed us. Our host, Mr. Smith gave us excellent entertainment, and our rooms were well furnished and neatly kept. Having partaken of breakfast, by three quarters past ten o'clock A. M. we were on our way to Firenze, or Florence, which we found we could by rail road visit that day and return, leaving us time to-morrow to go to Pisa, and return so as to take the boat, which is to sail in the evening for Civita Vecchia.

We reached Florence between one and two P. M., and visited, first the Palais Petti, the palace of the Duke of Tuscany, because visitors are only permitted to enter it from eleven A. M. to three P. M. The different halls, whose ceilings were splendidly gilt and adorned with fresco paintings, were all enriched with costly and superior works, from the hands of the first Italian artists. I did not find the satisfaction that many speak of, in viewing them, because a very large proportion of the paintings were in accordance with the idolatrous taste of this people. The Saviour, in every variety of condition and suffering, and the Virgin, in all the different stages of her history, from the birth of Christ to what these poor idolators call her ascension, formed, it seemed to me, if not the majority, a very large proportion. However exquisite may be the paintings, and the skill the artists have displayed, I find that I can take very little, if any, enjoyment in their contemplation. It always pains me to look upon a representation of the person of the Saviour. He is, in my estimation, beyond all comparison with the sons of men; and the attempt to represent Him on canvas appears to me almost impious. He is "the Holy One," who

says (Isa. 40 : 25), "To whom will ye liken me or shall I be equal?" I have for years studied to banish from my mind every ideal representation of His human features, and to think of Him, in my contemplation and prayers, as humanity in its perfection, but so united with the Deity as to render it forever impossible to form, by means of pictorial representations, any approximate conception of the glories of His person. John's description of the vision he had of Him, as recorded in the first chapter of Revelation, is enough for me, and transcends all the power of my imagination, and all the art of the pencil or chisel. I pause, I wonder, and I adore a Being of such inconceivable majesty and glory. From all these artificial efforts to depict Him, I turn away, lest my imagination may become affected by the reminiscence of them, and begin itself to paint and carve, and violate the spirit of the second commandment as truly as these artists have done its letter.

Notwithstanding all the praise lavished on various Madonnas—a very different class of paintings—I never saw one that made an impression on my mind, which did not as quickly disappear as the reflection from the glass, until the one I beheld this day, in the Petti palace. There was scarcely any idolatrous attempt, by the halo of light around the head, to deify the Virgin—nor was there any around that of the infant in her arms; but only a slight radiance over the head of a child standing by her knee, representing John the Baptist. The sweet expression of countenance of the whole group, and the admirable style of the painting, produced a strong impression, affecting me almost to tears; but, on analyzing the feeling, I found that the countenance of the child in the arms, which was that of a babe of some five or six months of age, its soft and cheerful eyes, the color of its hair, and the *tout ensemble* of the little figure, recalled to my memory a dear departed child, as he appeared when an infant. As a simple effort of the pencil, to represent a mother and two sweet little babes, it is the most fascinating picture I ever saw; but as an effort to extort idolatrous regard, my soul loathed it, and I turned from it with a heart full of grief.

Another picture, however, in the same hall, produced very different sensations. It was the portait of John the Evangelist, in the attitude of deep and devout attention, with a pen in his hand, just ready to write, and his face and eyes directed heavenward, as though his whole soul was absorbed in the communication from above, that was being divinely made to him. It is from the pencil of Carni Doki, as is that also of the virgin, and the infants above referred to.

Another picture, also, has left its impression deeply engraven upon

my memory. It was that of Cain, after having slain Abel, turning away, with horror and remorse from the body, at the moment, as it were, when it was first approached by Adam and Eve affected with overwhelming grief.

The paintings generally were of a character much superior to anything I ever saw in London, Paris or Turin. The statue of the Venus de Medici by Canova, of which I had heard and read so much, exceeded anything I ever saw of the productions of the chisel. It is a perfect work of art; and stands in the centre of a hall, of some fifteen feet square, surrounded with an iron railing to prevent visitors from soiling it with their touch. The marble is of the purest kind. In another hall, are two larger pieces of statuary in bronze, and admirably executed,—Cain bowed with horror, and Abel lying lifeless before him at a short distance. The form and features of Abel, and the attitude of Cain, are admirable.

From the Petti Palace we passed to the chapel of the Medici, which was just about being closed, but the soldier guards and concierge, understanding that we were strangers from the United States, re-opened it, and conducted us into the lofty and spacious hall. It is a large octagonal building called the Chapel de Medici, originally intended as the place for transferring from Palestine "the holy sepulchre," but failing in that, has been made the Mausoleum of the family of the celebrated Ferdinand de Medici. He was uncle to the Cardinal, who bore the name of Medici. You pass through a crypt, that serves the purpose of strengthening the foundation of the edifice. Ascending from it, you enter the lofty chamber or rotunda where the tombs of the family are arranged. The floor is paved with stucco, but the walls are all covered with every variety of the choicest and most costly marble—pediments, pilastres, pannels, nitches, sarcophagi, &c. ! There are no lights but what are immediately beneath the dome. On each side of the building stands a massy sarcophagus, over which is an alcove for a statue surmounting it. Two statues only, one of Cosmos II, and the other of Ferdinand I. the latter the founder of the house, are in place. A small altar is attached to one of the sides, elevated but a little from the floor. The corresponding sides of the dome are covered with the richest fresco paintings I have yet seen; and the mouldings of the intervening spaces are very richly gilt. The subjects of the fresco paintings are the presentation of Eve to Adam, the slaying of Abel by Cain, Noah's offering, Abraham offering up Isaac, Moses descending from Sinai with the tables of the law, the crucifixion, the ascension of the Savior, and the last judgment. Above these paintings was, in each space, the full portrait of an apostle or prophet. There is a profusion

of costly marbles, precious stones, and gems, inwrought with various Mosaic work. The crown and the cushion of the grand duke are full of precious gems, and the sarcophagus is said to be a chef d' œuvre of its kind.

From this chapel we passed to the church of San Lorenzo, externally a dingy, rough piece of brick work, the front of which has never been completed, although the drawings for it by Michael Angelo are yet in existence. The Medicean chapel, which is at the back of the choir of this building, is that which gives to the whole cluster its chief value. The original basilica, whose site it occupies, was the oldest structure in the city, built in the fourth century, and was erected by St. Ambrose in A. D. 393, but being injured by fire in the fifteenth century, was rebuilt in a better style. Its Corinthian columns are in fine proportion, supporting circular arches springing from the squared cornice above their capitals. The details are taken with precision from the Roman models; but the lamb and the book with seven seals, occupy the place of heathen emblems. Two pulpits in the nave exhibit bronze bas reliefs representing the passion and resurrection of Christ.

The Duomo or Cathedral called Santa Maria del Fiore is the greatest building in the city, for size and external splendor. Its walls are cased with marble on the outside. Its length is 454 feet, its height from the pavement to the top of the cross, nearly 387, and that of the nave 153 feet and its aisles 96 feet. The transept is 334 feet long. The dome is, in some respects, said to be superior to that of St. Peter's at Rome. It formed the model for the latter, and was studied in great admiration by Michael Angelo. The interior is dark, its windows being small, but beautifully stained with rich colored glass. Over the principal door is a mosaic representing the coronation of the virgin. The interior of the cupola, which is octagonal 138 feet in diameter, and 134 feet in height, is painted in fresco, representing paradise, prophets, angels, saints, the gift of the Holy Spirit, and the punishment of the wicked. Four pointed arches, not truly gothic, having key stones with armorial bearings sculptured on them, stretch along the whole length of the nave. The choir and high altar are beneath the dome. Behind this altar is a group, consisting of Joseph of Arimathea, the Virgin, and another Mary entombing the body of our Lord; but it is not finished,—the work of Michael Angelo. Portraits and paintings are attached to the walls, but the light is so imperfect, that it is difficult to see them. The campanile or bell tower, stands separate from the edifice. It is a square tower rising to the height of two hundred seventy three and three fourths feet, by no means as high as the dome. It is built of polished breccia marble; the basement story,

which is the highest, containing two ranges of reliefs; the tower representing the progress of human civilization; and above them sixteen statues, four on a side, larger than life; the four Evangelists being on the west side, on the east four saints, on the north four sybils, and on the south four prophets.

Leaving the Cathedral, at our request, our valet de place conducted us to a manufactory where some of the most finished and costly mosaic work is executed. The foreman received us kindly, and allowed us to examine the materials, and witness the operations, as well as exhibited to us some of the exquisitely finished pieces which had been prepared to order. Two tables particularly attracted my attention, by the perfection of colors and shadings in their "still life" representations. On one of them some five years labor had been bestowed, at a cost of five thousand dollars. It was to adorn the palace of some English nobleman, who had ordered it. I recognized the names of several of our American "merchant princes" for whose splendid dwellings similar costly orders were being executed.

Mosaic work, whether of marble or of precious stones, differed but little in the manner of operation. The ground is generally black or white marble, on which the design is first sketched, and afterwards cut with a chisel. The cavities, an inch or more in depth, where the mosaic is entirely of marble, are filled up with pieces of the proper color, first fashioned after the design, and reduced to the appropriate thickness. The pieces so inserted, are made to hold by means of a stucco of lime and marble dust, or a mastic, differently prepared by different workmen, after which the whole is polished with a soft stone.

Very delicate instruments are required for mosaic work on precious stones, such as the wheels, drills, plates, &c., used by lapidaries. The materials, being gems and very costly, are made to go as far as possible by being sawn into leaves exceedingly thin. I was surprised to notice the dexterity and skill of some boys engaged in this part of the work. The stones, or pieces to be sawed, were put into a delicate vice, in which, with a sort of bow or saw of fine brass wire, bent on a piece of springy wood, together with emery moistened with water, the leaf is fashioned, according to the strokes or sketch of the design first made on paper and afterwards glued to the piece. When the pieces are sufficient in number to form a flower or fruit, or some part of the design, they are applied. Brass files or rasps and drills, and other lapidary instruments, are used to bring the pieces to the exact dimensions required by the pattern. The matter, with which they are all joined together, is a stucco or mastic, laid very thin on the leaves as they are fashioned, in which state they are applied with plyers. I was



assured at the pains and patience required in this sort of work, and at the demands it made upon the sight and time.

After having, for a season, witnessed the labor, I was no way surprised at the immense cost for work of this description. How wonderful has been the skill with which God, in his providence, has crowned those who are diligent, patient and persevering in their vocation, in every age, from the days of "Bezaleel and Aholiah, and every wise hearted man in whose heart the Lord put the wisdom" requisite for various required ornamental work.

From this we passed to the Batistero di San Giovanni. The church, consecrated to St. John the Baptist, in Italian cities, is the only one in which baptism is administered. We saw two children being presented at the font, and the ceremony of baptism, after the Roman Catholic ritual, a cold and formal affair, being administered, as in passing we stopped for observation. Its three doors are of highly ornamented bronze. They are its chief ornament. The building is in form of an octagon, supporting a cupola and lantern, its external wall being of black and white marble, having been erected in 1288-93. The structure which this coating covers, it is said, by the early pagans, Florentine, was the temple of their tutelar deity Mars. The cupola is covered with mosaics—and part also of the walls—representing, in the centre, in gigantic figure, the Savior, the rewards and punishments of the just and wicked, the orders and powers of the celestial hierarchy, prophets, patriarchs, and the bishops of Florence.

We had stopped at the Hotel de New York, a spacious building, fronting on the river Arno, and admirably kept, to which we returned for dinner. Both on reaching the hotel, and at the cars on leaving, a female neatly dressed in black, and of handsome modest appearance, having her hands filled with very beautiful flowers, displayed some zeal and dexterity in the presentation of her bouquets. As our carriage drove past she pitched one into my lap, with a nod and smile of welcome, and I saw her no more, till I found her, assiduous in her vocation, at the rail road depot, distributing her gifts to gentlemen as they entered the cars, pronouncing her a *Dio* in sweet Italian tones, and adding in French the expression of her good will in the customary phrase "*bon voyage*." I was reminded when greeted with her first bouquet, of an account I had read from some letter published, by an American traveller, of the circumstance of his having been similarly greeted in the same place, from which he drew the inference that it was customary with the ladies of Florence in this way to express their good will to strangers. Feeling somewhat curious to ascertain whether he had rightly interpreted the incident, I enquired of those competent to give me information, and learned, that so far from its being a custom of

the place for ladies generally to take such liberties with strangers, there was a limited number, who were privileged to distribute bouquets in this way, not avowedly for purpose of sale, but with the expectation of receiving in return some monied gratuity to be devoted to religious or charitable use. I saw but the one, whose fame I learned is well established for her assiduous attention in her work of benevolence. This service is performed as a work of piety, and her whole appearance and manner indicated, both her sincerity in the work, and the absence of every thing that could excite suspicions unfavorable to her reputation. What a power is there in the female heart when enlisted on the side of virtue and religion! It shines out often in much of its native lustre, even when dimmed and embarrassed by the influence of false and idolatrous views of religion.

I could have wished for time to allow me, if practicable, to visit the noble prisoners here suffering for "the word of God, the Madini family," whose faith and martyr like patience and fortitude, have attracted the attention and excited the admiration of the protestant world. The English people have awaked upon the subject, and a strong sympathy has urged to measures for their release. A deputation has been sent for the purpose of appealing to the grand Duke of Tuscany on their behalf, and of endeavoring to induce the Pope to use his influence with him for their liberation. But all moral and christian considerations thus far, have proved unavailing. The Pope and civil rulers of this antichristian and idolatrous church of Rome, yield only to the array of force that perils their safety, or excites their fears. It is very convenient, when occasion serves and the sufferer is protestant, for the former to say, he cannot interfere with the administration of the Duke of Tuscany; but let the demonstration be made against the church, and quickly a different policy would be adopted.

Our stay in Florence was necessarily limited, far too short for me to gratify my curiosity or enquire for resident Americans. We returned by the rail road to Leghorn about eight in the evening.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

*Pisa,—Piazza de Cavalieri,—University, Cathedral, Leaning Tower, &c.*

**PISA, October 14.** This day we went at an early hour to Pisa by the cars. Having taken breakfast at the Hotel Victoria, and guided by a valet de place, we visited first the Piazza de' Cavalieri, the ancient centre of the city, where in the days of the Republic, was the Forum, but upon the establishment of the order of St. Stephen, it, and the surrounding building, became the property of this pseudo-chivalrous institution by the grant of Cosmo I, in 1561.

The order was an imitation of that of the knights of Malta; but its aristocratic character rendered it unpopular in Tuscany. The church of the convent is a single nave, having nothing remarkable in its architecture. Its chief decorations are the paintings of the ceiling, the high altar, and the warlike memorials hung upon the walls. Among the paintings, I noticed that of the institution of the order, said to contain many excellent portraits; the return in triumph of the galleys of the order from the battle of Lepanto; the embarking of Mary de Medici for France, to marry Henry the Fourth; the capture, in the Archipelago, of five Turkish galleys by those of the order; the assault and plundering of Prevesa, in Albania; and that also of Bona, on the African coast—when the knights, among their prey, carried off 1,500 inhabitants as slaves!!!

The high altar is composed of very rich colored marbles, precious stones and gilt bronze. Great pains and labor have been bestowed upon it. It has been highly over-wrought, and its splendid ornaments do not compensate for the want of chaste simplicity. The porphyry and jasper are both very fine. St. Stephen (not the first martyr, but the protector of the order) appears in the centre, and on the left hand, a picture of the nativity, in which Mary appears in the attitude of adoration, with the motto, in Latin, "*quem genuit adoravit*,"—*whom she bore she worshipped*. Another painting, from the pencil of Ludovico Buti, and dating about 1590, represents the miracle of the loaves and fishes; but the costumes of the piece are of the age of the artist, and not of the time or people when the miracle was wrought. A series of paintings exhibit the chief incidents in the life of the patron saint. The organs of this church are said to be among the finest in Italy. But that which attracts the chief attention on the part of visitors to it, is the display of Turkish military trophies, taken by the knights,—such as banners, hung along the walls; shields, horse-tails, lanterns, scimitars, &c., arranged in a picturesque manner.

I could not help wondering, as I gazed upon these implements and memorials of bloody and murderous death, at the awful blindness and hardness of heart that characterize the papal idolatry. Their religion inspires and cherishes the fiercest passions of the human heart. It delights in blood. Such has been its history; such is the spirit it breathes. Let it but be, in the estimation of these poor idolators, for the church and the glory of God, and there is no cruelty too great, no torture too severe and shocking, no murder and havoc too horrible and revolting, but it will sanction and applaud. How perfectly opposed is its spirit to that of the peace-speaking, long-suffering, and forgiving example of that Lord Jesus Christ, whose vicar on earth its idolized head wickedly and impiously claims to be.

I groaned in spirit, when, with such reflections, I witnessed, among all these memorials of blood and war, the celebration of what they call their religious solemnities. A priest was mumbling mass before the altar, and performing his manipulations and genuflexions with a little, pleasant-looking boy, of fourteen years, waiting on him. The lad turned his head round as I drew near, and nodded to me with a very sweet smile. Although he rung his bell and attended to the ritual forms, at the right time, yet he kept constantly looking toward me and smiling, as if he wished to converse. I exchanged salutations with him; and, when passing from him, he pleasantly nodded his *addio*, after I had laid my hand on his head and patted his cheek. But the sight of the poor boy haunted me, and stirred up my deepest feelings of commiseration, from which I found no relief, till, as I passed along the streets in a retired way, falling behind my company, I found an opportunity to pour out my earnest prayer to God, that he might be brought out of darkness into light, and delivered from the horrible, idolatrous service into the conducting of which, he is now being drilled. A similar recognition of good will I had from another lad, under like circumstances, afterwards, in one of the chapels of the Duomo,—who actually came out from his place, when he was waiting on the priest, to salute me and speak with me.

From this place we passed to the University. It has six professorships, and numbers from five to six hundred students, whose presence in Pisa contribute not a little to the active business of the city. The Cathedral and its tower occupied the chief remaining part of our time. The cathedral, baptistery, campanile and campo-santo are as remarkable a group of buildings as any in Italy. The baptistery is undergoing repairs, so that we could not see the interior of its dome. The building said to be of very fine architecture, is 100 feet diameter in the clear. Its walls are eight feet six inches thick. Its covering a double dome, the inner conical, the outer hemispherical,—and the height of the cupola 102 feet. You enter by a decorated door way—the general level of the interior is three steps lower than the sill, the side around the wall being raised for the easier aspect of the baptismal ceremony. An aisle or corridor runs around the interior walls of the building. It is formed by eight granite columns, and four pieces, from which spring semi circular arches supporting an upper gallery. The sculpture on the exterior is principally on the eastern door way—representing the martyrdom of the Baptist. The font is in an enclosure in the centre of the rotunda, about fourteen feet in diameter and of sufficient depth for immersion, which was once the form of baptism practised here. At the corners are four small basins. From the centre of the font rises a

pillar supporting the figure of St. John the Baptist. The pulpit of this building is the most striking part of it. It is a hexagon resting on nine pillars, seven for the pulpit, one at each angle, one in the centre and two supporting the stair case. It is of stone, two of the columns of parian marble, and five of different sorts of granite. The columns stand upon figures seated or rather crouching, a giraffe, a lion, and a tiger or leopard alternately, except three, which rest upon a solid base and evidently are the pulpits' main support. The pannels of the pulpits contain bas reliefs, representing the nativity of Christ, the adoration of the magi, the presentation of the infant Savior in the temple, the crucifixion, and the last judgment. Over the columns at the angles of the hexagon are statues of different sorts, one of which I noticed was of a man perfectly nude. It struck me altogether as the most extraordinary piece of marble sculpture I had seen.

The Baptistry stands apart from the duomo or cathedral, as does the campanile or bell tower from both; all are separated from surrounding buildings, and occupy, quite solitarily, a large open space. The cathedral is the dedication made from the spoils obtained, by a successful piratical expedition of Pisans, against Palermo in Sicily while in possession of the Saracens in 1063. It is a splendid edifice, consisting of a nave with two aisles on each side—transepts and choir. "Its bases, capitals, cornices, and other parts are fragments of antiquity, collected from different places, and skillfully brought together. The plan of the building is that of a latin cross—length 311 feet, width of nave and four aisles 106 feet 6 inches—centre nave 41 feet wide. The nave has twenty-four columns of the Corinthian order, twelve on each side, all of marble 24 feet 10 inches in height, and 2 feet 3 inches in diameter, each shaft being a single block. The entire height including capital and base 30 feet 10 inches. Arches spring from the capitals of these columns and sustain another order of columns, smaller and more numerous, and joining an upper gallery appropriated formerly to females. The transepts have both a nave and two side aisles with isolated columns. The general effect of the interior is very fine. Alternate layers of red and white marble compose the walls. The doors are of bronze,—the centre doors contain the history of the Virgin, from her birth to her glorification, in eight compartments, and the right and left, each in six parts, that of the Savior.

There is a double row of aisles on either side of the nave in each of the transepts. The height of the principal nave is ninety-one feet—of the transept eighty-four, and of the aisles thirty-five feet. Four large arches, supporting an elliptical cupola, rest upon an equal number of piers in the centre of the nave. A colossal figure, in mosaic, of the

Savior with Joseph and Mary on either side, adorns the centre of the vaulting. They are more than 500 years old.

In the chapel of the Annunziato the altar piece represents Adam and Eve, and the serpent with a female's head. It is covered with chased work in silver, given by Cosmo IV., and cost some 36,000 crowns. Silver figures of great elegance supporting the shrine seem to rise from the altar. The *high altar* is a heavy pile of rich and elaborate marble and lapis lazuli. Behind this altar is a very beautiful picture of Abraham sacrificing Isaac, said to have been carried away by Napoleon but restored. Two columns of porphyry, whose capitals are tastefully adorned, stand opposite to each other; and two fluted columns, near the high altar, are said to have belonged to a temple or palace built by Hadrian, which occupied the site of the present cathedral. The stalls of the choir are wood work elaborately wrought. A large bronze lamp suspended in the nave, it is said, suggested to Galileo the theory of the pendulum.

This building contains many paintings, some of which are said to possess great merit. I could take no interest in examining those of legendary histories, but occasionally, pictures of saints, being fine portrait paintings, would attract attention. That of St. Agnes, is beautiful, and those of St. Thomas, St. John, St. Francis are of fine effect. A Madonna, the object of Roman Catholic adoration, is kept under lock, and can only be seen by special permission. It is a Greek painting, is known to have been venerated at Pisa early in the thirteenth century, and is probably as old as the earliest date of the present building. There were two pieces that excited much surprise, not without some feeling of horror, in view of the impious idolatry of which they are the exponents. One is that of angels, with "the holy sacrament of the altar," above, and doctors of the church below; the other that of the Trinity, in which the God head is attempted to be represented by the figures of an old gray-headed man for the Father, a man in middle life for the Son, and a dove for the Holy Spirit. I felt astonished at the impious audacity of the painter, and the stupid idolatry of the admiring worshippers. But what better, thought I, is to be expected among those whose teachers have expunged from their moral code the second commandment, and who are thus kept ignorant of the fact, that God has said "Thou shalt not make unto me—any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above."

The Campanile or tower for the bells, of which there are seven, was begun in 1174. It overhangs, fifteen feet at the base, covering its whole area.

The appearance of this "leaning tower" is very striking, and affected

me strangely, as I first approached it. It very soon became a question with my company, whether the inclination was accidental or designed. Some thought the latter, alleging the different thickness of the layers of stone, and the difference in the height of the columns, on the lower and upper sides of the tower. My own opinion is, that the subsidence of the foundation took place during the erection of the building; and that after it had become apparent, the builders raised the thickness of the layers and height of the columns, so as to preserve the vertical direction as far as possible, and keep the centre of gravity from falling so far from the centre of the base as to endanger its stability. The layers of stone in the walls are strengthened with iron bars, so that they cannot slide, as though it was designed to remedy a defect that had developed itself in the progress of the building. It is a circumstance thoroughly corroborating this view, that the high altar in the cathedral, standing close to the campanile has sunk considerably on one side, thus showing, that the nature of the soil suggests a more easy solution of the phenomenon, than the design of the architect.

The tower is fifty feet in diameter and 178 feet high. The ascent, though accomplished by 330 "easy steps," was to me very fatiguing. It consists of eight stories of columns, in each of which are semi-circular arches making open galleries around it. The upper contains a chime of seven bells, the largest of which weighs 12,000 pounds. From its summit secured by double rails, the upper most of which is about five feet, you can see the Mediterranean, Leghorn, and the hills of Monte Nero near it, the islands of Gorgona and Capraia, the hills of Lucca and the island of Corsica in clear weather. The material of which it is built is limestone. On the side exposed to the winds from the sea, the disintegration of the columns &c., is slowly taking place.

## LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS.

BY WARREN ISHAM.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

*A Spectacle in the Fields—the Camel—the Horse, etc.*

We have again emerged from the dismal mountain gorge into the delightful valley of the Nile, and, as our dismantled craft has floated with the current, passing Edfou, and Esne, and Eleitheros, and Hermonthis, and Thebes, I have been like a bird out a cage, and hied myself through the fields and villages, rejoicing in my enlargement.

To day, as I was rambling in the fields, I witnessed a spectacle of no little interest to me. Before me was a camel, on all-fours, rocking itself from side to side, standing for a moment on the two legs upon one side, with the two upon the other raised from the ground, and then poising itself over upon the other side, the two legs on which it stood being in turn lifted from the ground, and thus it rocked itself back and forth, its eyes being closed apparently in sleep. That is the way the camel takes its rest; it never lies down, and the only rest its jaded limbs ever get, is thus taken, unless it be when it crouches to receive its burden and its meals, an operation which seems to be painful, and only submitted to as a matter of necessity.

The camel is a wonderful animal, alike in structure, in character, and in habits. Wonderful indeed is he in structure, being in appearance the weakest and frailest of all animals, having neither chest, nor haunches, nor loins, nor any thing else, in fact, which is supposed to constitute strength in the animal organization, and yet, his strength is amazing, and his power of endurance almost incredible. I was speaking of these apparently conflicting characteristics in the constitution of the camel to an English gentleman in Cairo, when he replied, that to reconcile them, I had only to consider that the camel's back was in the form of an arch, a circumstance which he thought fully accounted for his wonderful strength. But this explanation did not relieve my mind from its perplexity, for what, replied I, does an arch avail which has nothing to support it? Besides, the existence of the arch is more a matter of imagination than reality, as I judge from some skeletons of the camel I have seen.



No animal has a comelier countenance, or one fuller of benignant expression, and yet none is more vicious, in fact, or more hideous looking.

The capacity of this animal to bear burdens, exceeds what I should have deemed credible, previously to having seen it tested. To see it walking off with two sticks of timber, lashed and balanced upon each side, apparently eight or nine inches square, and from thirty to forty feet in length, was a spectacle, the credibility of which, I should certainly have called in question, if witnessed to by any other eyes than my own. Admit the timber to have been dry, and of the lighter kind of wood, as I suppose it was, and still you are left without a key to the mystery. Such a spectacle, however, I have often seen in Egypt, and I have looked at the animals, in contrast with their loads, with amazement. They are, of course, loaded heavier for a short distance, than for a long one, and then they must either take two sticks, the one to balance the other, or none at all, both being balanced lengthwise upon the pack-saddle. There is an instance of a camel bringing twelve hundred weight of iron eighty miles through the desert (from Suez to Cairo), but ordinarily, in long journeys through the desert, they carry but half that burden.

And they will go, and go, and go, under their enormous burdens, year after year, until they drop down dead in their tracks. When once one gives way, he is never expected to recover, and no means are taken to restore him, his load is piled upon the remaining camels of the caravan, which hold on their way, leaving it to die in the desert, an event which does not generally occur until after a great number of years of service. If loaded beyond their strength, however, they are not backward in making it known, by crying out most piteously.

The camel seems to be a creature of providence, formed out of the ordinary course of nature, and adapted in its organization to the exigencies of the desert, a portion of the earth as wonderful as itself. Its foot is simply a pad, which spreads itself upon the sand, without sinking much into it, while it yields to a rocky or flinty surface, without wearing into the quick, or impairing its elasticity. This animal has long been known to have a reservoir within, from which it draws refreshing supplies of water amid the parched desert, and it is now supposed, with very good reason, to have a like receptacle in which to stow food for similar emergencies.

And its sensibilities and instincts seem to be equally wonderful, and equally adapted to its exigencies. When its internal supply of water is exhausted, and both man and beast have been ready to perish from thirst, and sink with fatigue, he has been known suddenly to raise his

drooping head, exhibit great exhilaration of spirits, break away from his master, and run, at full speed, and with unerring precision, to a spring a little distance off.

Its teeth seemed formed to crop and masticate the hard, prickly shrubs of the desert; shrubs which no other animal can either crop, masticate, swallow, or digest. And it has the power, also, of so contracting its nostrils as to exclude the flying sands of the desert, with which the air is often darkened.

Nor do its capacity of bearing burdens, and its power of endurance, alone constitute its value. The milk of the female camel is the main dependence of many an Arab family for food; its offal, formed into flat cakes, and dried in the sun, furnishes their chief supply of fuel, while the soot arising from its combustion, is formed, by sublimation, into Sal-ammoniac, which was formerly extensively exported into Europe.

And when the poor creature is dead, he ceases not to be useful to man. If he is butchered, his flesh is esteemed quite a delicacy for the table, and his hide makes the best of leather, while his hair is wrought into cloth, raiments of camels hair being worn long before the days of John the Baptist; and what would the artist do without camel's hair pencils?

The young camel is very beautiful, its little hump detracting nothing from the gracefulness of its form; but it grows ugly as it grows older; every month which passes over its head, robs it of its prettiness, and increases its deformity, until, at full age, a monstrosity in the animal creation is fully developed.

The dromedary resembles the camel in general appearance, but, in many respects, it is a very different animal. It is much lighter made, smaller, and much more swift of foot, traveling sometimes a hundred miles a day, for several days in succession, without apparent injury, while twenty-eight or thirty miles are a day's journey for a camel.

Upon other domestic animals which I meet with in the fields, I will bestow a passing notice.

That beautiful animal, the horse, is to be met with, I believe, in all the countries of the earth, being a universal favorite of man. He is to be seen here in greater perfection than in most other countries, being of the Arab blood. There are but few, however, in Egypt, none but the wealthy being able to keep them. Some of the specimens I have met with, were very beautiful, such as I have not seen excelled elsewhere, either in form or action.

The Arab horse is remarkable for intelligence, and he readily learns almost anything which is taught him. It is this which makes him such

a pet with his master, who caresses him as a companion, shares with him the fortunes of life, and when he dies, mourns for him as for his first born.

From the pictorial representations of the horse in the tombs, I should think, they must have had a noble race here in ancient times. Indeed, it is manifest, that the breeding of horses for export, constituted quite a branch of husbandry in those days. Solomon appears to have procured horses from Egypt for his numerous cavalry. 2nd Chron., chap. 9.

The donkey, the mule, and the camel, do the drudgery in Egypt, which the horse does in some other countries. In the large towns, there seems to be nothing but donkeys, donkeys, donkeys. There are said to be fifty thousand of them in Cairo alone. They are the poor man's dependence.

Oxen are in common use, worked single in the towns, and double in the fields, joined, or rather separated by a yoke twelve feet long. They have a small, short horn breed here, some of which have well turned forms. Buffaloes are extensively bred and used, both for work and milk. There are but few sheep, and those coarse woolled and shabby. Goats abound, and are valued for milk. Of dogs I have said enough.

Here ends the list of the domestic animals of Egypt. If there be others, they have not come within the range of my observation.

But we are at Kenneh, located near the site of the ancient Coptos, the terminating point on the Nile of the ancient Red Sea route to Berenice, of which I have spoken. It is about thirty miles below Thebes, and some two hundred from the Cataract.

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#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

*The Temple of Denderah, its wonderful state of preservation, beauty and finish,—here the Sepoys of India fell down and worshipped,—Denon's Mistake,—Reflections.*

Directly opposite Kenneh, (thirty miles below Thebes) and two miles from the river on the west bank, stands the famous temple of Denderah, (generally admitted to be the ancient Tentyra) to which I failed not to pay my respects. There are different opinions as to the epoch of the construction of this temple, some identifying it with that of the older structures of Egypt. And there seems to be nothing to indicate a later date, either in its inscriptions or its architecture, which are thoroughly Egyptian—nothing, except the wonderful state of pres-

ervation in which it is found, and perhaps the higher finish with which it is beautified. The Ptolemies, however, the immediate successors of Alexander, patronized the religion of the country, and built temples to its gods, and it is supposed, with considerable plausibility, that the building of this edifice dates no farther back than the era of their power, not far from two thousand years.

But this detracts nothing from the interest which attaches to it; nay, a spell was shed down upon me from this temple, which I had not felt elsewhere in Egypt, not even among the more gigantic remains of Thebes. Here was a temple, of no mean dimensions, (265 feet by 140 upon the ground) not only showing a perfection of art in its construction and finish, which fitly makes it the last in a long line of architectural wonders, commencing with the pyramids, but exhibiting a spectacle nowhere else to be seen in Egypt, that of a perfect whole, standing up in all its beauty and perfection, unscathed by the hand of time, and showing no other marks of age, than serve to render it more venerable and imposing—a spectacle which one sighs in vain to behold amid the magnificent ruins to be found in other parts of the country,

The interior entry is made through a portico, sustained by massive columns, and elaborated in every part, with sculptured representations of the mysteries of religion, and hieroglyphs of the highest finish. And the same may be said of the entire interior and exterior of the edifice, walls, columns, capitals, architraves, frieze and cornice, all being covered with sculpture of the same high order, and presenting a spectacle of great beauty.

The first department is spacious, and adorned with eighteen large columns, ornamented at the top with opening lotus buds, whose stems run partly down the shaft, giving it the appearance of having been scolloped. Proceeding on, another large department is entered, and beyond it a third, in which last the sanctuary, (in which idols were kept, and oracles uttered) and which is a temple of itself, is located. Ranged upon each side is a succession of small rooms, from one of which a flight of steps mounts to the roof, upon which several apartments are located, ornamented like those below. Some glimmering light is admitted through holes cut in the sides obliquely down, though in the sanctuary utter darkness reigns.

Upon the ceiling of this temple, as upon that of the one at Esneh, were discovered, what has been called a planisphere, consisting of figures, hieroglyphs, and groups of stars, supposed to represent the zodiac. This the French detached and transported to Paris, as a

choice treasure. It is nearly certain, however, that, whatever may have been its import and design, it does not represent the zodiac.

It was in this temple that the Sepoys of India, brought hither by General Hutchinson, to aid in repelling the French at the beginning of the present century, fell down and worshipped, recognizing their own deities in the gods and goddesses of the Egyptians as here portrayed. Nor is this the only evidence we have of a striking similarity between the idol worship of ancient Egypt and modern India, all travellers representing the temples of the latter as bearing a very strong resemblance to those of the former, and equally strong resemblances in certain rites and ceremonies practised by each respectively, have been remarked. Both would seem to have had the same origin, perhaps upon the middle ground, first peopled, whence migrations took place to the East and to the West.

It would be of little use to sketch the symbolic representations with which this temple is covered in every part, inside and out, consisting of gods and goddesses, priests and worshipers, among which are dog and hawk-headed human figures, men in the act of being slaughtered by brother men, and wild beasts, &c., &c., besides the many volumes of hieroglyphs which everywhere meet the eye.

No part of the edifice appeared more beautiful to me than the cornice, which consists in the flaring gracefully over of the top of the wall, forming a rim of beauty all around, separated from the architrave by a moulding, and running down the corners of the building. This is the true Egyptian style, and combines a high degree of simplicity, chasteness and elegance.

There is another small temple near, which is adorned in a similar manner, and then there are three propylons or gateways, one of which rose upon the view a considerable distance across the plain, as we approached—a noble structure, between forty and fifty feet high, and beautifully adorned. The great temple itself is in a hollow, and the first glimpse of it is obtained at the propylon just mentioned. So suddenly does it open upon the view in passing around the acclivity, rising at once in all its original perfection, as fairly to bewilder the beholder with its beauty and grandeur.

The sacred edifices, except the propylon last mentioned, were enclosed by a wall thirty-five feet high, and fifteen feet thick, the remains of which can be distinctly traced, around an area, say sixty rods square. The brick of which this wall is composed, appear to have been sixteen inches in length, eight in width, and four in thickness, making them nearly eight times the size of the common brick of modern

times. Projections in the wall seem to indicate sites for towers which rose from it at regular distances.

The site of ancient Tentyra is elevated some fifteen feet above the level of the valley, and is all strown over with fragments of pottery and brick.

Denon, one of the French Savans, who accompanied the army of Napoleon, on the Egyptian expedition, seems to have been put into raptures here. "What unceasing power," he exclaims, "what riches, what abundance, what superfluity of means, must a government possess, which could erect such an edifice, and find artists within itself to conceive and execute such designs! Never did the labor of man show me the human race in so splendid a point of view."

Had he exclaimed instead, "What unceasing oppression, what extortionary governmental exaction, what poverty, what degradation, what enslavement of the masses, are indicated by such a memorial as this? Never before did I see the human race in such an abject point of view." Had his astonishment taken this turn, it would have seemed more in harmony with the dictates of common sense, and more consonant with the sentiments of a progressive humanity.

The thought occurred to me, that if even this edifice, seen in such a state of preservation, is an object of so much wonder, what a spectacle must Karnac and Luxor have presented, in an equal state of preservation, the former being fourteen times as large upon the ground, and every way magnificent in proportion, to say nothing of its surroundings, which were spread out over an area three miles in circumference, and on a still more magnificent scale! The mind staggers under the conception.

The question also arose, Why is it, that pagan idolators bestow their treasures so much more freely upon their religion, such as it is, than the Christian does upon his, such as he believes it to be? At first view the comparison seems derogatory to the Christian faith, but a more philosophical view will show the matter in quite another light. The truth is, the poor benighted pagan makes an offering of his treasure as a *propitiation*, and never entertains a thought beyond this, whereas the Christian has no such end to accomplish, that having been accomplished "once for all!" What he bestows goes mainly to extend the benefits of the great propitiatory sacrifice to others. In the one case, the principle of selfishness, in its rankest form, comes into action, and in the other, that of benevolence, and if the former operates more powerfully than the latter, it only shows that it has a more powerful hold upon the human heart.

## CHAPTER XL

*Kenneh, Starting-point of the Pilgrim Caravan,—Annual Pilgrimages from this point and from Cairo,—Description of them.*

We are at Kenneh—situated near the site of the ancient Coptos, thirty miles below Thebes. This place, of a few thousand inhabitants, shares with Esneh the benefits of the caravan trade from the region of the upper Nile; and, as I have said, is famous for the manufacture of pottery, for which extraordinary water-cooling and perfume-imparting properties are claimed. Of the stacks of this fragile article, piled upon the Nile, constituting both boat and cargo, and drifting in safety, hundreds of miles, to their destination, I have also spoken.

Kenneh is the starting-point, upon the Nile, of the modern caravan route across the desert to Cosseir, on the Red Sea, directly opposite,—as Coptos was of the ancient one to Berenice, which is located a hundred and fifty or more miles further down the coast. As the Nile takes a sweep eastward at this point, the distance directly across is only about eighty miles—not more than half what it is two degrees above or below.

This route is traveled by the great annual pilgrim caravan of Middle and Upper Egypt, on its way to the tomb of the Prophet; while that of Lower Egypt traverses the desert from Cairo to Suez, and then down the eastern coast of the Red Sea,—reaching its destination after a journey of five or six weeks—having passed over seven or eight hundred miles of burning sands, mostly by night, the intense heat rendering it almost impossible to travel by day. Sometimes a portion of the caravan take ship at Suez, and pass down the Red Sea.

Nothing enters more devoutly into the calculations of this people, than the performance—at least once in their lives—of a pilgrimage to Mecca; and no event creates a profounder sensation than the annual departure and return of the great pilgrim caravan. The four great cardinal duties to which the true Moslem consecrates himself, are prayer, alms-giving, fasting, and a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Prophet—the last being esteemed by no means the least.

The place of rendezvous, for forming the caravan for Lower Egypt, is “pilgrim’s pool,” about twelve miles from Cairo on the way to Suez,—supposed to be the Succoth of the Scriptures, so named as the first encampment-ground of the Israelites, upon taking up their line of march for the wilderness. At Kenneh, it is a short distance from the town.

Hither the devout followers of the Arch-impostor come pouring in from all quarters, clad only in a single coarse garment, without seam,

which is thrown over them (the shaved head and the feet being left bare), until thousands have collected, with their camels, tents and provisions. Several persons are swung across a single camel—say two upon each side of the pack-saddle, with their heads projecting from boxes or sacks, who balance each other (as do the contents of a bag, divided into equal portion at each end)—and one upon the top. About fifteen miles is a nights' journey—the day being devoted to religious duties, to their meals, and to sleep, beneath the shelter of their tents. And thus they go from stage to stage, groping their way over the desert in the dark,—fit emblem of the spiritual desert of Mohammedanism, and the darkness in which it is enveloped. They are often attacked, and many of them killed, by robber bands in the mountain defiles.

The caravans proceed twelve or fifteen miles beyond Mecca, to Mount Arafat, where certain rites are performed, and then return to a valley in the neighborhood of Mecca, where a ram is sacrificed by each devotee, in commemoration of the deliverance of Ishmael,—it being their belief that it was Ishmael, and not Isaac, whom Abraham was about to slay at the command of God. The fact of Mohammed's being a descendant of Ishmael, doubtless led him to the adoption of this version of the affair.

Having gone through these and numerous other ceremonies, such as stoning the devil, &c., the usual dress is resumed, and henceforth each one takes the name of pilgrim—regarding himself, and being regarded, as one highly favored of Heaven,—having crossed the Desert and wept over the tomb of the Prophet.

But it is upon the return of the caravan, that the intensest feeling is excited and the most moving scenes enacted. Its long absence of three months or more, and the general fact that always large numbers, being poorly provided for so long a journey, are left to die under their privations and sufferings in the midst of the desert, induce their anxious friends to advance a day or two's journey into the desert to meet them, accompanied by the sound of the drum and tamborine, to express their joy and their congratulations.

But when, instead of meeting their friends, large numbers are told of their having been left to perish by the way, to be devoured by the vulture, the hyena or the jackal, their joy is turned into mourning, and the wailings of the bereaved, mingling with the bursts of joy and the deafening beat of the drum, from others who meet with returning friends, create a scene of rapture and anguish combined, which has no parallel, perhaps, in the annals of earth.

Messengers are sent some days in advance of the caravan, to herald



his approach, and deliver letters from those belonging to it to their friends. Of these heralds, the chief expects presents from those who are thus made glad by the message he brings, and he frequently receives handsome gratuities. As he goes along, he cries out, "Blessing on the prophet!" when all within the hearing of his voice respond, "O God favor him!"

On the arrival of the pilgrims, they are beset with multitudes pressing around for a blessing, each one begging for a short prayer in his behalf, believing in the certain efficacy of the intercession of a returning pilgrim, according to the saying of the Prophet—"God pardoneth the pilgrim and all for whom the pilgrim implores mercy."

In his absence, the house of the pilgrim has been decorated with paintings, in a most fantastic style; and, upon his arrival, he gives a feast, and, after a few days, another—when he resumes his usual occupation; but he is ever after deemed worthy of special deference, in the sacred character of pilgrim. The next day after the arrival of the caravan of Lower Egypt, a great pageant was exhibited in the streets of Cairo. A litter, covered with black cloth, splendidly ornamented with gold embroidery and a border of silk fringe, with tassels from which silver balls were suspended, was seen moving through the streets upon the back of a camel. The thing was entirely empty, but had two gilt-bound copies of the Koran attached to the outside, in full view of the populace. The animal upon whose back this spectacle is borne, I was told, would be exempted from further service for life.

As it passes along, way is made for it through immense masses of men, women and children, who gaze in solemn silence upon it as a sort of religious mystery. It is simply a sort of contribution from the Pasha, as an atonement for his dereliction of duty in not joining the caravan—it being formerly customary for the Viceroy to accompany it, borne in a litter of somewhat similar construction.

It is generally conceded, I believe, that the Mohammedans are not idolators, and that they believe in one only living and true God,—repudiating alike graven images and pictorial representations. And yet, if they do not absolutely pay divine honors to the founder of their religion, there is certainly so near an approximation to it as to baffle all attempts to distinguish the difference.

To visit and weep over his tomb, is deemed one of the most sacred duties of their religion; five times a day, they turn their faces to Mecca, and make solemn pledges of devotion, and never do they perform a religious act without thus invoking the blessing of the Prophet; and, when the hour of dissolution arrives and the spirit is about to take its flight, they are turned in their beds, to enable them to look

toward the sacred city where repose the ashes of their Prophet,—as though *there* were their trust and their confidence. If that be not worship, outright and direct, it is difficult to conceive what is—the fundamental article of the Moslem creed, that “there is but one God, and Mohammed is his Prophet,” to the contrary notwithstanding. Not here, for the first time, do creed and practice refuse to coalesce.

There is no end to the calendar of Mohammedan saints, to whose ashes pilgrimages are made. There is one, to whose tomb at Tintah, as I have elsewhere remarked, a hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims, from every part of Egypt, from Arabia, Nubia and other countries of the Upper Nile, congregate every six months, as regularly as the years come round, as an act of pious consecration.

But to none are such honors paid as to the Prophet—him they *seem* to worship as a sort of inferior god, he being dependant upon the Supreme God for favor, as they are upon him. With the invocations, “Blessing on the Prophet” and “O God favor him,” on their lips, they still render to him acts of homage which are due to God alone.

## CHAPTER XLI.

*Ruins of Abydos,—The Celebrated Parchment Roll,—Mysteries of Egyptian Hieroglyphics, the Key to them discovered in the famous Rosetta stone.*

Some seventy or eighty miles below Thebes, and three or four from the river on the west side, repose, amid encroaching sands, the celebrated ruins of Abydos, the modern Arabat. Thither I had purposed to direct my steps, but, as it was extremely doubtful whether any trace of the ruins remained to mark the spot, I altered my purpose, and we floated on. A few years ago, the remains of two magnificent temples were to be seen here, one of which, three hundred and fifty feet by one hundred and fifty upon the ground, was almost entire, though so choked with sand and rubbish as well nigh to forbid exploration. When last visited, it had nearly disappeared, and the probability is, that by this time it is entombed. This edifice is supposed by Strabo and others, to have been the real palace of Memnon, (Amenoph) who is computed to have reigned 3500 years ago. And yet, but recently, the paintings in some of the apartments, are said to have been as fresh and vivid, as though executed but yesterday.

It was in one of the secret apartments of this temple that a tablet was discovered in 1818, which, upon examination, was found to contain a long list of the kings of Egypt, the immediate predecessors of

Sesostris, whose reign dates back some 3100 years. By the aid of this document, Champollion has fixed, with a tolerable degree of certainty, the date at which several dynasties of Egyptian kings must have occupied the throne.

As I have taken some pains to familiarize myself with the process of Champollion and others in decyphering these mysterious symbols, (to a limited extent) I will here make an effort to explain it for the special edification of those whose curiosity has been awakened on the subject.

The hieroglyphic is the simplest form of written language, and it is in use in all countries to this day, as the rudimental language of children. What but hieroglyphic symbols are the pictures of animals in the child's primer? By these symbolic representations, lisping infancy is enabled to receive and communicate its tiny ideas, long before it can avail itself of the language of sound. And it is the same with infant nations. When Cortez arrived upon the shores of the new world, his advent was announced by the natives who were present to their friends in the interior, by rude pictures of the ships, and of the arms and dress of the Spaniards. Some specimens of these rough pictorials, as afterwards found among them, have been preserved.

The next stage in the march of discovery was to abbreviate by substituting a fainter likeness of the object, or of some portion of it, which would be suggestive of the object itself, and at the same time occupy less space, as a curved line for a ship, &c. And from this the transition to arbitrary signs, as the mark Y to signify a horse was easy and natural. At this stage the language of China remains to this day, consisting of arbitrary characters, representing not sounds but subjects or ideas. It had always been taken for granted that the monumental language of the ancient Egyptians stopped far short of this, if indeed it had advanced beyond pictorial representations, until the fact was disclosed by Champollion and his coadjutors, that it not only came up to this point of improvement, but went far beyond it, even to the use of an alphabet, by which they were enabled, equally, with the moderns, to place upon imperishable record ideas the most abstract, by means of signs which represent human articulation. The pictures, which were supposed simply to represent objects, the likenesses of which they bore, have been ascertained to represent, in many cases, the letters of the alphabet, or sound, the initial letter in the name of the animal or object portrayed, being the letter for which it stands.

Thus, according to this system, in the stage of development then reached, any word might be spelled alphabetically by an array of as many images as it contained letters, each image representing the ini-

tial letter of its name. For instance, the pictures of a deer, an eagle, a tiger, a rabbit, an oar, an ichneumon, and a tiger again, ranged in this order, would upon this principle, spell the word **DETROIT**, in our language, these being the initial letters of the respective names of these objects.

And in spelling a name, images of animals or objects, whose qualities would be suggestive of praise or blame, or of some particular feature of character which it was desired to bring out, seem to have been selected, as, of a lion to express nobleness of character, of a hyena to express ferocity, of a lamb to express gentleness, &c. By pains-taking in the selection of images, a man's name might thus be spelled in the highest strain of panegyric on the one hand; or of keen, withering satire, on the other. In spelling the name of Ptolemy, the image of a lion is used to denote the letter L, Labo being the Coptic name of that animal.

This was strictly an alphabet, though a very clumsy, cumbersome, and inconvenient one, compared with the arbitrary signs now in use, and though it has been shown to have been in use 1300 years before the Christian era, there is no evidence that any attempt was made in all that time to improve it by the substitution of less cumbersome characters.

But though previous to this discovery, the monumental inscriptions of the country *seemed* to furnish no indication of the use of an alphabet by the ancient Egyptians, it has long been known that the people of Greece acknowledged their indebtedness to Egypt for a knowledge of alphabetic characters, and so memorable in their annals was the advent of Cadmus, the Phoenician, who brought to them across the Mediterranean, 16 letters of the alphabet, that they publicly celebrated the event hundreds of years afterwards.

The use of hieroglyphic symbols to denote objects, however, was not superseded by the invention of an alphabet. Pictures still continued to be used as before, to symbolize objects, as well as to represent letters, or sounds, and the two methods seem to be blended in the monumental inscriptions of the country generally. This reluctance to give up the original, uncouth method of monumental record, seems analogous to the veneration which certain religionists of our day, entertain for the language in which their creed was originally embodied, deeming it a profanation to use any other in religious services, though long since obsolete as the language of the people.

The key to this discovery was furnished by the famous Rosetta stone, a black basalt tablet, which was exhumed by the French about the beginning of the present century, in excavating the foundations of a fort at Ro-

setta, near the western mouth of the Nile, and on which were found inscriptions in three different characters or languages, viz : the Greek, hieroglyphic and hierotic, or common language of the country. As these inscriptions purported to be different versions of the same decree, all that was necessary to decypher the hieroglyphic and hierotic was to establish a correspondence between the images or characters employed and the Greek, the latter being already understood. The obliteration of portions of all the inscriptions, rendered the task a difficult one, but the repetition of the name of Ptolemy, in the Greek, and a corresponding repetition of certain hieroglyphic images, identified the names as common to both inscriptions, and, so far, the triumph was achieved.

Hitherto, however, little more has been accomplished, than to apply the principle discovered, to the decyphering of proper names, the names of most of the long line of kings of ancient Egypt having been thus satisfactorily made out, and the several dynasties arranged in chronological order. The history and exploits of several of the kings of Egypt, as related by the Greek historians, have thus been rescued from the charge of fabulous origin, their names being fully identified, and the achievements ascribed to them rendered highly probable.

But though this is about all which has yet been accomplished in actually decyphering hieroglyphic characters, much has been done to prepare the way for a more general interpretation. By comparing the proper names in the inscriptions on the Rosetta stone and other trilingual tablets and rolls, a complete alphabet has been formed, and when in Paris I learned, that a font of hieroglyphic types had just been cut, and were in readiness for striking off the monumental records of the Pharaohs, with as much despatch as any records in the English language can be multiplied by the same instrumentality.

But, in order to complete success, a better acquaintance with the Coptic, or original language of the country, seems to be necessary. This is now a dead language, and has only been preserved from utter extinction, by the superstitious veneration of the few Copts in the country for it as the sacred language of their religion. The necessity of this is manifest from the fact, that it cannot be known what is the initial letter which an image represents, without knowing the name of the object thus represented, in the original language of the country. For instance, the image of an eagle represents the letter A, because the name of that bird in Coptic is Ahom. But to recognize the names of the numberless objects imaged in these pictures, requires a full knowledge of the language. Little attention, however, has as yet been given to the subject by oriental scholars, and of course but small

results have been reached. And besides, there will be some embarrassment experienced in the fact, that the pure Coptic does not exist, the purest form of it being adulterated, to some extent, with that of the foreign nations who conquered the country. Still, large results might be anticipated in these investigations from a full knowledge of it, as it is.

That rich treasures of ancient lore are locked up in these mysterious symbols, we have every reason to believe. "The wisdom of Egypt" was proverbial in the days of Moses, 1650 years before the christian era, and in the palmy days of Greece, a thousand years afterwards, her ripest scholars flocked to the banks of the Nile to complete their education at the feet of the Egyptian philosophers. The stately remains of her ancient edifices, her pyramids, her temples, her obelisks and statues, have stood, for thousands of years, as monuments to a skill in the use of mechanical powers, which could only have originated in a profound philosophy.

The famous Alexandrian library, collected by the first Ptolemy, something more than three hundred years before the christian era, the largest the world ever saw, previous to the invention of printing, was a proud monument to the learning of the ancient Egyptians, consisting of seven hundred thousand volumes, (in papyrus rolls). It was so extensive, that, after the destruction of more than half of it by Julius Caesar, and the pillaging of much of the remainder by christians, there was enough left to furnish the Saracens with fuel to heat the numerous baths of Alexandria for six months.

Yet, great as was this loss to the world, we have reason to presume, that it would be, in a great measure restored, were the process of hieroglyphic discovery, already commenced, pushed to its legitimate results, and the great temple of knowledge, pre-supposed by these temples of stone, laid open to the world.

I have said, that the key to these long hidden secrets was furnished by the Rosetta stone, on which a royal decree was inscribed in three different characters, viz: Greek, hieroglyphical and the common language of the country. For more than a thousand years, the learned and the studious had been tasking reason, imagination and fancy, over these mysterious symbols, without having advanced a single step toward the great result. And then it was, when the learned world had despaired of ever succeeding in the attempt, that the highway of discovery was stumbled upon by those who were in pursuit of quite another object, and who were as indifferent as the donkey or the mule to an event which put the whole learned world into raptures.

Whatever may have been the motive of Napoleon in his military

expedition to Egypt, it certainly reflects honor upon his memory, that he selected a band of learned men to accompany it, consisting of antiquarians, architects, surveyors, naturalists, and draughtsmen, whose business it was to explore, and make sketches of the wonderful remains of the country, himself taking apparently as much interest in their researches, as in the military operations of his army. That was a noble after-thought. However censurable may have been the military ambition of Napoleon, it was certainly as praise-worthy, as it was novel in the annals of war, to follow up the bloody triumphs of the sword with the peaceful achievements of science. As the result of these investigations, we have the great French work, "Description del Egypt," published at the expense of the French Government, and executed in a style of princely magnificence; a work so voluminous, and highly embellished, as to be accessible only to the wealthy.

The savans of Napoleon, however, though they created a new interest in Egyptian antiquities throughout christendom, did not attempt to extend their researches to the field of hieroglyphic discovery. And yet to the military department of this expedition the world is indebted for the clue which has led to all the progress which has since been made in the development of the hieroglyphic system. As though in mockery of the scientific investigators of centuries, terminating with the splendid corps of Napoleon, the key they had so long and intently sought was struck by the spade of an ignorant soldier in digging the foundations of a fort.

The triple inscription was made for the same reason, that our laws are sometimes published in German and French as well as English, the inhabitants of Egypt at that time consisting of the conquering Greeks and the conquered Egyptians.

The French army being ousted from Egypt by the British, this stone fell into the hands of the latter, who transported it to England, and deposited it in the British Museum. Copies of the inscriptions were engraved, and sent to learned men throughout Europe, but near twenty years elapsed before any considerable progress was made in decyphering its mysterious characters.

## JOURNAL LEAVES OF A EUROPEAN RAMBLE.

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

## CHAPTER II.

ON BOARD OF STEAMER "ASIA," July 4th, 1855.

Descending the stairway to the lower cabin, a choking sensation grappled us about the throat, as of a want of sufficient air, and on reaching our state-room, so very close was its atmosphere, that I regarded myself doomed to a night of sea-sickness. So, repudiating the berth, I cast myself, clothes and all, upon the lounge which extended along one side of the apartment, ready for a rush after the fresh air of the main deck at a moment's warning. The light which illuminated the state-room, was lodged in some mysteriously inaccessible manner behind a panel in one corner, and shone through a piece of ground-glass, about a foot square, with a dull yet sufficient ray for all practical purposes.

W——, whose quarters were with me, stowed away his two black bags of Government dispatches (for he enjoyed the distinction of a bearer of dispatches to the Court of St. James) under the lower berth, and turned in; while poor J——, whose mind was still busy with distracting regrets, burrowed off into the darkness to quarters on the same floor, equally comfortable, but further toward the stern than ours. The various passengers, one after another, tottered with uncertain step to their respective rooms, and soon nothing was heard below but an occasional snore, or a restless sigh from some poor afflicted one, whose pillow the God of Sleep as yet declined to visit. Presently I was lost in sleep, as sound as though the eternal rocks were my bed and the everlasting hills their foundation. Some time after, however,—but how long was uncertain—I awoke to consciousness and utter darkness. Where was I? In what sort of a bed? What was that heavy thunder which sensibly diffused itself through my lodging-place? What that wild rush of tumultuous waters along its outer walls?

Just then old Jack's giant whistle screamed out overhead, and I remembered that I was a wanderer amid the fogs of the Ocean, and that, through these thick and dark hours of the night, that was the sounding herald of our approach to all who sailed upon our track. Ship-masters running near us would catch the note of warning, and look out through the misty cloud of fog for the black hull of our



approaching vessel. But what cared the mighty craft of the Arctic Sea—the icy monster floating at his ease toward Tropical climes—what cared he for the puny scream of our trembling ship, as she timidly crept through the midnight fog? He had just broken forth from that terrible prison-house of snow and ice at the far North, and, laughing in his freedom and in the greatness of his strength, was pressing sublimely forward on his way, defying all opposition, and crushing beneath his icy foot the frail bark that, in the darkness, might unexpectedly fall upon his pitiless breast, shaggy with icicles and clouded with death. Ocean's waves, as they dash around his base, are to him no more than is to old Mt. Blanc the crushing avalanche that thunders down his wrinkled face. He rides forth in his majesty according to his own free will, and woe to the rash navigator who refuses to halt on his path and wait submissively until the King of the North has passed by! Doubtless some of these silent monsters of the deep, these fearful destroyers of those who "go down to the sea in ships," were then on their silent way to the South, and our vessel must cross their path. The season in which they journey, floating slowly in the polar current, at the rate of a mile an hour, is between April and September. They are never seen in the winter, and seldom after August. But we were in time for them, and it is no pleasant thought, as one lies in his state-room, far down in the bowels of the Steamer, to fancy that, through darkness and fog, his vessel may be steering directly on to one of their icy walls, and any moment may fill his ears with the crash of a collision, and his state-room with the tumbling billows of the sea.

Thus ruminating while awake, and dreaming out the reality in sleep, the night wore along, until at last the first ray of morning streamed through the little bull's-eye window that lighted our state-room, and assured us that the mantle of night was now lifted from the sea. At seven o'clock, the Steward's bell sounded along the passages, and having done what we could in the way of a wash, we climbed up to the promenade deck. The fog was still very dense, and the officers were, by reason of it, engaged in taking soundings, thus endeavoring to fix our locality. The manner in which this was done, so far as I observed, was as follows: To the end of a stout line was attached a conical piece of lead, surmounted by a small but somewhat complicated arrangement of brass machinery, in which revolved a wheel resembling the screw-paddle of a Western propeller, and an orifice at the base of the lead was filled with soft lard. One of the subordinate officers, taking his place in a boat suspended outside the larboard bulwarks, cast off this lead into the sea. The vessel's head-

way was checked, the lead touched the Ocean's bed (in this instance, at a depth of 400 feet) and in a few seconds was hauled upon the deck. Imbedded in the lard at its base were various fragments of shells, by which the Captain, after a minute examination, seemed to comprehend where he was floating. As the old sailor was stowing away the lead, I picked out one or more pieces of these shells, brought up so suddenly from the pathway of some Mermaid village below the Bay of Fundy, and hid them away in my pocket-book. They were very soft and limy, apparently muscle-shells, of a light yellow and white color, and disposed to crumble away between the fingers on very slight pressure.

Walking after breakfast along the main deck a little forward of midships, near the Butchers room, I espied a very handsome Durham cow who stood in a little band-box of a stable with her head thrust out of the window and looking quite disposed to babble of green fields. She suffered the passengers to scratch her sable face or rub her crumpled horn, and seemed pleased with the attention. A short trough filled with bran was before her, abundance of hay beneath her feet, and a neat little rick of it over her head. A soft carpet cushioned the sides and ends of her stable or state-room, so as to protect her from bruises in rough weather, and all proper precautions were made use of to ensure her such reasonable share of comfort as a four footed beast is fairly entitled to when out at sea, and required to supply 250 passengers with milk and cream! This she does right well, pouring these unmistakeable fluids every morning into our coffee, and yielding according to the Butcher's account, upwards of fourteen quarts a day. Right respectful are we therefore to old Sukey, and though he has already made five voyages, or ten trips across the Atlantic, she has the good wishes of all the passengers and their invocations if not their prayers, that she may live long enough to make a score or two more of trips, and never run dry. Of this latter calamity, however there is not much fear, especially if the weather chances to be rough, as we had abundant opportunity to observe before we had been out many days. Poor old Sukey! if her milk was not a little salty during three or four days of her voyage, it was not because she was put upon any short allowance of salt water, or permitted the range of green pastures. But she bore her trials meekly, and with as much equanimity as if she had been a legitimate descendant of that Royal bull who once in the olden time so gallantly bore the fair Europa through the sea, safely landing her upon the shores of Crete, and afterwards baptizing a large portion of the Continent with her name.

For the first time in my life I have heard the boatswain's whistle,

and very pleasant are the twittering notes it perpetually emits. It first trilled out below me from the main deck, and my eye searched through its various passages, in the expectation of discovering some pet mocking bird first venturing on his morning song, for so it sounded at first; afterwards growing softer and sweeter like the strains of a little bird of modest plumage who was wont to sing out of the maple's shade near my window at home. I cannot otherwise describe its simple carolling call, so chaste and pure is it to the ear. Indeed there was almost a fascination about it, so much so, that I could not refrain from asking the boatswain for a peep at this gentle flute, which sends the clambering sailors in all directions over the decks, amid the sails, and especially to grog, which latter call, it seems, they acquire more readily than any other. The pipe itself is a delicate silver tube with a slight curve in it, the diameter not larger than that of a goose quill, and is laid upon a silver flange shaped like the runner of a boy's sled. This tube terminates in a little silver barrel placed at right angles to it, on either end of which was stamped an anchor. The jolly owner of it exhibited the instrument with some pride, stating that it was of the same sort used in the British navy, and was presented to him many years ago by his Commander while he was in the service. To him it doubtless was as valuable as a decoration of the garter, or a ribbon from the hands of the Emperor. But the cheer of his piping cry seemed ever in our ears; it shed its shower of song through every hour of the day, and its piercing call penetrated and seemed to streak with silver threads of music the blackest blasts of the night. When the voice of man was hushed by the tempest, its shrill summons was heard in the shrouds, or far down in the forecastle, and its subjects ran with alacrity to do its bidding. Like "the still small voice" of conscience when man buffets with temptation, its protest strikes through all exterior circumstance and writes its demand upon the very flesh of the heart--so that there is no escape from its appeal.

The striking of the bells at regular intervals was another incident of Steamer life, inviting investigation, and induced a search after the principle or plan on which the watches of the crew were regulated. At sea, as our friend the boatswain informed us, the day is divided into six watches of four hours each. One half of the crew are on deck through each watch, and the rest of the time, they have to themselves, except when extra labor or heavy weather pipes all hands to duty. The day of the sailor, unlike that of the landsman, begins at noon, or as they style it in their parlance at "eight bells." At each half hour after that, the bell is struck by the man at the wheel in the stern of the vessel, and responded to by the lookout on the bell forward; at the close of the

first half hour, one blow is given, two for the second, three for the third, and so on until eight bells are struck when the watch is changed, and the striking begins *de novo*. It sounded pleasantly to hear the time spoken of as "four bells" or "six bells," and made us realize we were already amid the classics of the sailors, and would soon perhaps be able to converse with them in their own peculiar dialect. And as the hours were tolled off through the rough and weary night, one was reminded of those lines of Tennyson as he mournfully sings in memory of his ship-wrecked friend,

"I hear the noise about thy keel,  
I hear the bell struck in the night;  
I see the cabin window bright  
I see the sailor at the wheel!"—

*Apropos* of sailor parlance, I cannot but notice how perfectly conversant all our English travelers on board appear to be with every thing pertaining to a ship and to navigation generally. Reared as they are on an Island which communicates with all the world and only by boat, they seem by intuition to become sailors and like the old Phenicians in the Mediteranean, to command all seas and control all harbors. If the Commerce of a country mainly depends upon its geographical position in reference to other Nations, its means of internal and external communication, the state of the arts and sciences, and the sound character of its laws, then does England possesses in an eminent degree the chief requisites to a mighty commerce. The British people love the sea and seem almost born with web feet, so readily do they run to its waters. Even their Queen prides herself on her sailor traits, and manages to spend out of the public purse every year in her own pleasure yachts about £100,000—which the poor people are compelled to liquidate in addition to the £389,000 allowed her by the Government as an annual income. But the popular notion among her sons seems to be that the sea is especially subject to the dominion of Britian, as one of her lyric poets has nobly sung to,

"The mariners of England  
That guard our native seas  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze—  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Britannia needs no bulwarks  
No towers along the steep;  
Her march is on the mountain wave  
Her home is on the deep—  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore  
When the stormy winds do blow;  
When the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy winds do blow."

Yet great and potent as is this people upon the deep, there exists another people, sprung from their own loins, amid Western seas, whose flags are fast rivaling her own for multitude, and whose humble guns have already caused the proud pennant of Britain to trail upon the wave. Great and happy land of the West! How full of pride are all her sons in the remembrance of her virtue and her power. Yea! though they stand beneath a thousand foreign flags outspread at once over their heads, yet will "the stars and stripes" though absent from the cloud of banners, still be present to the eye, and for beauty and spirit-stirring thought outshine them all.

W— whose taste for machinery and navigation generally, keeps him on a continual tour of investigation, reported to us that passengers were permitted to go below and examine the machinery, and invited us to accompany him thither. I was glad to go, having already, looked far down into those vast depths where the engine works with iron arms, and where in a still lower deep, moved black faced, brawny men, among flaming fires raging at our vessels heart. As I sat reading this morning on that part of the deck which covers the engine, a sooty figure suddenly emerged from a round hole at my feet, through which the stores of coal were tumbled to the fires below. He was dressed in a blue cotton shirt, and from his face, all soot and smoke, fell great drops of sweat. Indeed he looked as one who had just escaped from the torments of Tartarus, and was now eagerly inhaling the pure air of earthly regions. From his sooty button hole hung a delicate half-blown rose bud, pinned there with a blessing perhaps by the gentle hand of a daughter at the moment of farewell, and before his superior officer had ordered him to the shades below. Or if this son of Vulcan had planted it there with his own hand, it revealed in that coal-marked brother of those who walked the deck above his head, as delicate an appreciation and perhaps as cultivated a taste for Nature as characterized any of our cushioned cabin passengers. Yes, that flower amid the coal dust of that sweat-stained bosom was more worthy of admiration, than any of the brilliant nosegays that yesterday were twirled about the promenade deck by our lady passengers; forben eath that blackened soil there lay imbedded the seeds of a thousand virtues which doubtless cheered and blessed a family of loved ones in some vine-clad cottage home, or at least diffused bright rays of cordial feeling, in the dark hold below. And so we went down amid the machinery, and beheld there two powerful engines hard at work in their revolutions, illustrating by their steady action and their well-directed force, both the triumph of man's genius, and the wealth of his resources. Among their sliding bars and revolving shafts, quietly moved the Engineer and his

assistants, occupying positions in which the inexperienced eye would avert certain destruction, but in all which they seemed as undisturbed and as much at ease, as are our friends who move around their parlors at home. I will not here venture on any descriptions of these splendid engines, their dimensions, capacity, cost, maker, &c., as these are statistics long since made familiar to the readers of this work, and consequently would but prove a repetition of former reading.

Light iron galleries were thrown over and around the machinery, from which we could observe the different parts in their various workings, and each one of them, no matter how ponderous, moved in the action appointed for it, with all the ease and grace of a fair lady's hand when waiting adieu to her lover. Beneath us, far, far down and apparently some thirty or forty feet from the main deck, the poor firemen (one of whom has already been noticed), "lived, and moved and had their being." From our position we were enabled to look directly down upon and watch them in their labors—flinging open the doors of their massive oven-like furnaces, stirring up fires that seemed already fierce enough to consume us all, and pouring into their flames a never ceasing quantity of coal.

Poor fellows! how I pitied them in their blazing toil, fancy suggesting that in these terrible labors they must be working out a punishment for some grievous sin against their neighbor, or the laws of the land. Yet when they ascended to deck for their grog or dinner, no sorrow showed itself on their brows, nor any evidence of care at their hearts. They wiped the inky sweat from their foreheads, and walked forward as men contented with their lot, not caring even to regard the jeers of the cook's Celtic scullion, who as he staggered past with his basket of unpeeled potatoes, bid "*the dirty nagers get out of his way.*"

## TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY GILBERT HATHAWAY, ESQ., OF LAPORE, IND.

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The meal began, and with it, a pulling and pushing among the younger children, while the mistress, who occupied the head of the table, busied herself in doing its honors, and scolding the children. The scene was much after this manner, her tones being more like the notes of a steam whistle, than that of a human voice: "You! Christopher Columbus, remain quiet, you shall have your supper when I get ready to give it to you,"—then, in quite a subdued strain, with the blandest smile, she would say to me—"do you take sugar in your tea?" Then might be heard the stifled sobbing of Christopher Columbus, followed by a scuffle between him and Americus Vesputius who stood by his side, undertaking to appropriate the honors of prior discovery to a bit of meat that had been dropped on the floor. In shrill notes next came the command, "Hellen Mar, bring me the tea pot from the fire!" Marm! let Queen Charlotte go." "I am holding Joe Lane," was the reply from Hellen Mar.

William Andrew Jackson, you go and bring me the tea pot, and let Queen Charlotte remain where she is.

By this time Lewis Cass had pushed Martin Van Buren over a chair, and a great rumpus was produced in the wigwam. Van Buren made but little noise, but in moody silence meditated revenge, with a cunning leer lurking in the eye; while Tom Cotwin was crying most lustily—the chair having fallen on his toes. This was a little too much for the equanimity of "*pap*," who, good easy soul, was rarely ever moved from his profound quiet, and doubtless, would have allowed this matter to pass unnoticed, had not Lewis in his hurry to avoid a well directed blow at his head, from the hand of the presiding genius of the establishment, come in contact with the chair of his worthy sire, which poised on one leg, as he discussed a plate of venison hash, tending to bring him prostrate on the floor. His ire was aroused. A blow on the occiput of Lewis had a striking effect—and utter prostration ensued, whereupon for a short period, quiet prevailed. "That is a surly urchin," said the father, casting a glance at Martin—"hush," squalled out the mother, "I'll not have one of my boys abused by its dad; and that before a stranger, too." It was evident that *Pater familias*, liked not the interruption from the matron, at the head of the

table, and for once in his life was inclined to assert the prerogative of his position—and with great stress finished the sentence, saying, ‘he was revengeful and of great cunning, that he was properly named, as indeed were all his children.’ While this remark was being made, the matron, I noticed, observed me very closely—and finding that I was observing the scene very attentively, concluded to retreat from the high-toned position she had assumed, remarking that she “believed that to be so, that all the children were properly named,” addressing herself to me, she said that it was not her habit to name a child till it had attained sufficient age to exhibit its traits of character, and then to give the name of some person of whom she had knowledge, whose leading traits of character were the same as those exhibited by the child. She was not very much versed in such matters—not thoroughly read in the characters of those who have cut a figure in the world, yet she believed she had observed the world enough to know that all her children were properly named on the plan suggested. Just then, John the Baptist, a little white headed fellow of five years, exhibited his peculiar characteristics, undertaking to put the cat in the fire, by putting her across the pumheons by means of the extended appendage of the spinal column.

This process being somewhat against the powerful disposition of this specimen of the feline race—resistance ensued—and a bit of an uproar was created, only to be appeased by a box on the head by Herod, who standing near by, administered the same, with a will, at the command of the mother. This disturbance being thus summarily quelled—supper was permitted to proceed quietly for some time—when I remarked to the personage at the head of the table, “Are all these children, yours, madam? They seem to have a strong family resemblance, yet you appear too young to be mother of so many.” “Yes sir, they are all mine,” was the reply, “we were married young.” Ah! I remarked, that accounts for it. I should judge from some of the names, I hear, that you were democrats, addressing myself more particularly to Neely who by this time had settled into his usually quiet mood, and was then doing ample justice to the viands before him; but before he had time to reply—an answer to my question came from the head of the table; “Yes, to be sure, he is a democrat, if he had not been, he could not have got me—my pap would never give none of his girls to a whig, I assure you. The whole of our family, are democrats. But I had a cousin, who married a whig girl, but he turned her to a democrat in less than a week after.” “Ah!” I again remarked—you have one, I notice, by name of Joe Lane. Is he named after Gen. Lane of Indiana? “Yes, indeed he is,” announced the lady of the house. “He



is just Joe Lane, and I expect he will be as great a man some day— look at his eye, sir, did you ever see just such an eye in the head of a child, sir.” No, madam, I do not think I ever did; and judging from his eye and the name he bears, I have no doubt, he will be made governor of Kamtschatka when that country shall be brought under the jurisdiction of our Republic. “Do you really think so?” she quickly replied—then pausing a moment, added, “why not, as well as Joe Lane be governor of Oregon! Who would ’a thought it, when he used to *make* corn, on the Ohio bottom, and toast it to Orleans, and chop cord wood for the steamboats on the river.”

Here we were all startled from the repose we had a few moments enjoyed, by the act of Sir John Franklin, who had been ambitious to obtain something, he knew not what, through an unexplored passage, between the logs of the cabin a short distance above his reach, and in his efforts, had upset the pail of water which stood on a high shelf, and thrown its contents over himself, when he—the chair on which he had climbed, and the pail, came tumbling down with a rush and a roar over the rough pancheons of which the floor was composed. A turmoil ensued, in which was exhibited the peculiar tactics of family government, such as might be imagined from what you have already seen, during which I took occasion to retreat from the table, which was taken as a signal for an onslaught, upon what remained, by the corps *de reserve*, who rushed forward in double quick time, without hesitation or delay—each one evidently supposing that victory would depend on individual effort. I made good my escape through the back door, where I found my horses nibbling the provender which had been placed before them.

The evening was spent in conversation in which I gained much information in relation to the country.

Mr. Neely, was an Indianian, not far from the Ohio river, but had resided in Texas five years; during which time he had made several changes of location, and yet he was not fully satisfied. He was like thousands of others of his class, who are ever hearing of a more beautiful country just beyond them; a place where all that was desirable for the happiness and comfort of man, came spontaneous from the earth; where water was the purest and coolest, flowing in brightest crystals from the side of romantic mountains, and running in fructifying streams along the plains;—where fruits of endless variety, and, of great lusciousness and flavor ripened the whole twelve months, and at all seasons, in mellow pendants hang invitingly, asking to be gathered; where flowers of profuse abundance, rich in delicacy of tint and hue, bloomed and flourished on every shrub—and where cattle—sleek and fine, fat-

timed on the ever-green grass, without care or attention from any one; where game of all varieties, was inexhaustably abundant; while the earth was luxuriantly productive to all who chose to cultivate its undulating bosom—with atmosphere so pure, that man nor beast could die, except by accident or design—and where the dead required not to be embalmed, to be preserved from decay.

Such is a brief outline of the many stories which fill the ear of the emigrant to a new country, in which he puts more or less faith, and at much cost, of time and money, moves from place to place—vainly seeking the *el dorado*, till exhausted in mind and means. Meeting with fresh disappointments at every change, wearied and broken, he sinks beneath the clods, of the last place of his disappointed hopes—to have the same course of life pursued by his descendants, who follow with the same pertinacity the phantom of the land of gold, or will o' the whisp, the same as if the story had for the first, been told, and of which his sire had had no knowledge.

Scarcely had he been long enough in any one spot, to test its capabilities, or wear away the rough edges of a new place, before all must be left, to seek some more congenial spot, in the wilderness beyond, leaving for those who follow, to enjoy the fruit of their early privations and years of toil and exhaustion.

Of this first class was Neely. He had been on the frontier all his life, and I presume when death comes to put an end to his wanderings, it will find him surrounded by the great blessings of an "*ocean of children*," in great bodily fear of the partner of his toils, his joys and his sorrows, on the very confines of civilization, far beyond the sight of the smoke from a neighbor's hearth, and the sound of the bark of a neighbor's watch dog.

A year and a half in his present location had been quite long enough, to convince him, that he had not yet found the most desirable place on earth—or what his fancy had painted from what he heard.

That he cannot live here without work—neither can he grow rich any more rapidly than at the place he last left, and although he has a house, that may be considered comfortable, with land enough "opened," to afford, with proper cultivation, the ordinary supplies for his family, with a range for cattle and swine, unsurpassed in the land; yet, he must leave it to go to some more desirable place! somewhere, in the west, where! he has no definite knowledge.

And so much inclined to move is he, that I believe I could have bought his property at half its real value, had I been disposed to drive such a bargain.

The night was passed on one of the pole beadsteds I have elsewhere

described, but without the adventure of falling through. The breakfast was partaken of with much more quiet than the meal at evening. It was at an early hour, when eaten—the room was “lit up” by a candle standing in a black bottle on the table. It was so early that the forces from whom I suffered so much annoyance the night before, were quiet in their slumbers and morning dreams. May they ever be happy, is my wish. I trust that some day Sir John will find the passage sought without the adventure of a second deluge, and that in due time, Joe Lane may become a governor, and that Queen Charlotte may not be disappointed, but that the course of true love may ever run smooth, and that Herod will see the error of his great namesake and profit by his example.

I took leave of Neely and his “better half” with many good wishes for their health and prosperity, and that they might eventually find that happy resting place they had so long been seeking—where no care would come—and, at any rate, be they as prosperous as they might be, their vocabulary of names might not be exhausted thereby, but as many blessings, as might, by a bounteous Providence, be showered upon them—good and appropriate names might be found for them all.

I drove this day to the cabin of a cattle grower, thirty miles distant. It was at this ranch I wrote you by the light of a burning pine knot, already described—a very different plan from Neely’s. The proprietor was a cattle raiser, and really rich in his line, numbering them by hundreds. He had been there twelve years, and for a wonder, was contented with his situation. He lives roughly amid plenty. He knew not the use of a candle, for he usually retired to his simple couch while the light of day still lingered. And in the morning he made use of a pine knot, if he needed any artificial light. He had but one table in his house, for he knew of but one purpose to which such an article could be applied, and that was to spread his frugal meal upon; as for chairs, he made benches and stools answer the purpose—they were more simple in construction, consequently more readily procured. Yet he had a warm house (an uncommon occurrence), with good stone chimneys. They were luxuries he could fully appreciate, and with his means could readily command.

He suffered no trees to grow near his dwelling, for they had the tendency to keep off the cool breezes of summer, and the sun in winter; besides, they were productive of worms and caterpillars, a variety of vermine he desired to keep “shut of” as much as possible. Then again, they might possibly blow down and injure some body, or some property in the fall.

He owned several slaves, but most of them poor, for they were a sort of useless appendage to the ranch, generally being indolent. He had nothing for them to do, save during the "marking and branding" season, and to "make" a little corn to feed what horses he used about the place. His pigs ran in "bottom" and fattened on the mast of pecans and sweet acorns, which, in his estimation, were much better, and vastly cheaper than corn. This was the place he had fixed upon when he first came to the State, and he was still content and satisfied therewith.

He lived independently, having all the leisure he required. When he needed meat for his household, he ordered his slaves to kill a beef, or a couple of porkers; or, with his trusty rifle, he would bring to his table the noble buck, or the wild turkey; and when he wanted money, he sold ten or a dozen head of steers to the cattle buyers, who came to his door to purchase—by which means he was enabled to procure his "groceries," or pay his bill at the store at the cross roads, ten miles across the prairie. Should he desire honey, a word to his servants to that effect, would procure it, for it was abundant in the grove not far off. Really, a more independent personage could scarcely be found. His wants were few, and to supply them he had the means directly at hand. He lived without care, amid ease and comfort; without ambition or anxiety for distinction. Surely, the prince of a petty kingdom, or the autocrat of an empire, was not his equal in independence.

The road to the town of Bonham is through a more productive country than any I had come over. Prairie and timber land, alternated, of fine quality. It was somewhat past sundown when I "put up" at the only hotel in the above named place.

Can there be a more cheerless, or really revolting sight, than when you are expecting something nice, say a cup of coffee—I will not say Java—a nice bit of broiled ham, or steak, with white bread and fresh butter, and may be a boiled egg or two, spread on a clean white cloth, with all the table furniture of a comely kind and arrangement, to hear the expected sound that "dinner is ready," to be ushered into a low, black, dark, dirty, dingy dining-room, with but two or three windows, and the glass in them half broken, rags and spider-webs occupying the places of absent glass—a dirty table running the length of the room, filled from end to end with dirty dishes and the remains of a dinner just partaken, with remnants of turkey, pig, and beef staring you in the face, and apparently uttering painful cries of complaint at the barbarous manner in which they had been treated, being garnished with dirty tumblers, and greasy pitchers, half filled with

water and butter-milk, and finding midway on this table a plate somewhat cleaner than the rest—set for your accommodation—with all these dishes, where forty persons had been carving and mumbling for the past hour, and from which you are expected to help yourself, and make a dinner? Ah! methinks you would need the stomach of an ostrich, and the appetite of a Cassowary to take a meal under such circumstances. But such was my situation—a dinner reception at the Bonham hotel.

As you may imagine, I made a light meal; and could have wished myself back at the ranch of the night before, where they had kindly sweetened my coffee with honey. Although I stopped in this place sometime, I suffered no further inconveniences, as a kind friend came to my relief, keeping me at his house the remainder of my sojourn.

This is the county town of Fannin county, numbering the usual mechanics found in such towns, and four stores. The houses are "few and scattering," and as is common in places where "board timber" is scarce, but few have fences or any kind of enclosures about them. This gives it a very barren and ragged appearance, and quite uninviting to a stranger. A brick court house graces the public square, around which the principal part of the town is built. But a more perfect abortion by way of a public building it would be difficult to find anywhere. I was glad to get away from the town, for that roof!! really "spooked" me; and even now haunts my memory. If the architect of that building be living, as a penance for this sin of commission, he should be compelled to look at it, three days, each week, till he would consent to alter it, and if he be dead, well, I will not say, what should be done, but I will express the opinion that he cannot rest easy in his grave.

The persons, whose duty it was to receive this building, on the part of the county, must have been blind, and the citizens of the place, must be more stupid than is the common lot of mortals, if they suffer the thing to long remain as it now is.

This has been a good point to sell goods, and a very successful business has been done by a few persons, early engaged in it. The trade extended for many miles—but as the country has filled up, a competition has sprung up, so that at the present, the trade is much divided, and profits of course much lessened.

As to health, many are the notions entertained concerning it. It is contended that the immense bottom lands overflowed, by the Rio d' Arc, a considerable stream which runs within a mile and a half, fills the air with a miasma that is exceedingly deleterious; while on the other hand, it is said that the town is sufficiently far from the "bot-

tem<sup>to</sup> to be beyond its influence. But as near as I learn, from some cause—either the proximity to the Rio d' Arc, or rich vegetable deposit of all the lands about, when stirred up by the plow—produces much sickness.

From the very gentlemanly attention, received from several persons here and the very kind and urbane manner of Mr. Alexander and family towards me, my stay was made pleasant and agreeable. I left with emotions of a grateful character, hoping that I may have the pleasure of again paying them a visit.

My way from Bonham to a small hamlet called Ann Eliza, was over a beautiful prairie country, with frequent streams on the way, or more properly speaking, places where there have been streams; it is now so dry through the country, that most of the water courses are dried up, each of which is skirted with a growth of timber of greater or less extent, furnishing, as the settlers say, enough for all practical purposes.

Although it was the last of November, the day was quite warm—an overcoat of any description was unnecessary, and I drove over the smooth road as pleasantly as I could have done in the month of June. There had been frost enough to turn the leaf of the oak, to wintry brown, and to carpet the earth with that same sober hue. Yet where the fire had made a sweep through the prairie, the young grass was shooting forth, presenting a beautiful contrast.

The white rock, of which I have made mention, crops out in various places, affording many fine opportunities to procure, with little labor, this most excellent building material. It is quarried with great care, being in strata of various thicknesses, from nine to eighteen inches. At the very surface, blocks of any required size can be readily taken out. It is so soft, that it is easily cut with an axe or sawed into blocks; but, when exposed to the atmosphere for some time, it becomes hard, so as to resist the action of wind and rain.

There are different varieties of this rock, differing in quality—some of which will endure a great degree of heat: others, again, which will not bear heat at all, but crumble at a low temperature; while others, again, crumble when exposed to wet or cold weather. Much use is made of one variety in building chimnies; and it will, I am sure, be extensively used for building, when the country becomes older and more densely settled. Now, there are but few persons to work it and put it into walls—most of the settlers being content to live in huts of the rudest description, caring but little for looks or comfort. All is in a new state, all are on an equality, or nearly so; but by and bye this state of affairs will change, and fine stone houses will be found rearing their roofs in all parts of the land.

The night spent at Ann Eliza was at a house of private entertainment, kept by an old, grey-headed man of more than sixty-five winters, who had a young wife with a small child in her arms. The family was large, consisting mostly of boys, of all ages, from the little fellow who waddles by the knee of his father in petticoats, up through the various grades of jack-knife and marble memory, to him who has turned up the stiff shirt-collar and, for the first time, donned the cravat, which he has tied in the "most bewitching bow-knot." The old man is a Kentuckian, and a most zealous Baptist—not of the old ironside school, as he says, but of the new, liberal order. From his reports, one would suppose the Baptists had taken the nation, and in a short time, a person of any other persuasion would with difficulty be found. But the Mormons, he says, it is hard to beat—there is no accounting for their increase. Sometimes he thinks their religion is all a delusion, yet, if it was so, it could not prosper as much as it really does—for surely the hand of the Lord appears to be in it.

The Methodists, he said, were increasing considerably, and would do so for some little time to come; but their race, he thought, was nearly run—when the whole world, except the Mormons, would come over to the Baptist faith.

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## NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, D. D.

The Campo Santo or cemetery, is near the duomo. This is the name given to all similar places of interment in Italy. It was founded by Archbishop Ubaldo 1188–1120, who, retreating from Palestine, carried with him fifty-three vessels laden with earth from Calvary, which earth, the fabulous tradition said, reduced to dust in twenty four hours whatever is buried in it. This earth deposited in this ground, forms the central parallelogram or court, around which are ranged four arcades of gothic arches. It is 415 feet 6 inches long, 137 feet 10 inches broad. Old Roman sarcophagi and tombs of various patterns, are ranged along the walls. Fresco paintings, executed by Giotto, of the life of Job adorn the wall on one side. Another series comprises the Crucifixion, the Resurrection and Ascension, the Universe, the Creation, the Death of Abel, Noah, and the Deluge. The picture of the Creation of Man and Woman excited opposing emotions. At one moment, the rude impiety of the picture seemed to shock my sensibilities; and, at the next, I could scarcely refrain from immoderate laughter, at the ludicrous, and even ridiculous conception of the artist. Adam is represented asleep, in a nude condition; and the Almighty pulling Eve out of the side of his body, from which she has been almost entirely extricated—one foot and ankle only remaining unproduced!!!

There is, in one of the compartments, a series of fresco paintings, by Andrea and Bernardo Orgazna,—one of which represents the Last Judgment, and is tolerably well preserved. An equal portion, of different ranks and orders of men is to be seen divided off by archangels. The countenances of the one part express joyous emotions, and of the other, shame, horror and despair. Kings, queens and



priests are among the damned ; and a Franciscan monk, who seems to have impudently or improperly placed himself among the blessed, is arrested by the archangel and carried to the other side ! Solomon is seen rising exactly between the two, as though he did not exactly know to which he belonged. The Archangels are three in number. One, in the centre, holds the double sentence in his hands—"Come, ye blessed ;—depart ye cursed." Michael, who executes vengeance, has a fierce countenance. The countenance of the third is partly concealed—as though he were the guardian angel, grieving over the loss of so many who had been committed to his charge.

A second painting is the picture of Hell, and horribly disgusting. A third is the triumph of Death—presenting ghastly corpses in three different stages of decay ; the destroying angel leveling his scythe to cut down a joyous party of youth ; the blind, maimed, diseased and wretched, imploring relief from death ; rich and potent knights, monarchs and bishops among those smitten ; and the souls of the departed, like new-born babes, seized by angels or demons, as they escape with the last breath of the deceased—the sky above being filled with these agents, bearing off their possessions. The horror of a soul, that finds itself in the grasp of a devil, is well depicted ; and the Hell, to which these ministers of vengeance bear their prey, is the mouth of a volcano. This monstrous exhibition, however, is in perfect keeping with the notion prevalent in past ages, among the Roman Catholics, that Mount *Ætna* was the entrance to the infernal world.

Among the other paintings on the walls, I noticed, particularly, one representing the cultivation of the vine and the drunkenness of Noah. In this picture, a female is seen attempting to cover her face with her hand, but curiously and furtively peeping through her fingers. A number of legendary and historical pieces exhibit Abraham and other Old Testament worthies,—some of them replete with odd conceptions.

There is still another series, taken from the life of St. Patrick. Especial honor seems to be given to him, as to a patron saint. That picture representing his call to forsake the world, exhibits him as ceasing to play upon the *cembalo*, while the gay damsels, crowned with garlands, still dance gracefully before him. His pilgrimage, his embarkation to and from Palestine, his temptation and visions while there, his discomfiting the devil, his death, his funeral, and his alleged miracles after his decease, are the subjects which have employed the artist's inventive genius. The paintings are much impaired.

Returning from Pisa, I was happy to meet in the cars, and become acquainted with, the Rev. Mr. Hucker, an interesting young Episcopal

minister from Philadelphia, and his nephew, Mr. Cummings,—quite a youth—who were returning from Rome, *via* Florence, on their way home,—having arrived in a sail vessel at Marseilles, and thence taken a rapid trip into Italy, expecting to be absent but a short time from their native land. The transient companionship, and even the sight, of a fellow-countryman, in that land, where almost every one I meet is a stranger, and the language not at all familiar to my ears, is among the pleasing incidents of my journey.

After my return from Pisa, I improved my time to see and learn as much of Leghorn, Italice Livorno, as I could. It is a free port, but under Austrian protection. English and French goods are to be obtained at reasonable rates. Coral ornaments are manufactured here in great beauty. Its trade is not so brisk or extensive as formerly—Genoa, by reason of the liberal government of Sardinia, reviving rapidly, and interfering with its prosperity, under its present political embarrassments. The protection of the Austrian government may have saved it from immediate calamity during the late revolution; but it is dangerous to its permanent liberty and prosperity, for a free port to invite the aid and arms of a despotic foreign sovereign. History shows, that the powerful ally of a feeble nation, invited to its aid, is ultimately as bad as an enemy, if not worse. Travellers are subjected to various sorts of extortion, and pestered at every step by sturdy beggars. The population is between seventy and eighty thousand, of whom a tenth part are Jews. The English have a chapel here, and a resident chaplain. Different forms of religion are permitted to have their places of worship.

A marble statue of Ferdinand I adorns this city. The four corners of the pedestal are four Turkish slaves, in bronze,—said to be exact representations of the manly strength and bravery of a father and three sons—taken in the battle of Lepanto by the galleys of the order of St. Stephen—by whose appearance the Grand Duke was much attracted.

There is a monastery near the city, on the hill adjoining, which is covered with the villas of the wealthy Livornese. It contains a large and noted picture of the Virgin with the infant Savior, which has been worshipped by the people for 500 years. The false and barefaced tradition concerning it, is, that it sailed itself from Negropont to the neighboring shore, where, being found by a peasant, the Virgin directed it to be carried to the place it now occupies! The infant Savior is represented as holding a string tied to a small bird.

The superstition of the people here appeared to me even more gross and offensive, than any I had yet seen. Last night, as I was passing

along one of the streets, I observed, at a distance, a torch-light procession moving very rapidly. It had emanated from a church not far from our hotel, and was that of the priest, with boys and others, chanting as they went, and bearing what they call "the holy sacrament" to a sick and dying person. I took my stand near the door of the church, to witness the return of the procession. As it drew near, I observed that the people all uncovered their heads, and some knelt. My companion and myself retained our hats on our heads. The marshal of the procession, or beadle, or whatever else he may be called, observing us, showed great signs of wrath, and cursed us, as he passed by our side, for our boorish profanity; but no other molestation was offered to us than his angry exclamation of "*diab!es! diab!es!*"—calling us devils!

At five P. M. we embarked on board the French steamer *Ville de Marseilles*, where I was greatly surprised and delighted, immediately on stepping on the deck, to be greeted with the cordial shake of the hand from the Rev. Dr. C. Hall, Corresponding Secretary of the A. H. M. S., and quickly after by the Rev. A. Barnes, of Philadelphia,—who, with his family and Miss Paul, of that city, were on their way to Rome. The two sons of Dr. Baird, one of them chaplain elect to our American Charge d' Affaires in Rome (Major Lewis Cass, Jr.), and the other late attache of our embassy in Turkey, were also passengers on board. Our greetings were like those of Horace and his friends, when they met on the way to Brundenheim—"O*quanti amplexas, quanta gaudia fueri!*" It afforded us no little mirth, to find five Presbyterian ministers in company on their way to Rome!

## CHAPTER XI.

*Civita Vecchia*—passport arrangement—journey to Rome—Entrance—First Sabbath there.

October 16th. Our voyage to Civita Vecchia was pleasant, but being in the night, we saw nothing of the coast from the time it became dark. The sea was smooth, and none of the numerous passengers complained of sickness. It was about 7 o'clock A. M., when we cast anchor in this ancient port. I looked, with much curiosity upon the moles and fortress here, erected in the tenth century, after the destruction of the ancient town by the Saracens. The port is the work of Trajan, the Roman Emperor, from whom, as described by Pliny, it took the name of "Trajani portus." My anxiety to reach Rome before the Sabbath was far greater than my curiosity; and the object of

chief interest to us was, to debark and quit the place at the earliest possible period. It was 10 o'clock before all the impediments thrown in the way, by the police and custom house arrangements were removed. The Captain, as at Genoa, had first to land and deliver the passports of all the passengers to the police. After his return, we were detained till the passports had all been examined at the office, and certificates, acknowledging the receipt of them, had been prepared for each passenger. In due season the official dignitary made his appearance, and having produced his budget on deck, began to call out the name of each passenger, delivering certificates as they were received.

We were informed that we must take care of the certificates, and produce them at the police office, in order to re-possess our passports. It was very amusing to hear the Italian attempt to pronounce our English and American names, and sometimes difficult; for the person called, to understand his own name. Mr. Barnes was Signore Barneese, Dr. Hall Dottore Hell, and my own name was manufactured into Signore Dooffieeldti.

This very tedious process concluded, our luggage was then called for, to be landed and delivered at the custom house. We were beset with *facchini* or porters, all eager to render their services. Two pauls or 20 bajocehi,—equal to about 20 cents of our money,—paid the expense, per head, of landing, including a truck for conveying the baggage to the custom house. The bargain had been made on the steamer before debarking, advantage however was taken of those who know not the customary charges, and had made no bargain previously to landing. I found Murray's guide, both in this as well as other respects, of great advantage.

Upon the delivery of our baggage, at the custom house, we repaired to Orlandi's Hotel, quite adjacent, and there breakfasted; after which we prepared for the process of having our trunks examined. It was both tedious and vexatious—each one, in haste to begone, crowding up their trunks for inspection as soon as possible. The main search seemed to be for fire arms or instruments of death, and tobacco, as such well classed together. Abhorring both I anticipated no evil on this account; but having purchased at La Tour a copy of Monastier's History of the Waldenses in two octavo volumes, in the French language, I did not know, but that it might be seized, should the functionary have a knowledge of its character. I had heard stories too of forfeiting travelers Bibles, &c., and having both an Hebrew and English copy of the Scriptures and a Greek Testament, was somewhat apprehensive lest these, the prized companions of my journey, might be separated from me. But I found that my courteous treatment of the official was recip-

located, and the delivery of a moderate fee exempted me from molestation. An extra fee was required to be paid, for what is called *plumbing* the baggage, which was done by tying cords around the trunks, and attaching to them little pieces of lead, bearing the seal or stamp of his holiness, the pope's government, which, however, though not removed at all, did not exempt us from the demand of the officers, at the gates of Rome, for a fresh search, before we would be allowed to enter the city!! But from this we obtained exemption, by delivering another two pauls to the official expecting it.

Upon leaving Civita Vecchia we had to stop at the police office, and before getting our passports, to pay for their being vised. The official was most provokingly slow, in his movements, and receiving his fee. Notwithstanding our baggage had been examined at the custom house, the authorities of the town demanded, after we had passed the gates, a further search, from which the delivery of two or three additional pauls secured exemption. Our first experience, on entering the dominions of his holiness, the pope, was by no means favorable to his government. Rapacious demands for money, and extortion, characterize the whole system—religious, political, and civil—of this “man of sin,” this sanctimonious sacerdotal robber.

About one o'clock we took our departure, from this, by no means agreeable port of entry to the papal states, having encountered impediments from police, custom house, and town officers. Our road to Rome, after leaving Civita Vecchia run along the sea coast for some miles. The region wears an aspect of solitude and desolation, that struck me with surprise. No trees were to be seen upon the hill sides; no pleasant farms, or cottages of thrifty laborers; nothing to counteract the impression made upon my mind, that this once famous country, of the proudest and most potent nation on the face of the earth, is worn out, wasted, and in the last stages of decay.

The hotel, at which we stopped half way between Civita Vecchia and Rome, was of the most forbidding character. It is the only one, in a journey of forty-eight miles, in which travelers can find any accommodations. It is rude, cumbrous, filthy, and in every respect uncomfortable. Cold fish, wretched bread, “*vin ordinaire*,” more like vinegar than wine, rather repelled than greeted our impatient appetites. Had it not been for a few boiled eggs, we should have scarcely found anything fit to eat. Amid fleas and filth, we were detained here an hour, till the drivers had fed their horses. Those of our private Voitures followed the same rule, that governed the public Diligence, so that we had no occasion in this respect to complain. I spent much of the hour in strolling around, and looking over the face of the country. The ap-

passance of the oxen under the yoke, occasionally passing, and the few cattle I noticed, contrasted, wonderfully, with those of England and the United States. Some were dark colored, between brown and lead, rough skinned, raw-boned, crooked-horned, high-shouldered and heavy-breasted, more like our Buffalo than any class of domestic animals among us. Others were of a lighter color, and better shaped, but wearing enormous horns stretching up three feet and curving outward, so as to make the space between them still greater, as I ascertained by actual measurement.

During our ride we passed the site of the Roman station on the Aurelian way, called *Castrum Novum* and *Santa Marinella*, supposed to be the ancient *Punicum*. I noticed some fine looking ruins of two old bridges, over which the traveler on the Aurelian way was carried, across the bed of a small stream. The square massive blocks of masonry, of which they consist, are probably as ancient as the road itself. Not more than a couple of miles from them, at a place called *Pontone del Castrato*, are some remains of polygonal masonry, supposed to have been the foundation and walls of an Etruscan city, which flourished anterior to the rise of ancient Rome.

The shades of night closed in upon us, about two hours before we reached the boasted "eternal city;" and the darkness was rendered intense, by a heavy storm, which rolled its rattling thunders over us, and poured upon us its copious torrents of rain. The flashes of lightning were frequent and vivid, but served only to give us a more unfavorable impression of the cheerless and desolate region, through which we passed. We had heard of robberies recently committed by gangs of free booters, that prowl among the Appenines, and were not without solicitude, lest we might encounter some in the darkness and loneliness of our way.

The storm abated, and at 10 P. M., we arrived at the gates of Rome. They were closed and locked; and we had to knock loudly for admission. As we drew near the walls, and the darkness of the tempest had ceased, St. Peter's Cathedral loomed in all its lofty grandeur upon our view. It was the first, and indeed the only object that we saw. French soldiers met us at the gates. Our passports were taken from us, and receipts given, by which they might be redeemed.

We were at first told by the military officer, who opened our *voiture*, and demanded our passports, that we must leave it, and produce our baggage in the office adjoining, for examination. This seemed to be very strange and vexatious, after all that we had to endure and pay at *Civita Vecchia*, for the searching of our trunks; and the more especially, because they had been there plumbed, as it is called, for

Rome, and marked with the insignia of the pope's officials. But after some little conversation and remonstrance, and especially the presentation of a few pauls, which we made up among ourselves, to the officer, he politely bowed, and shutting to the door of our voiture, bid us proceed. Quickly after, we were traversing the piazza of St. Peter's, and having passed the castle of St. Angelo, and crossed the Tiber by the bridge of the same name, the ancient Pons Œlius, we soon reached the hotel d' Angleterre, where we were comfortably provided for.

*October 17th. ROME. Sabbath.* My feelings were of a peculiar nature as I awoke this A. M., in this ancient city, once the proud mistress of the world, and still, the seat and centre of a superstition and spiritual despotism, which sway the minds, and involve the destiny, of a large part of Europe. I thought of the days of its paganism, and the history of its Republic, of its Kings, its Emperors, its Consuls and triumvirs, of its wars and conquests, of its decline and fall, of the rise of the papal idolatry upon the ruins of its pagan predecessor, and of the long list of its Bishops and Popes, that have falsely and impiously claimed, in the right of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ to the kingdoms of this world, to be His vicar and to exercise dominion in the earth. Here I found myself, in the very seat and centre of one of the grossest impositions that had been ever practiced upon the credulity and conscience of mankind; and I therefore resolved, for the short period I expected to remain in it, I would use my utmost diligence to see and learn all I could about its present aspect and condition. But the day was not my own. It belonged to the Lord. To spend it in looking after sights and shows, and in visiting the places resorted to by travelers, I felt to be inconsistent with the sanctification of it. He requires. The utmost that I thought admissible in this respect, was to repair to some one of the numerous temples that might be open, and witness the ritual display, if there was no opportunity afforded for the worship of God in the American chapel.

Mr. Baird—who expected to commence his services this day, as chaplain, in the room fitted up for that purpose in the hotel of our American Charge d' Affaires, the Hon. Lewis Cass Jr.,—had asked me to preach; to which I had consented—feeling, I trust, somewhat as did Paul, when he said: “So much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also.” But I had not the consolation and excitement he possessed, in the prospect of addressing any of its native inhabitants in their own language. The utmost I anticipated was to meet a few of my own countrymen, and such English residents as might attend. This pleasure, however, was

denied me. The rooms occupied as the American chapel had been closed, and were not, and could not, on such short notice, be put in readiness. There was, therefore, no preaching. Messrs. Barnes, Hamilton, Hall, Wells, the two Bairds and myself, however, met in a chamber in our hotel, where we spent an hour and a half in prayer, praise, and reading of the Scriptures,—and it was a very sweet season.

I visited St. Peter's this A. M. My object was to see how Catholics demeaned themselves in their great Cathedral on Sabbath. From two to three hundred people were straggling through the immense building; first one priest and then another performed low mass at different altars; about 150 kneeled indifferently around, mostly very poor people,—and this was all! There were not half a dozen priests in the building! As I strolled through this immense temple, I saw two or three priests, some students and others, kiss the toe of the image of Jupiter as that of Peter. Mr. Barnes and myself had been wandering, and gazing together upon the statuary, and mosaic portraits that adorn this splendid edifice, when I descried, at a distance, a seated image, which I took to be the famous statue of St. Peter. We approached it together, both impressed with the striking resemblance it bears to the statue of Jupiter, as represented by the ancient pagans. I had been handling the foot of the image, and looking at the manner in which its great-toe had been smoothed off and worn away. We were conversing on the subject, and wondering if it were not the famous pagan idol of Jupiter—or, as Dean Swift says, *Jew-Peter*,—and had just stepped aside from it, when a priest came forward, rubbed his hand over its foot, as if to cleanse it; then kneeling, kissed it; and having pressed his forehead against it, passed forward to the place near the center, before the great altar, where they keep lamps perpetually burning, around the reported tomb of the apostle. Whether the priest meant slyly to rebuke our want of reverence, or to signify that our touch, in his estimation, was unclean; or whether such was his general and natural idea of cleanliness, that he took care to protect his own skin from the foul touch of others, before he kissed it, we were not prepared to say. There was certainly nothing in his looks or manner, which seemed to have any particular reference to us. Most probably his actions were but the ordinary forms of adoration he paid to this idol; for I observed that others, after him, who had not seen us handle the feet of the image, did precisely the same thing,—while some at once kissed it and passed on.

The position and history of this image is worthy of notice. It is situated on the right side of the nave, against the last pier, counting from the entrance,—and opposite the Confessional.



It consists of bronze, and is in a sitting posture, with the right foot extended. Some antiquaries affirm that it was re-cast, by St. Leo, from the old bronze statue of Jupiter Capitolinus. Others affirm it to be that identical statue itself, transformed, without a second flux or casting, into that of the apostle, simply by the mandate of the Pope. The attitude, certainly, corresponds with that of Jupiter Capitolinus, as we see it represented on medals still extant; and its general resemblance, as well as the tradition on the subject, furnishes more ground than the mere playful wit of Swift for his pun upon the name. The Jupiter of the pagans is the Jew-Peter of the papists.

In the tribune, which is not far removed from it, and highly decorated, is the famous chair of bronze, called the *chair of St. Peter*, said to enclose the very chair in which, as the papal tradition relates, St. Peter and his successors officiated. The bronze covering is full of ridiculous conceits. One of the small chapels on the side of the high altar—that called *Capel la della Colonna Santa*—takes its name from a column contained in it, which is said to have been brought from the Temple at Jerusalem, and to be the identical one against which the Saviour leaned, when he disputed with the doctors!

Upon returning to our hotel, letters for myself and my fellow traveller, Mr. W., were delivered from the American Consul; and while my heart was made glad in receiving “good news from a far country,” and hearing of the well-being of my family,—his was overwhelmed with grief, by receiving intelligence of the death of his little and only sister.

#### CHAPTER XV.

*St. Peter's,—Ascent into the Ball,—The Vatican,—The Sistine Chapel,—Vile Albani,—Pio Nono.*

*October 18th.* The principal part of this day has been occupied in visiting the great Basilica of St. Peter. It is the chief one of seven churches, which, in this city, bear the name of Basilicæ. This is the name that was given, toward the decline of the Roman Empire, to the seats of the public tribunals or courts of justice. Upon the renunciation of pagan idolatry, on the part of the Emperor and the nation at large, they became places of public worship. I suppose, very naturally in some such way as I have seen, in our own country towns, the court-house used for church purposes, until the religious portion of the community became able to build houses for themselves. Subsequently, the houses erected for church purposes were built upon the

plan of those previously-existing edifices, and some, perhaps, on their sites. They were of a simple and appropriate design, and were of an oblong form—comprising a nave, or principal area, for the room of audience, to which, on each side, was attached an aisle, separated from it only by a row of columns. From these columns arches sprung, which supported high walls, sustaining a wooden roof. These walls were pierced with windows, through which the light entered the building and fell below. The aisles were properly one-story appendages at the side of the nave, while it was carried up a story higher. The original church of St. Peter had all the peculiarities of the basilica, which have been preserved in the structure of the present magnificent temple.

It is claimed by tradition, that, as early as A. D. 90, Anacletus, one of the early pastors of the Christian church in Rome,—affirmed to have been ordained by Peter the Apostle—erected an oratory on the site of the present building, to mark the spot where the Apostle Peter, after his crucifixion, was interred. Many early christians had there also suffered martyrdom. After the conversion of the Emperor Constantine, a basilica was built upon the spot, which became an object of attraction. The front appearance of this building is preserved in the fresco paintings of Raphael, representing the Incendio del Borgo and the Coronation of Charles the great. By the year 1450, it had fallen into ruin, and Pope Nicholas V. had commenced a new and more extensive building. It was continued slowly by Paul II., but was prosecuted more rapidly by Julius II., half a century after its commencement. Changes took place as to its plan, and the work was prosecuted still with vigour by Leo X., although embarrassed by the early death of the two great architects he had appointed—Sangallo and Raphael.

The raising of money for this costly temple, about this time, by the sale of indulgences, was among the causes, and presented the occasion, that led to the glorious Reformation, by means of Luther and his co-adjutant reformers. Its progress was also checked by the death of this flagitious and atheistical pope, in 1521. It slowly advanced under Clement VII., and upon the accession of Paul III. After the death of his two principal architects, Michael Angelo, at the age of 72, was appointed—who remodelled the building, returning to the design of Bramante, a century and a half previously adopted, and, restoring the plan of the *Greek* cross, enlarged the tribune and transepts, strengthened the piers, and schemed the erection of the dome—declaring that “he would elevate the Pantheon in the air.” That great temple of idolatry for pagans—still standing in Rome, though

converted into one for papists,—rested on its solid foundation in the ground. The temple of papal idolatry must be surmounted by the Pantheon, raised aloft in the air!

This renowned architect lived till he had attained the age of eighty-nine, and long enough to secure the completion of his work by his successors, upon the very plans and measurements he had drawn. The dome was not completed till A. D. 1590, in the pontificate of Sixtus V., who devoted 100,000 crowns annually, and employed 600 workmen *night and day* upon it. It was estimated that, when completed, there had been 30,000 pounds weight of iron used in its construction. The mosaics of the interior part of the dome were "*ex munificentia*" by the magnificence of Clement VIII. In the beginning of the next century, Paul V. (Borghese) pulled down the remaining part of the old basilica left standing, and laid the foundation of the new front. The plan of Michael Angelo was abandoned, and the architect returned to that of the *Latin* cross, originally designed by Raphael. He built the facade, also, but upon a plan condemned by critics, as unsuitable to the original design, and calculated to conceal the dome, by preventing, from any part of the piazza, a view of it, combined in its full proportions with the rest of the gorgeous structure.

The nave, the facade, with its heavy balcony, whence the papal benediction is pronounced, and the portico, being completed, on the 13th of November, 1626, the temple was dedicated by Pope Urban VIII.—having been 171 years in the process of erection. Should the works of Pius VI. be included, its progress to perfection will be found to have extended through a period of three centuries and a half, and been prosecuted under the reigns of as many as forty-three popes! Under Julius II. and Leo X., the expenses were so great, that the sale of indulgences, licensing the commission of crime, was extensively prosecuted throughout Europe. I could not help thinking, as I gazed upon the splendid and stupendous pile, how immense has been the amount which human wickedness and corruption have contributed toward its erection! And what an awful affront against Heaven has, been perpetrated by the robberies, and murders, and parricidal deeds; the adulteries, seductions of innocence, infanticides and nameless acts of infamy and crime, licensed by the sale of indulgences, in which "the infallible" head of the papal apostasy, by his agents, trafficked, to replenish his coffers, and rear the mighty structure. It is an awful monument of crime. God has forewarned us concerning these "false prophets," who, "through covetousness, with feigned words, make merchandise of men's sins; that their judgment *now* of a long time

lingereth not, and their damnation slumbereth not." (2 Peter—2, 3.) Retribution may sleep, apparently, for centuries, but it will be sure to awake and come with desolation.

The great temple of St. Peter covers a space of some 240,000 square feet, or about six acres. Its expense, at the close of the 17th century, was estimated to have been nearly fifty millions of dollars, exclusive of the sacristy, bell towers, models, mosaics, &c., &c. Some \$30,000 a year are expended for superintendence, repairs, &c.

A semicircular range of columns, of travertine marble, 284 in number, besides 64 pilasters, form a colonnade on either hand, in front of the basilica, which has been so contrived as to conceal the buildings on each side of the piazza. There are four rows of columns, 60 feet wide and 61 feet high, and so arranged as to leave room sufficient, between the inner rows, for the passage of two carriages abreast. On the entablature, there are 192 statues of saints, of the same stone, each twelve feet in height. The colonnades are connected with two covered galleries, 360 feet long and 23 broad, communicating with the vestibule of St. Peter's. Statues of Peter and Paul stand at the angle of the first flight of steps; and, in the piazza in front, two beautiful fountains throw up their volumes of water, from simple vases, to the height of 18 feet, which, falling back into a basin of oriental granite, fifteen feet in diameter, runs over its sides into another and octagonal basin of travertine, of about 28 feet in diameter. The jets rise to the height of sixty feet above the pavement of the piazza, and form a mass of spray, in which rainbows sport before the rays of the morning sun.

The Facade of the building is also of travertine. It is 353 feet long and 145 feet high, showing three stories, and an attic with eight columns and four pilasters of the Corinthian order. Each story has nine windows, but is disfigured by the heavy balconies from which the pope at Easter pronounces his annual blessing, followed with the roar of canon, the ringing of bells, and the shouts of the people. The columns are upwards of eight feet in diameter and ninety-one feet high, including the capitals. Thirteen colossal statues seventeen feet high, representing the Savior, and the twelve apostles, adorn the attic. The whole seems to be in bad keeping with the simple grandeur of the dome, and to be better suited to a palace than a temple.

There are five open entrances leading into the vestibule, which is 439 feet long, 65 feet high and 47 broad. An equestrian statue occupies each extremity—the one of Constantine, and the other of Charlemagne, but neither worthy of notice or of the place, as works of art.

A Mosaic Tablet over the entrance in the centre, opposite the great door, represents Peter walking on the sea, sustained by the Savior.

It is said to be between five and six hundred years old, having belonged to the old basilica. It has suffered much from time, removals and repairs. Five doors corresponding with the entrances of the vestibule lead into the basilica. Those of the centre are massive bronze from the old building, and are only opened on great festivals. The martyrdom of Peter and Paul is represented in the bas reliefs of some of the compartments; also some historical events in the life of Eugenius IV., the coronation of Sigismund, and the Council of Florence. The bas reliefs of the frame works are from the old pagan mythology. Among them I was disgusted in noticing satyrs, nymphs, etc.; but especially, the abominable and filthy representations, of Leda receiving the caresses of Jupiter in the shape of a swan, and of the rape of Ganymede. What a sight for the door-way of entrance to the great temple of Roman Catholics! Verily, "the Idolatry and gross lasciviousness of Popery and paganism here blended, are fitly symbolized by such things!

The bull of Boniface VIII, in 1300, granting indulgence at every recurrence of the Romish Jubilee, a festival intended to draw visitors to the churches of St. Peter and Paul, is inscribed near this door-way. On the Christmas eve of this jubilee, one of the adjoining doors, which is walled up and marked by a cross, is pulled down by the pope in person, who commences the demolition by striking it three times with a silver hammer—one of the great pageants to attract and please the gaping crowds!

I presume not to criticise or even to describe the interior of this great temple of the Roman Catholic world. The admirable proportions observed throughout, and their unity, fill every beholder with satisfaction, whether he knows, or does not, the reason of it. They are so perfect, that you are not at first impressed with the magnitude of the building. It is only after traversing the immense area, and examining the colossal statues that adorn its walls and piers, that you begin to appreciate the gigantic scale upon which it has been built. An army of 50,000 soldiers might be marched into it, and leave space enough, for the ritual services to be performed in the various chapels that line its aisles.

There is a line drawn on the pavement of the nave, which marks its length, and that of five other churches, viz: St. Paul's in London, the Cathedral of Milan, St. Paul's in Rome, and St. Sophia in Constantinople. That of St. Peter's is given at 837 palms, which reduced to English inches, makes it 613 feet, the largest by far of all the great temples, in the world at this day. The height of the nave near the door is 152 feet, and its width 90. The width of the aisles is 21 feet,

and their height 47; and the length of the transepts, from one end to the other 450 feet. The baldachino or great canopy covering the high altar rises 94 feet. The diameter of the cupola is 195 feet including the wall, and the height of the dome, from the pavement to the top of the cross, is 434 feet. Five massive pieces support four arches, which separate the nave from the aisles. Two Corinthian pilastres of stucco, with niches between them, containing colossal statues of the founders of different religious orders, adorn the face of each pier. The walls and piers, excepting the pilastres, are veneered with plates of marble, and richly ornamented with medallions and various sculpture. The pavement is marble. The vases for the holy water are supported by cherubs, which, at first view, appear to be of the ordinary infantile size, being so well adjusted in their proportions to the other parts of the building. It is only upon approaching them and finding they are full six feet high, that you form an adequate idea of the immense scale of the building.

The vault of the dome, resting on four colossal piers, appeared, in my eye, to be the most magnificent part of the edifice. An outer cupola covers it, between which the stair case leads to the summit. There are two niches in each pier, one over the other, in which are placed statues of saints. I noticed in the lower ones those of St. Veronica holding the sudarium, or handkerchief wherewith Romish tradition reports she wiped the sweat off the Savior's face—of St. Helena the Empress of Rome and mother of Constantine with the cross, which "the lying fables" of Romanism represent her to have found as late as in the 4th century—St. Longinus, said to be the Roman soldier who pierced the Saviour's side with a spear—and of St. Andrew—each sixteen feet high. Above these statues, are four balconies, containing the relics of the respective saints—the handkerchief of St. Veronica, on which they pretend to show the impression of the Savior's features, and which from aloft is exhibited to the people with so much parade and ceremony during "the holy week,"—a portion of the true cross—the head of St. Andrew\* and the spear of St. Longinus. None, however, but canons of the church are allowed to visit or approach these relics. There are spiral columns in the niches, said to have been brought by the Em-

\*"In March, 1483," says a note in Bleusitti's account of Rome, "this relic of St. Andrew which was brought from the Peloponnese, in 1462 (nine years after the taking of Constantinople), by Cardinal Bessarion, and deposited in the old banlieue by Pope Pius I, *with his own hands*, was stolen from its balcony by some one, who was evidently familiar with the internal arrangement of St. Octus. The popular belief was, that the Emperor of Austria, or the Emperor of Russia had something to do with the affair. The Pope was deeply affected by the sacrilege; religious services were ordered, and a reward of 500 scudi was offered to any one, not excepting the culprit, for the recovery. Independent of its sanctity, it had a value of another kind, for it is inclosed in a silver vest set with jewels, the value of which has been estimated at 18,000 scudi,—(one scudi is a few cents less than one dollar, or four shillings and four and three-quarter pence, English money.) It was at last found, with the jewels detached, but deposited near it, buried in the earth beyond the Porta St. Ponziano; the secret is said to have been revealed through the

peror Titus from Jerusalem. Mosaic representations of the four Evangelists adorn the spandrels of the arches above the niches; and although, to look at them, they appear to be of the natural and ordinary size, yet it is said that the pen in the hand of St. Mark, is six feet long. We ascended and entered by the gallery around the drum or base of the dome, examined closely the mosaic figures and gilded stuccoes which represent the Savior, the virgin and some saints, and which adorn the sixteen compartments of the great concave above. The stones composing the mosaic work were nearly, if not fully, an inch square. They were not closely set, and yet from below they had the appearance of rich painting. As I looked down from the gallery to the pavement below, the height appeared to be immense. On the ceiling of the dome or lantern is a large mosaic representation of the Father Almighty, which crowns, as it were, the monstrous impiety of the whole. The baldacchino below, on which the eye of the figure seems to fall, is said to contain some 186,000 pounds of solid bronze, stripped from the Pantheon by Urban VIII. Its gilding alone is said to have cost upwards of \$100,000. The high altar beneath this gorgeous canopy, stands immediately over what is called the grave of St. Peter, and is only used, on solemn occasions, when the Pope himself officiates in the ceremonies. The Confessional is surrounded with a circular balustrade of marble, and from it are suspended 112 lamps, which are constantly kept burning day and night. A double flight of steps leads down into the shrine, where a statue by Caova represents Pius VI., kneeling before the tomb of the apostle. Several popes and persons of distinction, lie buried in the subterranean chapel here, and among them the last representative of the royal line of Stuart, so justly expelled from England for their popish predilections and idolatry, viz: James III., Charles III., and Henry IX.

confessional. The judicial investigation was therefore superceded. Pius I. wept for joy when it was brought and given into his own hands! The event was announced to the citizens by the Cardinal Voice; all the bells in Rome rung a joyous peal for half an hour after the Ave Marie; the cupola of St. Peter's was illuminated; and by a spontaneous act of the people, so was the whole city. *Te Deum* was sung the next day at St. Andrew della Valle and at St. Peter's; and on the 6th day of April, in the following week, the relic was carried from the former to the latter church in a procession equally vast and magnificent with that of the *Corpus Domini*. All the ecclesiastical colleges, religious orders, chapters of barilicas, parochial clergy preceded the gorgeous shrine borne by the cannons of the Vatican. The relic was placed in a glass coffin on a kind of car, and a wide silk canopy supported over it, after which walked 'his holiness,' followed by the sacred college, the senate, the Roman friends, the members of all the Corini, and (a new feature in such solemnities) a procession of noble ladies, all in black, with lace veils over their faces, and carrying tapers, as did the rest. The noble guard, the municipality, and all the military in Rome, brought up the rear. In St. Peter's his holiness gave the benediction, with the relic, and at night another illumination, both of the city and St. Peter's, took place, which was still more brilliant than the last."

What intelligent Protestant can read such an account and not as truly pity the degradation of a people that can be guilty of such credulity and superstitious idolatry, as severely censure the high dignitaries that so religiously solemnized the whole pageant of delusion. The skull may have been that of any other man, and more likely, than of St. Andrews. Let these relic finders and idolaters give the evidence of identity. Fourteen centuries after a man's death is a very long time for the identification of such a perishable material as the human skull. That it is St. Andrew's eredal pedous apella, non ego, lpt pio none must have believed it or, mentioned a wished imposition. I should as little respect his intelligence in the former case, as his integrity in the latter. Yet this formed one of the grand pageants of the reign of the present Pope.

## LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS.

BY WARREN ISHAM.

## CHAPTER XLII.

*The Parchment Roll again,—Advent of Jacob and his Family to Egypt,—Great change since Abraham's visit, a few years before,—Pharaoh not drowned in the Red Sea,—Probably the Pharaoh that "knew not Joseph,"—other Kings,—the conquerors of Egypt, etc.*

I have spoken of the parchment found in a retired apartment of the great temple at Abydos, on which was inscribed a list of the ancient kings of Egypt, the immediate predecessors of Sesostris, who reigned thirteen hundred years before Christ. I have also said, that, with the aid of this and other documents, Champollion and his coadjutors have been enabled to trace the long line of Egyptian monarchs, in distinct dynasties, back to the reign of Menes.

But to fix the reign of this monarch has been found a difficult task, the later investigators carrying it back thirty to thirty-five, and one even to fifty centuries before the christian era, which, if correct, throws us upon the Septuagint version of the Scriptures as furnishing the true chronology. The result has been, however, to inspire more confidence in ancient Egyptian annals, which have been supposed to be fabulous, and which trace back the royal line of succession to Mizraim, the second son of Ham. There is enough, indeed, that is truly fabulous, and this has doubtless served to throw discredit upon genuine history. Such is the tale of the regal gods, who ruled over Egypt 6000 years.

But with all this uncertainty of dates, much has been brought to light, and many points of coincidence between Egyptian and Israelitish history disclosed.

The fact mentioned in Genesis, in connection with the advent of Jacob and his family to Egypt, and also in other passages, that Shepherds were at that time "an abomination to the Egyptians," is explained by a passage in Manetho, the Egyptian historian, wherein we are told that Egypt was overrun and conquered by pastoral tribes, who left behind them after their expulsion, a deep rooted prejudice in the minds of the people against the whole shepherd race. Numerous

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memorials also attest the reign of the shepherd kings. Indeed, it is almost certain, that, during their dynasty, the great pyramids were commenced, about 2100 years before Christ. That they were erected by kings of foreign sympathies, who were hostile to the religion of the country, is manifest from Herodotus, who says distinctly, that the Egyptians were most cruelly oppressed by those, who constructed these monuments, for one hundred and six years, not being suffered to enter their temples, or to offer sacrifices to their gods, and at the same time being compelled to do the work of slaves in their erection. This would all be inexplicable, but for the key furnished by Manetho.

But there was none of this feeling when Abram visited Egypt, 2077 before Christ, and which was but a few years before. On the contrary, as a shepherd, he received magnificent presents of flocks, and herds from Pharaoh.

By the time Jacob and his family arrived, however, there was a change; the hated shepherd kings had been expelled, and the very name of shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians.

That "new king" that "knew not Joseph," is thought, with good reason, to have been the first of a new dynasty, who transferred the government from Lower to Upper Egypt, and established it at Thebes, some 1600 years before Christ, when Cherbron, Thothmes I, II, and III, and Amenoph, or Memnon reigned, under whom the magnificent temples of Thebes, which bear their names, were doubtless built. It was under the reign of these sovereigns, that the Israelites were reduced to servitude, and under one of them, supposed to be Thothmes III, that their deliverance was wrought. This dynasty, being strangers to Joseph, and the Hebrews, would naturally confound them with the few of their former shepherd conquerors, who remained in the country, and, as a very natural act of retaliation, reduced them all to bondage together. The deliverance of the Israelites was effected about the year 1499 before Christ, and the position is maintained by some (Wilkinson and other Egyptian scholars of late), that Pharaoh was not himself drowned, but sat in his chariot upon the height, covered with shame and confusion to see his hosts overthrown in the sea before his eyes, while the Israelites escaped. Some discoveries have been made which lead to the belief that he returned and reigned many years afterwards, which is all perfectly consistent with the account given in Exodus; nay, this view of the result is thought to make the scene there recorded still more impressive.

Of the long line of monarchs which followed, but few are at all conspicuous. There was Moeris, who died 1309 years before Christ, and Sesostris, his son who succeeded him, the former being as

renowned for his useful labors at home, as the latter was for his military exploits abroad; the one constructing the lake which bears his name, to receive and discharge the waters of the Nile, and the other ravaging all Asia with his arms. The accounts given of the victories of the latter, stigmatized by some as fabulous, are confirmed by Herodotus and Strabo, who saw monuments in various countries they visited, with this inscription upon them: "Sesostris conquered this country by his arms."

I have elsewhere spoken of the portraiture of Shishak, the conqueror of Rehoboam, upon the wall of the great temple of Karnac. The name of Tirhakah, the Ethiopian conqueror of Egypt, mentioned by Isaiah, has also been made out.

About the year 769 before Christ, Egypt was conquered by Sabcaon, an Ethiopian king, who reigned over it fifty years. Fifty-eight years afterwards, Sennecharib, the Assyrian, invaded Egypt. Soon after, the regal government was discarded, and governors were substituted, whose administration lasted fifteen years. Then followed the reign of Pharaoh Necho, who sacked Jerusalem, and slew Josiah. Shortly after, 535 years before Christ, the great Cyrus extended his conquering arms to Egypt. Ten years afterward followed Camybses, his successor, who effectually subjugated the country, which continued under Persian rule for more than a century, the latter part of which period, 450 years before Christ, was distinguished by the visit of the great Greek historian, Herodotus, to Egypt. After this followed over ninety years of native rule, when the Persians again gained the ascendancy, which they kept only eighteen years, and gave place to the Greeks, under Alexander, 332 years before Christ. Then followed the reign of his successors, the Ptolemies, the first of whom was distinguished for the collection of the great Alexandrian library, and the second for the translation of the Old Testament into Greek during his reign, which was granted as a boon to the Jews in Egypt, whose civil and political emancipation he had decreed, seventy learned translators having been appointed for the purpose, at their request, by the High Priest at Jerusalem. Hence the name *Septuagint*, or, *Version of the Seventy*. This version differs mainly from the Hebrew in its chronology, the former removing the date of the world's creation much farther back than the latter. At first, and indeed for centuries, this impaired confidence in the translation, but later researches have served to modify the opinions of the learned and pious, so far, at least, that they have come to regard the question involved as an open one. On the one hand, it is alleged, that the authorized chronology of the Hebrew bible, dates no farther back than the reign of Charles I, having been

fixed by the investigations of Archbishop Usher, which differed as much in their results from those of Melancthon, Luther, and Scaliger, as from the Septuagint; and farther, that there are no less than twenty-nine systems of chronology of the Hebrew bible (see Glidden), all constructed by learned and pious men, and all differing materially from each other. On the other hand, it is alleged that the chronology of the Septuagint is much more in harmony with the disclosures of the Egyptian monuments in reference to the time which has elapsed since the foundation of the Egyptian monarchy.

But I was speaking of the dynasty of the Ptolemies, which began so nobly, but which, in the end, reached the lowest point of infamy, opposing but a feeble barrier to the encroachments of Roman power, which, at the end of two hundred and ninety-six years from the establishment of the Grecian rule, made a final conquest of the country, and continued to hold it until the seventh century, when it yielded in turn to the conquering Saracens. Under the Roman power christianity was introduced, and the Alexandrian school of theology became famous throughout christendom; connected with it were some of the most distinguished of the fathers. The Greeks and Romans, during the thousand years of their rule, endeavored to revive and foster the drooping arts, and to preserve the wonderful monuments of ancient skill, but the Saracens seemed bent upon obliterating every vestige of them, thus removing the painful contrast to their own barbarism.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

*A Temple Washed away by the Nile,—Siout as a Sacred City,—Attending a Coptic Church,—The Coptic Religion,—The Copts as a People.*

And right here, as we drift on our way, we pass the spot, upon the right bank of the Nile, where, as recently as the year 1813, stood the beautiful temple of Anteopolis, or rather its magnificent portico, with three rows of columns fifty feet high, wrought in panels, and surmounted with capitals like the calyx of a flower, at that time the admiration of every traveler. Time rolled on, and so did the Nile, until, in these few short years, the entire foundations have been swept away by its ceaseless washings, and column after column, and mass upon mass, have tumbled into its waters and disappeared, and now not a vestige is left to mark the spot where it stood.

Again we are at Siout, the capital of upper Egypt, so renowned for the grottoes, or tombs, with which the mountain back of the town is

cavernous, of which I have spoken. The remains of a causeway across the plain to the town, and of another from the town to the city of the dead in the mountain rock, both of Egyptian origin, exhibit a vastness of conception, a boldness of execution, and perfection of finish, scarcely excelled by the great pyramids themselves.

But it is as the sacred city of the Copts, the original, and nominally christian inhabitants of the country, that Siout is most renowned in modern times. To the Copts, Siout is what Mecca is to the Moham-medans, and what Jerusalem is to the Jews and the nominal christians of the east generally, a place invested with a mysterious sacredness by a superstitious faith, to which pilgrim armies annually resort to pay their devotions.

I was at a loss to conjecture what there was to make Siout such a place to the Copts of Egypt, but I soon learned the humiliating secret. These people assert and believe that the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus made a visit to Siout, while they sojourned in Egypt, and from this supposed circumstance, the place is alleged to have become steeped in holy influences, and as a consequence, it is constantly thronged with pilgrims from every part of Egypt, who come hither, some to have the seal set to their salvation and return to their homes, and others for the blessed privilege of dying here, taking this route as a sure one to a better world.

I have had many opportunities to cultivate an acquaintance with the Copts, and to familiarize myself with their peculiarities in manners and religion.

On one delightful Sabbath morning, while I was in Cairo, I mounted a donkey and started, at the yell of the donkey man, following at his heels, for Old Cairo, three miles up the river, with a view of attending worship at a Coptic church, there being several in the place, which is the seat of the patriarch.

A delightful half hour's ride across the plain, teeming with luxuriant crops, along a way studded with trees on either hand, brought us to this ancient borough, which, in the language of the country, is called "Misr," a contraction, apparently, of "Misraim," from whom descended the original inhabitants of Egypt, of whom the Copts are the only remains. Passing along its narrow, winding, dirty streets, and through contracted door-ways, we arrived at the church of St. Marie, famed the world over for the sacred grottoe over which it is built.

The hour of worship not having yet arrived, the sexton volunteered to conduct me to the holy grottoe of the Virgin. Having lighted a candle, he took off his shoes, and motioning me to do the same, bade me follow him. Descending a flight of steps into a sort of cellar, he

stepped softly and reverentially along to one side of it, where there was a hole in the rock about large enough to contain two persons in a recumbent posture, and putting out his hand toward it, he rolled up his eyes devoutly upon me, and said, in a sort of half whisper, "There slept the holy Virgin and the child Jesus."

The thing was done with such an unction, and meek devotion, that I could not, for the life of me, but enter into his sympathies, and resign myself to the bewitching influences of the place.

Emerging from this den, he showed me the church, which was as fine as poverty could make it—a very sorry concern. The pictures which appeared on every hand, were mere daubs.

Their religious services consisted in reading the Scriptures in the original Coptic, and prayers in Arabic, going through a round of ceremonies, such as bodily prostration, repeating certain prayers, passing around of the priest to stroke the beards of the faithful, and other things equally ridiculous.

Their religion seems to be a compound of Judaism, Mohammedanism, and a corrupt Christianity. With the Jews, they circumcize their children; with the Mohammedans, they make bodily prostration the leading feature in their devotions, and their females conceal their faces; and with the Roman Catholics, they believe in transubstantiation, and practice auricular confession.

The process of inducting their candidates into the priestly office, and into monastic institutions, is singular enough, the one being as ludicrous as the other is lugubrious. When the candidate for the priesthood is to be ordained, he is seized by certain priests, his friends, and borne, apparently against his will, and in spite of his remonstrances and struggles, to the patriarch, who, disregarding his pleas of unworthiness, proceeds to pronounce over him his benediction.

The candidate for a monastic order, is wrapped in a winding sheet, laid out as a corpse, and funeral services are performed over him, to indicate that he is dead to the world.

On the beautiful Island of Rhoda, in the Nile, directly opposite Old Cairo, these people point out what they call "the steps of Moses," being the very spot, as they allege and believe, where the daughter of Pharaoh descended to take up from his bulrush cradle the future leader and deliverer of the hosts of Israel.

But why, it has been asked, do not these Copts, as descended from the original inhabitants of the country, bear a more striking resemblance to the ancient Egyptians, as represented in the various mummies which have been disintombed, and the numerous paintings and statues? To which it may be replied, that they do bear some resem-

blance, and as much, perhaps, as could be expected from the circumstances of the case. Overrun as they have been, successively, by the Babylonians, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, colonies from those nations came thronging in upon them, especially of the Persians and Greeks, who, mixing and intermarrying with the original inhabitants, thus greatly modified their peculiarities. It might readily be expected that such amalgamation, together with centuries of oppression, would work great changes in the physiognomy of any people. There are, however, traces of resemblance sufficiently distinct to identify them as the same people. They have dark complexions, black eyes and hair, the latter sometimes slightly curled, rather thick lips, wide mouths, generally the aquiline nose, high cheek bones, and a rather puffed visage.

They now number from 150,000 to 200,000, and though scattered over all Egypt, they reside mostly in Southern or Upper Egypt, whither they have retired before their oppressors, and where they constitute nearly the whole population of many villages. Being more expert than the Arabs, they are employed very generally as clerks, and in the handicraft trades, but are always treated with contempt by their oppressors. They are distinguished by the color of their turbans, which are a plain white, the Arabs alone being permitted to wear the gaudy colors.

The Copts, however, enjoy one great privilege, and one for which they might well be envied by the Arabs, viz: exemption from military service. No Mohammedan ruler ever honors christianity, or dishonors Moslemism, by drafting them into service, and employing their arms against the enemies of the true faith. To appreciate this privilege, one only needs to travel through the country, and witness the miserable objects who were maimed in infancy by their parents to disqualify them for military service, generally by plucking out an eye, or cutting off the fore finger—a practice which Mohammed put a stop to, as I have elsewhere said, by levying a regiment of one-eyed soldiers.

The Copts of Egypt will ever be regarded with peculiar interest, as being the feeble remnant of that ancient people, whose works of art, after the lapse of three thousand years, are still the wonder of the world. The resemblance they bear to their illustrious ancestors, though impaired by intermixture of blood and degeneracy under oppression, can yet be plainly traced. Nor less interesting is the spectacle they present as a nominally christian people, the last and only remnant of a christian community which was distinguished alike for numbers, learning, and piety. And though they be sunk in ignorance and superstition, and retain little more than the name of christianity, we cannot but feel our christian sympathies kindling up in their behalf.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

*The Valley of Fayoum.*

And, lo! here we are at our destined stopping-place; and here are the donkeys and donkey-men, who are to convey us to the delightful Valley of Fayoum, which is reached through a defile in the mountain-chain that walls in the Valley of the Nile on the west. Along this mountain gorge, the canal Joseph conducts the waters of the Nile into this garden-spot, even of this garden-land,—separating, upon its entrance, into nine principal branches, and these again into innumerable others, that thread their way, in every direction, over the valley, which is forty miles in length and thirty in breadth, reposing, in verdant beauty, in the midst of the surrounding desert.

This secluded valley is supposed formerly to have been used as a reservoir, into which the waters of the Nile were received at the annual overflow, and from which they were discharged back again, to refresh the thirsty earth, when its moisture was beginning to be exhausted. There are still to be seen remains of immense dykes, which were evidently used for retaining and letting off the water, and which were the product of an incredible amount of human labor. This immense basin, surrounded by desert highlands, must have presented one vast sheet of water, during a greater portion of the year. There is still a lake (Lake Moeris) in the middle of it, five miles in width, and running its whole length—and the entire basin presents the appearance of having been once submerged. But for the dykes of modern origin, it would now be filled at every annual overflow.

Of the charming rural aspect of this retired spot, it is impossible to give any adequate description. The beautiful lake, which glitters upon its bosom; the innumerable streamlets which run, like arteries, all over its surface; the fields of roses, which delight the eye and perfume the atmosphere; the vineyards, with their tempting clusters; the plats of rice, of wheat and of flax, and the groves of the palm and other fruit trees—these are the objects which meet the eye. And then there is the borrowed witchery which is thrown about them by contrast from the bald and barren desert, with which the entire valley is skirted.

The staple product of this valley is rose-water. To the culture of the rose, large plantations are devoted, and the rose-water, which forms so considerable an article of export from Egypt, all comes from these plantations. It is, also, the only spot in all Egypt, where the vine is cultivated to any extent.

The chief town of the valley, Medinet-el-Fayoum, is built, in part, from the remains of ancient Ansinoe, whose site is a hundred miles up the Nile. Often, the same building presents a most ludicrous contrast between modern and ancient architecture—the clumsy modern brick-work being adorned with the noble and beautiful columns which graced that ancient town. There are a number of mosques in the place, and some rather splendid; but the inhabitants of the valley are mostly Copts, who are generally civil and well-behaved.

There are some rather interesting remains of antiquity in the valley of Fayoum. Toward the western extremity of the lake, are the remains of an immense building, and among them a long tunnel, ending in a cell of a perfectly globular form, which, from its extraordinary capacity to increase and convey sound, is conjectured to have been used for the delivery of heathen oracles.

A wonderful edifice, called the Temple of the Labyrinth, is spoken of by Herodotus and other ancient historians, which seems to have been located in this valley. A pile of ruins, 900 feet long and 400 wide, south of Medinet el-Fayoum, has been supposed, by some, to be its remains; while others identify it with the oracular tunnel and cell above referred to.

According to Herodotus, this edifice contained twelve large courts and three thousand apartments—fifteen hundred above, and fifteen hundred under ground,—with halls and mazy, winding passages without number—there being holes, here and there, into which, if a person entered and attempted to proceed, he was inextricably lost. The walls were surrounded with pillars of white and polished stone, and both walls and roof were incrustated with sculptured marble. The lower apartments were appropriated to sepulchral uses for the kings who built it, and the sacred crocodiles—there he was not permitted to enter.

Of the upper apartments, which he was permitted to explore, he speaks in the language of wonder and surprise, as being the most extraordinary work of art he had ever seen, although he was familiar with the most admired specimens of both Grecian and Egyptian architecture.

It is by no means surprising, that those who were intent upon some earthly paradise should have selected this spot, upon which to expend their treasure. Nor is there anything disparaging to Christianity, in the fact that she has nothing to show, which will bear any comparison with these remains of a pagan age. Christianity may be said, indeed, to have put an end to that long line of architectural wonders, which place the ancient Egyptians, at an unapproachable remove, above all



modern nations. It was fitting that it should be so—that such should be the effect of a religion, whose revelations of the scenes of the world to come, reduced to insignificance everything earthly, robbing the pagan sepulchre of all its importance as the depository of a body to be re-animated, after a lapse of three thousand years of transmigrations,—*provided* it could be kept safe. To paganism, the world was everything—even its dark future looked not beyond it; and, with the circle of its vision, and the aspiration of its hopes, thus bounded, it was natural enough that a pagan king should spend his life upon monuments, which he hoped to gaze upon, with pride, in his future state of existence, at the same time that he was thus rendering what he deemed an acceptable service to his idol gods, as a faithful servant, and erecting a mausoleum for the safe-keeping of his body until claimed by his purified spirit. All this was natural enough, and in perfect accord with the promptings of a soul shrouded in the thick night of paganism. And it was just as natural, and equally in accord with the hopes inspired by Christianity, that the removal of the veil which concealed “life and immortality,” should have reduced all such things to their proper level.

But we must bid adieu to this lovely spot—with its venerable ruins, its beautiful lake, and its verdant and flowery fields, rimmed with glittering sands,—and hasten back to our boat, by the way in which we came.

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#### CHAPTER XLV.

##### *The Birds of the Nile.*

In my rambles through the fields to-day, I met with one of the most beautiful birds my eyes ever beheld. It was the stork, in color as white as the driven snow, about half the size of the wild goose, with great elegance of form, and an expression of countenance as innocent as the dove. It was very tame and I could approach very near to it. It abounds in Egypt and Western Asia, and is every where the favorite of man. From the habit it has of building its nests on the towers of temples, mosques and churches, it seems to have acquired a peculiar sanctity, in Oriental esteem, and heavy penalties are imposed for destroying it. Its affection for its young is remarkable, and it is proverbial for the care it bestows upon the aged and infirm of its own species. It was a sort of household god with the ancients, and so sacred a character does it still retain with the people, that the person who should inflict upon it the slightest injury,

would meet with universal indignation. It is said sometimes to build its nests in the chimneys and on the roofs of dwelling houses, and as the roofs are flat, and used for promenading, and sometimes for sleep, it is brought into familiar intercourse with the family. "The stork also knoweth her time."

Now that I have my hand in, I will pay my respects more at large to the birds of the Nile. We are never out of hearing of the squaking of wild geese, from morning till night, and often they fairly darken the air in their flight. In one instance, we passed an island of sand all covered over with them; there seemed to be acres of them, as close together as they could stand. Ducks, too, of many different varieties, and of most gaudy colors, abound. There is one variety which is said to roost upon a tree, though I never saw the sight.

And what is that beautiful bird sailing so gracefully upon the bosom of the Nile, rising and falling majestically with the waves, with a plumage of dazzling brilliancy? It is the pelican—its plumage is of a reddish cast, and when burnished with the beams of the sun, it presents an aspect of great beauty. This bird is esteemed a great delicacy for the table. "Like the pelican in the wilderness," that is, like a water-fowl in a parched desert.

I have alluded to the numerous dove-cotes, rising up in palatial grandeur amid the mud huts of the villages. These birds, are of different varieties, some of them resembling our domestic doves, while others could not be distinguished from the wild pigeon. I rarely go ashore without meeting with large numbers of them upon the river banks, whither they have flown in quest of food. Besides furnishing a manure equal to guano for the land, not irrigated by the Nile (of which there are large tracts in Upper Egypt), they constitute quite an article of food for the poor peasant, and, indeed, a luxury which he knows well how to appreciate.

And how could any cultivator of the soil, expend money to better advantage, than to adorn his premises with a cote for these harmless and beautiful birds?

I have alluded, also, to the sea-swallow, a species of swallow so called from its being so numerous upon the coast, and from the habit it has of dipping into the sea in its flight. They are also seen flying in swarms, like bees, along the banks of the Nile, and alighting in immense numbers in the tops of the palm trees, almost deafening one with their chattering—always in a glee.

That beautiful bird, the gull, I have found in all parts of the world I have visited; it seems to delight in hovering about the boats, and to show its beautiful form sitting upon the Nile. This bird is immer-

talized in the tombs of Beni Hassan, where I observed it graphically painted upon the walls.

And what bird is that mounting up on high with wide-spread wing? It is the Egyptian vulture, naturally a noble looking bird, holding a rank in the feathered tribe almost with the eagle, but greatly depreciating itself in the general esteem by stooping to become a scavenger in the street, in common with the dog, the crow, and the buzzard. And I am sorry to say, that so lovely a bird as the stork, resorts to the same low and filthy employment for a livelihood. Both were sacred birds with the ancients, and were embalmed.

There are some stories told here of this bird, the vulture, which are worth repeating. It is well known that the ostrich deposits her eggs in the sand, and abandons her embryo young to the chances of being hatched by the heat of the sun, and of being able to sustain themselves without the aid of her maternal care. The vulture, being a shrewd bird, takes occasion to watch her, and when she has ascertained the happy spot, she takes in her talons as large a stone as she can lift, mounts aloft, and, when directly over the nest, lets it drop with unerring precision directly upon it, and then, darting down, rejoices to find that out of fifteen or twenty eggs, enough have been broken to afford her a good meal. It is also credibly reported of this bird, that it hies itself away into the desert, upon the track of caravans, to hunt up the carcases of man or beast, that have perished by the way.

The buzzard is the same unclean, disgusting bird here that it is every where else. Of the crow, as he appears strutting about in his regimentals here, having a dove-colored body, with black head, wings and tail, I have spoken in another connection. Upon the Egyptian sparrow, too, I have bestowed a passing compliment. It is a little brown bird, about twice as large as the chipping bird, and seems to court familiarity with man, greeting him in his pathway in the street, and following him to his domestic retreat.

And what are those solitary objects, standing, like stumps, at the water's edge, upon yonder sand bank? They are cranes, and it is a spectacle to be seen many times a day in passing up and down the Nile. They stand like stocks, and appear to be in deep meditation on some important matter, or, it may be, they are dreaming about catching fish.

Hawks are here in great variety. This might be inferred from the numerous hawk-headed deities every where represented in the paintings and sculptures of the temples and tombs.

These make up the sum total of the birds of Egypt. At least, if there be others, they must be rare.

The Ibis, the most sacred bird of the ancient Egyptians, and the one most frequently embalmed, has been supposed extinct, but it has been pretty well identified in a species of curlew (Abou Hannes) often met with on the Nile above Egypt, to which region it seems to have retired. It is white, with the exception of its head, neck, the ends of its wings, the rump and tail, which are black, the latter being tipped with violet. Its legs are long like the crane, and its beak curved. This bird corresponds with the description of the Ibis, by Herodotus, and also with the numerous embalmed specimens of it which have been disintombed and brought to the light of day. There is a skeleton of it in the British Museum, taken from a tomb at Abousir. Cuvier denominates it in the "*Ibis Religiosae*."

As I have elsewhere remarked, the birds of Egypt, except the aquatic, hover about the towns, and are to be met with in the palm groves, in the streets, upon the tops, and some of them, in the interior of the houses. No little warbler ever wastes its sweet notes on "the desert air;" and not only does it shun the treeless deserts of the east, but seldom is it found even in the solitudes of the forest, unbroken by the voice of man. I have met with them, occasionally, beyond the footprints of civilization, in our American forests, but they seemed as forlorn as the solitudes they inhabited, and never have I heard them, in such circumstances, give expression to their joy in the sweet melody of song. No, no, that is not the home of the birdies; their nicely balanced sensibilities seem to revolt at the idea of seclusion, and the few who are found in such solitudes, seem to linger out existence in voiceless silence, as though they had been sent into banishment from all that they love. And not only do the little warblers delight to hover about the habitations of man, but delight in it about in proportion to his advance in civilization, and in the decencies and proprieties of life. In these semi-civilized countries the birds are few compared with their number and variety in the countries of Europe and America which have reached a more advanced stage of civilization, and among the native tribes of the forest, they are proportionably less in number and variety, and proportionably inferior in sprightliness and in song. Providence seems to have gifted them with instincts, equivalent to making their presence a premium upon the civilization and refinement of the race.

## CHAPTER XLVI

*The Climate and the Seasons.*

It is now well on in February; our long voyage is drawing to a close, and, although it has been performed in the depth of winter, never had voyager a pleasanter time. During the day, the atmosphere has been delightfully pure and bland, and although the nights have been chilly, they have not been so cold as to leave the slightest trace of frost, or to deprive my men, captain and all, of the luxury of sleeping on deck, beneath the canopy of heaven, with the hard plank beneath them, and only a coarse mantle, with a hood, for a covering. The same exposure, however, would have chilled me to death. Indeed, sometimes, when I rose before the sun, a shivering would run through my whole frame; but, as the great luminary of day rose above the horizon, it never failed to diffuse a grateful warmth through the atmosphere, which attuned both body and mind to enjoyment.

It may be, that this habit of exposing themselves (which we would denominate recklessness of health) is the very means of the extraordinary health and strength of these people. A young man of Smyrna, of Maltese descent, who had spent some time in Boston, in calling my attention to this matter, remarked, that it was the extraordinary pains taken, in my country, to preserve health, which made people so sickly; while here, he added, where people appeared to be totally regardless of health, they acquired a hardihood, from exposure, which fortified them against the attacks of disease. It is undoubtedly true, that diseases thicken around a community, somewhat in proportion to their advance in the refinements of civilized life.

No climate can be more delightful than that of Egypt in winter. The atmosphere is mellow and exhilarating, and the earth clothed in its richest green. There are four seasons in Egypt, but they have no correspondence to our own, either as to character or the lines of division. The wet season, or season of overflow, occurs in the fall. Although the Nile is ten months and a half in rising and falling (from the first of July to the middle of May), for a great portion of this period, it is confined within its banks. Its highest elevation is reached about the last of September, and, after remaining stationary about two weeks, it begins gradually to subside. The overflow, however, continues some six weeks, more or less, according to the elevation or depression of the locality.

Next follows seed-time, which introduces the winter, or *growing season*, of which I have spoken above. Upon the subsidence of the

waters, the soil is left, not only richly manured by the deposit of fertilizing earthy matter brought down by the Nile, but in an admirable condition to receive the seed, without turning a furrow.

So charged are the overflowing waters with elements of fertility, as materially to change their color, which, in the first stages of their rise is of a rather deep green, and then, after five or six weeks, a brownish red—occasioned, doubtless, by an infusion from the rank vegetation which has been overflowed upon the high table-lands of Abyssinia, by the periodical rains that annually deluge the country, and which are drained off by the Nile.

But I was speaking of the growing season, which commences the latter part of October, and continues through November, December, January and February, during which time, vegetation is thrown up in great luxuriance. But little culture is required, there being but few weeds, and crops come rapidly forward to maturity.

The *hot* season commences about the first of March, and seems to be occasioned by the South winds, which, in their long sweep across the burning sands of Central Africa, have acquired an aridity and heat which parches everything they touch—at the same time that they often come charged with a subtle, impalpable dust, which is equally destructive to animal life. Most crops have matured before the advent of this season, but such as have not, speedily wither away, unless sustained by incessant irrigation. As these winds approach, the sky darkens and hangs heavily, the sun is shorn of his beams and puts on a livid hue, while the twilight gloom renders necessary the light of a lamp at noonday. And not only does every green thing wither to a crisp, but everything manufactured of wood—furniture, machinery, &c.,—is injured, and often spoiled, by warping and cracking. I was told that the machinery of the cotton mills was seriously affected by these causes, the aridity warping and cracking parts of it, while the dust penetrates and deranges the whole. The Nile itself, so cool and refreshing up to this time, is smitten—and, if not turned into blood, is raised to the temperature of blood, and is scarcely capable of quenching the thirst of man or beast. Man retires from the streets, and silence reigns in the bazaar.

These are the *simooms* of the desert. They do not prevail uninterruptedly; they remit and intermit at intervals, with the wind and its fitful changes, as it occasionally veers eastwardly, and then veers back again. But the season through, embracing the months of March, April and May, participates of the same general character.

Unfortunately for the poor Fellahs, their harvest-time comes in the midst of this season, April being the month for the wheat harvest;

and, dreaded as it is, there is no reprieve—they must bow themselves to their task, and, when driven from the fields by the suffocating blast, they must return to the charge, and toil on, under the sweltering heat and dust.

Thus, the climate of Egypt, which is one of the most delightful in the world through the entire winter months, is so suddenly and radically changed, as to become well-nigh insupportable to both man and beast, through the entire spring months. Sometimes, indeed, they have a little foretaste, in winter, of the blasts in store for the spring. I have already spoken of a day in Cairo, early in January, which was a *fac simile* of them, all but the heat. The wind, the dust and the darkness were the same, without the heat. With that exception, not a day occurred to mar the beauty of the season. And sometimes, too, a delightful winter-day or two will stray away into the murky season which follows.

The next season commences with June, and reaches to the overflow. It is warm, but exempt from the oppressive, stifling blasts which characterized the previous season. The wind comes from a different direction, and the atmosphere is pure and serene, while the heat of the day is neutralized by the coolness of the nights. Many crops are cultivated to advantage, during this season, by means of artificial irrigation.

But, though the seasons are thus distinctly marked in some respects, they all blend into one. There is no season, throughout the year, cold enough to nip the tenderest vegetable; and none, except the season of overflow, in which vegetation cannot be cultivated to advantage,—not even the spring, with suitable attention to irrigation. Indeed, in some sense, Egypt may be said to enjoy a perpetual spring. Although there is a rather general fall of the leaves in October, and a pretty general blossoming in February, yet there are many exceptions. Often is the spectacle seen, of a tree just bursting its buds, while another, by its side, is casting its leaves,—of one in full blossom, side by side with another laden with fruit—of laborers, in one field, planting a crop, while, in the next, they are harvesting. And so it is all the year round,—the land is never at rest, nor does it need any, as it is annually renovated by the Nile.

It should be added, that it never rains in Egypt above Cairo, and very little below. The cool nights, however, precipitate the moisture in the form of a heavy dew. Rarely, also, is thunder heard, and never in startling peals. Often, the watery vapor collects into clouds, which hang threateningly over the country, but always pass off without discharging their treasures.

## JOURNAL LEAVES OF A EUROPEAN RAMBLE.

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

## CHAPTER III.

ON BOARD CUNARD STEAMER "ASIA," }  
July 5th, 1853.

Still are we driving on through this never-lifting, never-ending and impenetrable fog. Still stands old Jack by the Steamer's whistle, one hand in his pocket, and the other employed upon the rope that, every two minutes or less, screams out our onward march. The sun, that golden guide of the mariner, has been lost to us all day. No observation has been taken with the quadrant, and the Captain can only judge of our whereabouts by his frequent soundings, and the knowledge acquired by past experience in running over this route. The sea lies black and smooth around the Steamer, as far as our limited vision can reach; and mercifully compels but few of our company to bow the sickened head in submission to his majesty. The passengers seem generally to be introducing themselves to one another, and some already forging the brittle fetters of those precarious marine friendships, which so often crumble and evaporate when carried off upon the land. J—— is this morning in his prime, having, as he says, "offered up to the Sea-God at least a quart of bile, and roused an appetite which makes him as hungry as a bear." Having been greatly annoyed by the presence of a few American coppers, which, by some mistake, had been "left over" in his pocket, he and W——, with one or two new acquaintances, now find use for them by pitching them at a penknife set up between two planks on the vessel's deck,—the result of which, as we learned at 11 o'clock lunch, was the production, on the part of one of the company, of a bottle of refreshment all round. But whether it was purchased with the aforesaid six coppers, or assessed on some one of the corps for bad play of the game, was not fully set forth. It certainly was the most productive investment, however, of six uncurrent coppers, that ever fell under my observation. But J—— is a keen man of business, and knows how to employ his capital to the best advantage.

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After lunch, several sturdy, gray-haired Englishmen bow themselves down to a game of "shuffle-board," so called, which consists in sliding over the deck, for a distance of thirty or forty feet, certain round blocks of wood, about half or three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and in size like the crown of a man's hat,—the object being to introduce them within certain chalk-marks sketched out, like the boys' game of "hop scotch," upon the surface of the deck. It appears to be a favorite and orthodox game with Englishmen on ship-board, giving rise to frequent exciting contentions and strifes, which are generally amicably settled over several bottles of Barclay & Perkins' plump, black and substantial "heavy wet." The game itself may be very pleasant to the parties engaged in it, but it is not so agreeable to the feeble occupants of the state-rooms directly below, to have six or seven wild "John Bulls" capering and dancing and sliding "shuffle-boards," some twenty inches or less from their noses, and threatening every few minutes to thrust a heavy foot through the deck plank into their faces. But burly old John cares nothing for that, or rather he never thinks about anybody else than himself, while engaged in his sport—it is the cardinal rule of his nation to look out for "Johnny" first, and other folks' rights may be subordinately regulated afterwards.

Others of the passengers promenade the decks, both upper and lower, and smoke, chat with the Captain around the great central red pipe of the Steamer, or stretch themselves along on hair cushions laid over the deck, which answer an admirable purpose for invalids, or those who have been rendered lazy by the heavy dinner, &c., of the day. The ladies, too, are creeping out quite numerously from their state-rooms into the saloon, and one, I observe, already under full headway with pen, ink and paper, but whether "doing up" correspondence, or "doing up" a book, it were impossible to say; yet, from a certain shine upon her forehead, a harshness of several of the lines about her face, and several other rather equivocal *indicia*, I was quite inclined to the opinion that it was the latter work to which she was devoting herself—so I gave the lady a wide berth, lest perchance she might seize on me, then of rather woe-begone and forlorn appearance, and impale me, with her gold pen, upon the virgin page, before her circle of admiring friends, as one of the victims of that tormenting sea, over which her strong mind had enabled her own polygonal body to triumph. It is wretched enough to be sea-sick, but to be twitted of it publicly, is to die "the second death."

As for myself, having unexpectedly been permitted to eat a lunch of sea-bread and cold ham, and generally to feel much better than I had dared to hope for, my feet led me off again to the stairs over the

wheel-house, which had already become a home-like spot. Old "Jack of the whistle" was disposed to repeat his command of prohibition from the quarter-deck, but, observing that the trespasser was "he of the wheel-house," he failed to renew his orders, and permitted me quietly to retain my place.

Another observation on the British sailor which surprised me much, was his apparent freedom from the vice of profanity. While the mouths of American sailors are filled with imprecations of the vilest sort, you hardly hear anything from the British sailor, harsher than the ordinary phrase of strong assurance used in polite society. The truth of this was this morning illustrated by a controversy between two gangs of hands who were receiving from below the large iron casks overflowing with cinders, and of very heavy weight, which they carried turn-about to the side of the steamer, and emptied under the wheel. The dispute was, that one gang had carried their *quota* of loads, and the rest must be disposed of by the other gang. The altercation waxed warm and grew into a quarrel, and strong words were used on both sides before the difficulty was settled; yet, through the whole of it, no harsher expression was used, than "upon my honor" and "upon my soul," and one or two others of like character. Whether this decency of expression is voluntary on their part, or compelled by the discipline of the boat, I do not know; but, whatever its cause, it is certainly much pleasanter for the passengers, whose ears, on our own home steamers, are so often stunned by streams of the very coarsest language that the tongues of corrupt men can utter. If it is the result of rules enforced on the boat, then it were well if our American steamboat masters would pattern after their English brethren in this respect.

At four o'clock, we were summoned to dinner, but being tardy in responding to the call, we found the seats all full, and accordingly were invited below, by the Steward, to a table much smaller, but vastly more social, than the more formal and extended one above stairs. In order that the public may know how well they are cared for, when they become passengers on board these small worlds of steamers, I will mention a few of the articles observed on our little, unpretending table below: First comes on a finely-flavored soup; next a delicious fish (I think a salmon); then a calf's head, choicely prepared; a superior ham; a noble round of corn beef (for those who like the dish); a brave old roast, which furnished slices big enough to cover your plate and festoon its edges,—and all supported by various and innumerable side-dishes, made up of vegetables, breads, and indescribable relics of former supplies. This course is followed by

puddings (conspicuous among which is the veritable "plum") of various sorts and kinds, some of which I could recognize without being able to give their names, and some which I could not recognize, either in substance or in name, never having seen their like before. Then came in the pastry, rich and crispy, together with custard and ice cream; then strawberries, large and ripe, with cream furnished by our fellow-voyager, the black Durham. And lastly, we were presented with figs and raisins, nuts, prunes, apples, and those various knick-knacks which generally wind up a big dinner. Think of all this to be eaten, beside the other meals,—and no exercise or hard work of any kind to help digestion!

While at the table, a conversation sprang up between myself and an English gentleman opposite, who proved to be a barrister; and, as people generally do when breaking into an acquaintance with one another, we found ourselves acquainted with mutual friends, both in the States and in Nova Scotia. The conversation soon became general around the board, in the course of which were discussed both British, French and American politics, Mob law, Mormon law and various other kinds of law—and all with that same degree of final satisfaction that characterizes rencontres of this description. A returned Californian, however, who was of our party, strenuously advocated the justice and propriety of mob law, claiming it to be a "useful institution" in any country,—and, by way of showing his decided preference for it, above all other sorts of law, boldly announced his determination to shoot one of the San Franciscan firm of Adams & Co. (Wood, I think he called him), whenever and wherever he should chance to meet him,—at all which my grave English friend rolled up his eyes, and uttered, murmuringly, some dark saying that sounded, to me, very much like part of the English liturgy, paraphrased thus: "*From all republican institutions, and especially from all bloody-minded Californians, Good Lord deliver me.*"

On coming up after dinner, we found the fog still draping sea and sky, and precipitating itself, in small rain, upon the deck, the effect of which had already imparted to J——'s light-colored and silk-lined summer overcoat all the hues of the rainbow. Night was fast advancing, and it was whispered among the passengers that we were to lay out, within an hour or two from Halifax, until daylight returned, or the fog lifted itself from our path. Suddenly, as we sat musing on the prospect, the order was passed, sharply and loudly, from the bow, "*Port!—hard a'port!*" then, almost in the same breath, "*Hard a'port!*" was again repeated, and "*Hard a'port it is,*" was responded by the man at the wheel. The passengers crowded in different direc-

tions, and all gazed off into the grey wall of fog to see what peril threatened us, but no one, except the lookout on the bow, knew what had transpired; and why that startling order had been given. He reported to his officers, and presently the passengers learned that we had narrowly escaped a collision with a barque, which had crossed our bow under full sail, and only about forty feet off! Like the "Flying Dutchman," however, she soon disappeared in the bank of fog, and left us still floundering forward, but grateful that we had passed her in safety. An incident like this, though apparently trivial in its narrative upon shore, has a startling power in it when transpiring at sea, in the double darkness of night and fog! It is like a bullet whistling by the ear of the wayfarer, who, at the time, dreams of nothing in the air, but health and the song of birds; or the cry of "Fire!" before your door at the midnight hour; or the battle-cry of "mount and defend," when the enemy is pouring over the wall. How often is it but the harbinger of death!—the summons to depart hence, through the dark and tumultuous waves, without so much as space for a farewell prayer. Yes! those thrilling words, "*Port!—hard 'a'port!*" have already proved the last earthly words to thousands of our fellow-men, and, doubtless, they will yet fall, freighted with death, on the ears of thousands more. So are we crowded through and out of life.

Now our careful Captain is again sounding his way, and ere long expresses himself confident of his position. He orders his guns loaded and made ready for early discharge, hoping to receive a response from the guns of Halifax. Passengers being, for the time, prohibited from the upper deck, I, with J—— and W——, climbed up into the rigging, and lay off upon the ropes. Our friend J—— began to grow a little nervous, and when he heard the man with the lead announce the fact that we were floating in four hundred feet of water, coolly concluded that if the old craft should collide with rock or vessel, and go down, "his carcass could not very well produce a stench in the nostrils of either friend or enemy." Yet I fancied he had no present preferences for such a form of burial, and would rather, on the whole, incline to a funeral on shore.

While we thus sat roosting and musing, my eyes prompted my lips into the cry of "Lightning!" but, before a reply could be made, one of our black-mouthed guns, on the opposite side of the vessel, thundered against the fog, which seemed singularly to absorb its report, diminishing its power by one-half. Our ears caught nothing in reply—the Ocean and its shores refusing us even the compliment of an echo. In ten minutes after, no response being detected, Capt. Lett ordered, "*Silence on the deck!*" and discharged another gun.

All stood breathlessly waiting—not a foot moved, not a voice whispered—and soon, like the tapping of a lady's finger on a bass drum, "boom! boom!" we heard two guns from the heights of Halifax. Then all knew our Captain was right in his conjectures as to our position, and the hearts of the passengers were cheered with the prospect of reaching port before daylight. Still the guns are sharply cracking against the fog, and the subdued responses that come to us from the land, are all the means we have, by which to find our way into the harbor. The Captain, however, works on, doing all he can to help us forward with prudence and safety; and, in such cases, I have ever found it best to abandon all wild conjecture, dismiss all vague fears, and give one's self up to his care, and to the kind providence of that still greater Captain, who is above all darkness and all seas, and under whose hand are all our ways.

Nevertheless, one could not but feel moved with a sort of sympathy for our noble Steamer, who was thus sending forth her cries from out the darkness of sea and fog, and begging her way into port. But a day or two since, she crowded her way fearlessly forth from Boston Harbor, shining with all the beauty of her hundred flags; but to-night she is complaining like a child lost in the woods, and imploring some friendly light, to lead her from the mazes of the deep into the security of her port. So, also, have we seen it with some of the great ones of the earth. Conscious of their native powers of body and of mind, fired by the lofty spirit of ambition, resolved to conquer even the elements, if they place themselves in opposition to their desires,—they sweep out into life like this great ship of ours, and, for a while, ride over or ride down all the obstacles that beset their way. But years roll on, and their pathway becomes obscure. That which they had constituted the sun of their life is under eclipse; the night of life is wrapping its sable folds about them; those great names, or those schemes of philosophy, which they had looked up to as headlands to guide them on their course, are obscured by skeptical clouds now uprising in their anxious minds. Spectres flit by in the darkness, like our flying barque, filling them with sudden alarm. They run to the line and plummet of their favorite but narrow schools of philosophy, and seek, by their instrumentality, to find where they are floating, but the plummet announces depths beyond their power to fathom. The fog of doubts and misgivings, and the darkness of life's closing night, are folding thick curtains all around them. They find themselves lost, and no sun, chart or compass to aid them,—and at last, like our own great, black ship, they lift up their cry from the dark sea over which they have been rolling, and beg that some little child may lift the lamp, may

sound the gun, that shall direct their confused flounderings, and lead them, at last, into some haven of peace. To some, the saving call, though faint like the guns of Halifax, is vouchsafed in season, and they enter gloriously into their rest; but, to others, no answer is given, no lamp is lit, no gun is fired—and amid darkness and fog, and stormy breakers, they disappear from life, noble wrecks, with all their precious freight on board,—and oft-times no man knoweth even their sepulchre.

But we slowly pass up toward the Bay, guided by the guns and the plummet,—so slowly that even Halifax passengers abandon all expectation of reaching their home to-night. Trans-Atlantic passengers are busy at their portfolios, anxious to take yet another farewell of home, by depositing letters in this, our sole port in the voyage; the indifferent ones are gabbling over cold cuts and porter—and in the expectation of refreshing our eyes with a sight of land on the morrow, even though it be our last, we descend to our state-room, and surrender ourselves to such sleep as the continuous discharge of guns, and the bustle on deck incident to the collection of Halifax freight, will permit.

As the feeble beams of day gradually penetrated into the depths of our state rooms, we heard the whistle still at work, and occasionally a gun sounding from the deck, by which we learned that the port of Halifax had not yet been reached. At half past seven o'clock I observed from the upper deck a small boat looming out of the fog, and which, on approaching the steamer, was found to contain a pilot, who was at once received on board and installed in office by the Captain. Just after he had taken position and commenced his duties, another boat of like character appeared at our stern, and the poor fellow on board implored very earnestly for the privilege of taking us in, alleging that he had heard our guns early in the preceding night, and for eight hours he had pursued us through the fog, without reaching hailing distance. His application, however, was rejected, the principal adopted appearing to be, "first come first served," so the poor fellow was compelled to haul off and comfort himself under his disappointment as best he could. Presently the curtain of mist seemed to roll itself off somewhat, or rather the high hills on shore lifted their verdant tops above the fog which still slept on the surface of the waters, and we began to descry the headlands around the harbor of Halifax. On we pressed up the Bay, and presently burst the cloudy barriers of the deep, and escaped into blue air and a clear vision of the city.

## NOTES FROM LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY THE EDITOR.

## No. 1.

To one who has been fretted and chafed by the activities, and annoyed by the smoke and dust and heat, of city life, there is a calm and refreshing beauty in the scenery of nature. Strange that we should ever tire of her fascinations, of her dashing waters, her dimpled lakes, her bold headlands, her billowy hills, her green fields, and her waving forests. And then, what a luxury in passing from the sultry South to the cool North!

The little world we had in the boat, too, afforded a panoramic representation of the great world without. Tottering age, sturdy manhood, blooming youth, laughing childhood and helpless infancy were there. There were stockholders, dreaming only of cargoes of copper; miners, elated with a prospect of "flush times" in their lowly calling; and tradesmen, expecting to make heavy drafts on the pockets of both. There were pleasure-seekers, and not a few whole families, migrating for the summer,—while several newly-married couples, with a wise discretion, were intent upon spending the honeymoon amid the cool retreats of the North. Altogether, it was an interesting medley, full of instruction, amusement and good cheer.

At Mackinac, I spent two or three delightful days. That is a charming spot, though little better than a pile of lime rock. It is, however, for the most part, covered with earth, which has resulted from its decomposition. Trees grow on it very well, and there is a drive of several miles beneath their overhanging foliage. From the summit of the Island, there is an enchanting prospect in every direction, the eye ranging along the Lower Peninsula on the south, and the Upper Peninsula on the north, while numerous forest-crowned islands come within the sweep of vision. Pigeons abound upon the island, and shooting them constitutes one of the amusements of the sojourner. But the boast of Mackinac, its crowning product, is its trout. They do not taste like the same fish, after being transported three or four hundred miles, though encased in ice. I am told, that the sooner they are cooked, after being caught, the better they are. Nothing can be a

greater luxury than the fresh-caught trout and white-fish which swim in those waters.

The passage up the St. Mary's was enchanting. Sometimes the river spreads itself out miles in width, and would seem like a lake, but for the numerous islands, canopied with forests of evergreens, among which it tardily finds its way. There is a place in it called, I think, Lake George, but it is no more a lake than the rest of it below, all the way to Lake Huron, except that at that particular place there appear to be no islands. I should judge the width of it to be about half a dozen miles. That lake (so called) is, indeed, a beautiful sheet of water. Having gotten partly across it, the gate we came in at seemed to be closed behind us, while we could see no opening ahead. Bordered all around with living green, with its glassy, unruffled surface, it seemed like a great mirror, set in a frame "not made with hands."

Onward we steamed, and it really seemed as though we were going to be brought up against the highlands which bounded the shore; nor was any way of escape discovered, until I had well-nigh given up all hope of ever getting out, when, all at once, the boat dodged around a point, entering a narrow channel, which we followed up to the Saut.

I have traversed the whole length of Lake Superior,—500 miles (480 in a straight line)—lingering at various points. Yesterday we passed the "Apostles Islands," thirty or more in number, lifting up their green heads from the bosom of the lake, and investing it with an inexpressible charm. They are of all sizes and forms, presenting a scene of picturesque and variegated beauty. There is one which seems a great rotunda of foliage, its walls taking a circular sweep, crowned with a dome-like top. Others are oblong, with rotund ends, but short enough to bring several of them, of different lengths, within the sweep of vision, while occasionally one is seen stretching miles away upon the face of the deep—all presenting a rounded outline, with an occasional projection; all rising gently from the shore on every side, and all rejoicing in their summer glories. Occasionally, an opening between two discloses the ends of others beyond, and, between these, glimpses are caught of others, and others still, until the farthestmost one seems dissolving upon the vision in the blue distance, while the great lake itself appears to be nursing on its bosom a brood of charming little lakelets—sheets of water environed on every side (apparently), and set with these emerald gems, and reflecting their beauties. It was a lovely scene, and hour after hour passed away as in a fairy land.

We are now in harbor, at the mouth of the St. Louis river, which



pours its water into the lake at its western extremity. Here are a few hundred people (besides the native Indians, half-breeds, and all sorts of breeds), who have come flocking in, in the expectation that there is to be a great city here.

It will *probably*, in the future, be a point of importance, as there will *probably* be a railroad hence to the Mississippi river, at St. Pauls, the capital of Minnesota,—which place is perhaps a hundred and fifty miles from this place. Many will then take the tour of the lakes, and pass down the Mississippi.

This seems to be the largest river which empties into Lake Superior. It is navigable twenty-four miles (to the rapids), to which point we are making ready to ascend. It separates Wisconsin from Minnesota.

In nothing have I been more interested than in the red children of the forest. There are many of them congregated here, their birch-bark huts being strung along the shore. They come timidly round the boat, and seem struck with a sense of the superiority of their white brothers. They are a noble race, but to see them in their native dignity of character, they must be seen, as here, in their own native wilds. They seem to dwindle under the *ban* of civilization, and to develop their nobler traits about in proportion as they are removed from it. Whether this is *their nature*, as some would make us believe, or whether those who thus argue the case, have not some responsibility in reference to the matter, I shall not stop here to inquire.

The men are tall and well-proportioned, with regular and well-formed features, coal-black hair, and keen black eyes, and the women are not excelled for good looks by their white sisters. Last evening, as our band of music was playing in the cabin, three young squaws (say from twenty to twenty-six years of age) came in and seated themselves to hear the music,—and I know not when I have seen three, I had almost said, handsomer females. Their features seemed perfect, formed very much after the Grecian model, and their countenances were radiant with intelligence. They were well dressed, and appeared every way comely, being adorned, in a high degree, with that comeliest of all graces of the female character, modesty. I believe they were the daughters of a chief. They were of pure Indian blood, and dwell in the forest.

*August 3d.*—We have been up the river to the rapids and are now bound for LaPointe, one of the Apostle's Islands. To the rapids, twenty-four miles, the river flows sluggishly through the low, marshy ground, after dividing into half a dozen different channels,—and at this

time, its waters are of an amber color, as though surcharged with vegetable matter, the more probably, on account of the late rains. It is quite a river—larger, I should think, than any in Lower Michigan.

I noticed, upon each side of it, immense meadows of wild rice. This is the great staple, with the Indians, for food, as it was formerly with the fur-traders, as I learn from Judge A. of the Soo, who was formerly connected with the American Fur Company. He describes the Indian mode of harvesting it as follows: Three Indians enter a canoe, one of them paddles it through the standing rice, while the other two do the harvesting and thrashing after this fashion: one is seated upon each side of the canoe, with a stick in each hand; with one stick the rice is bent over the sides of the canoe, while, at the same instant, with the other, the grain is beaten out into it, and with such dexterity is it accomplished, that the seed is whipped out on each side, as fast as the canoe is propelled forward, making a clean sweep of several feet.

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No. II.

*More about the Indians,—Indian Character and Private Life.*

SUPERIOR CITY, August 4.

It has been the lot of Judge A., above spoken of, to spend a great portion of his life among the Indians, as an agent of the American Fur Company. And, as I remarked, I am indebted to him for much information in respect to the character and modes of living, of these children of the forest, especially of the powerful and hostile tribes of the Chippewas and Sioux. The hostility of these two tribes to each other, is so fierce and cruel, that nothing short of the absolute extermination of its deadly foe could satisfy either tribe. The day before I arrived at La Point, the Chippewas made a public exhibition of their hate, by dancing in triumph around the scalp of a Sioux, and it was remarked, if a Sioux had been there, as a private spectator, however quiet and peaceable and defenceless he might be, the Chippewas would have rushed upon him at once, and butchered him in cold blood.

The Sioux inhabit the country about the sources of the Mississippi, wander over the prairies, and fight on horseback. The Chippewas dwell in the forest, and fight on foot. As might be expected, the former (the Sioux) are generally victorious upon their own prairies, but find themselves overmatched, in their turn, by the latter in their own native forests. Each brave wears a feather in his hair for every

for he kills, and when he dies, the same symbol distinguishes his grave.

After all, said Judge A. the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, have not done half as much to depopulate our Indian tribes as the use of intoxicating liquor. The effect of "fire-water" upon them, was very peculiar. It did not seem to exhilarate them as it does the white man, but it maddened them, and brought out all their savage ferocity. And yet, when once they had tasted it, they were perfectly phrenzied after it, and would do anything to get it. He never knew them steal anything but whiskey. What wholesale murderers, then, are the men, who, for paltry gain, have thus spread desolation through the Indian tribes upon our borders!

They had been called treacherous and revengeful, he said, but they were not more so than any people would be, who had suffered as they have, from ill treatment. Every advantage had been taken of their innocence and ignorance by the bad white man, and, in their weakness, their natural resort was to treachery as the only possible way of making reprisals.

As an instance of their peaceable and quiet behaviour, under good treatment, he adduced the fact, that the American Fur Company's trading posts, located in their midst, and hundreds of miles from any other white settlement, had never been disturbed, though often left almost defenceless, under the care of two or three persons. In one case, five or six hundred Indians had been driven in by defeat, and they came and encamped right under the Company's fort, and there they staid, month after month, famished almost to starvation, not daring to venture far away for fear of their enemies; and yet, not a thing did they lay their hands on, nor did they show the slightest disposition to help themselves, though starving, and though there were a hundred and fifty bushels of wild rice in the store-house, with only two persons to defend it, and they knew it. They asked for relief, but submitted quietly to a refusal, and bore their sufferings in patience. It was a trying situation for him to be placed in, he said, and added that he would gladly have given them relief, but dared not, having received strict orders to the contrary.

They were often reduced to straits, he said, to hunger, starvation, and death, by their listlessness and improvidence. Those employed by the Company to gather furs, tried their patience to the utmost, and it was with difficulty they could get anything out of them. When those in charge of the post left to go for supplies, they would furnish them the means of living, and fit them out upon hunting expeditions; but, generally, he said, on returning with their supplies, they would find

them all there idle, with no furs, or very few, but a thousand excuses instead. And, then they would fit them out again, give them trinkets, talk to them and encourage them just like children, sending one this way, and another that, and, in a few weeks they would return loaded with furs. And there was no way of getting along with them, but to treat them like so many children, praising and encouraging them, and giving them such worthless baubles as children are fond of. Like children, they would take advantage of your weak points, and it was necessary to be very decided, or there would be no living with them, one indulgence preparing the way for a dozen fresh demands, ending in general insubordination. If a child died, they would perhaps come to you, sulky and sour, and say, "white people sent the disease," and, if you were not decided in repelling the charge, they would press the matter in a most insulting and overbearing manner.

Their government is patriarchal, their rulers being the head chiefs of tribes, and the subordinate chiefs of bands. When crime is committed, as murder, the law of private revenge governs. The injured party may take for his victim the perpetrator if he can; if not, he may wreak his vengeance upon the next of kin.

Of their private and domestic life, Judge A. furnished me many interesting particulars. Marriage is not a matter of much formality with them. If not suited with each other upon trial, they separate amicably, and the wife returns with her children to her parents, and they try their luck until they are suited. And yet, they are generally faithful to their marriage vows. Polygamy prevails to but a limited extent. If a man takes more than one wife, it is a sure indication that he is more than an ordinary hunter.

Mothers, he said, were very fond of their children. When they died, they would make images of them, and nurse them for a year after they had been in their graves.

The wife, upon the decease of her husband, bundles up her best clothes, and carries them wherever she goes, calling them her husband, for a year or more, when her husband's brother generally takes them, and she is free to marry again, it being considered disgraceful for her to marry before. Sometimes the brother himself takes her at the husband's grave.

The women do all the drudgery, not by compulsion, but from habit and choice, and because they would think it a disgrace to have their husbands do it.

Many other particulars illustrative of Indian life, were narrated by Judge A., but these must suffice.

## No. III.

*Exploring Tour—Cascades—Water Falls—Trout Fishing—Geology, etc.*

ONTONAGAN, August 7.

At La Point, eighty miles from the head of the lake, four of us banded together, made a purchase of a small sail boat, (somewhat larger than an Indian canoe,) laid in stores, consisting of hard biscuit, pork, etc., together with hunting and fishing apparatus, and by six o'clock in the evening of the day we arrived we were ready for sea.

It was a late hour in the day to set sail, but we had a fine breeze, and we could not resist the temptation to improve it. Our little craft was soon put upon her course, and she scud briskly before the wind. Late as it was, we were determined to hear the falls of Montreal river, twenty miles distant, before we slept. The breeze freshened, and our little cockle-shell danced from billow to billow in gallant style. The novelty and prettyness of the thing pleased me much. The pure, strong, cool breeze which bore us onward, played delightfully around us, while the mild beams of the setting sun quivered upon the waters.

The sun went down, but there was a moon to cheer us on our way. The breeze, however, became fitful, and only came in occasional puffs, and it was one o'clock in the morning before we arrived at the mouth of Montreal river. The moon went down, it was quite dark, and the dashing of the breakers at the mouth of the river, mingled with the roar of the cataract, fell dismally upon the ear. But an attempt must be made to land, and we furled sails, headed in, plied the oar, and dashed in among the breakers. Long and tedious was the struggle; sometimes it seemed as though we should be carried back or swamped in spite of us, but we triumphed at last, and landed in safety.

Our camp-fire was soon blazing before us, and the atmosphere savory with the perfumes of the frying pork—we had a delicious repast, “a feast of fat things.” By two o'clock we had spread our blankets upon the damp grass, and, with a pole for a pillow, the heavens for a canopy, and the falls and the surf to sing a lullaby, we dropped sweetly to sleep.

Morning broke, we awoke refreshed, and were all astir for breakfast, which was soon prepared and dispatched, when we were ready for a jaunt into the interior.

The Montreal river, (which separates Michigan from Wisconsin,) discharges, perhaps, a larger body of water than any other river upon this peninsula, except the Ontonagan—and only a quarter of a mile from its mouth, and in full view from the lake, it pitches down a precipice near sixty feet in height. The tumbling, roaring waters, the

boiling abyss, the rising mist, the glittering foam, the towering ledges, and the overhanging forest, all combine to form the picturesque scene.

But the principal falls are three miles above (by the river), and thither we directed our steps. We had anticipated much, but we were not disappointed. There is a subdued grandeur here, a sublimity softened down by its accompanying beauties, which strikes the beholder as by an irresistible fascination. For a mile or two above these falls, the river comes tumbling and foaming down its rocky channel, when the whole volume of water gathers itself up, and dashes itself down a precipice of eighty-three feet at two leaps, in quick succession; and then, again, it tumbles and foams along among the rocks below, as it did above, all the way down to the lower fall, above spoken of, the banks rising from one to three hundred feet, sometimes walled perpendicularly up, crowned with evergreens, and barely affording room enough for the gurgling waters, and sometimes sloping gracefully back in steep acclivities, attired in verdant beauty.

For several miles above the higher rapids, above mentioned, the river flows quietly along, meandering, sometimes, through extensive natural meadows, and sometimes through the unbroken stillness of the forest, and then, again, the roar of another cataract breaks upon the ear. We did not ascend so high up, but the glimpses we had, raised a strong desire in me to gaze upon the interesting scenes which were veiled in the forest beyond us. But that was impossible.

We had come in by an Indian trail which meandered here and there, doubling the distance. Upon the height of ground, nine hundred feet, I think, above the surface of the lake, we passed a belt of conglomerate rock many hundreds of feet in thickness. Small stones and pebbles, of harder rocks, of different kinds, rounded and smoothed, as by the action of water, appear at intervals upon the surface, as though bedded in the hard earth beneath; but, upon trying to loosen them; it is found that they are bedded into, and constitute a part of the rock.

A little further on we passed through an old Indian sugar bush, the bodies of the trees being all scarred around from the effects of tapping for a long succession of years. As many as twenty-six of these *cicatrices*, or rather unhealed incisions, were counted upon a single tree.

Next we came to a patch of wild gooseberries, and then to quit a field (which had been formerly cleared by a squatter) of red raspberries, as fine flavored, and many of them as large as the Antwerp, or any other garden variety. They were just ripe, and the field was fairly red with them, a sight luxurious to behold, especially in our case, from the fact that they were so delicious to the taste. Not a bird had disturbed them, nor did we see one, save a covey of pheasants

which we started up from the midst of them, and a little wren we met with on our return—which is in proof of a remark which has been made, that the little warblers love to hover around the habitations of man, and are seldom found beyond the foot-prints of civilization.

The soil we traversed is of an excellent quality. Near the mouth of the river a clearing was formerly made by the American Fur Company (this having been one of their trading posts), and, though long since abandoned and overgrown with small trees, there are many open places on it where the timothy and red top were up to my chin. In some places there were hazel bushes, and at others along the way, the sugar maple, which always indicate a rich soil; and the hemlock land we passed over gave evidence enough of a productive soil. Upon the land where the English grass was growing so luxuriantly, I observed the white birch and the poplar, or aspen, in a flourishing condition. It is a good agricultural country. It is also rich in mineral wealth, the principal range of copper-bearing, or amygdaloid trap, crosses the river here, showing many well-defined and promising veins; but I may speak of this in another connection.

Making our way back to our encampment, we partook of refreshments, and a fresh breeze springing up in the right quarter, we again set sail, just before sundown, directing our course to the mouth of the Black river, twenty miles further down the lake, where we arrived just before one in the morning. Finding an inhabited house here, whose occupants (a Frenchman and a squaw) were absent, we took possession, and had a good night's or rather morning's rest, and besides, were fortunately sheltered from a heavy fall of rain.

The Black river is not quite so large as the Montreal, but nearly rivals it in precipitous descent. It originates on the north-west side of the Porcupine mountains, and comes frolicking down their declivities, and through and down their intermediate ranges, leaping from precipice to precipice, boiling and foaming in wild and rampant impetuosity.

The breeze being fresh and favorable, we re-embarked and were borne more rapidly on our way, than at any previous stage of the voyage. It fairly alarmed me to see our miniature ship running upon her side, and occasionally dipping in water over her gun-wale; but I considered myself in safe hands and that quieted all apprehension.

Onward we flew, passing first, "Little Girl's Point," then "The Lone Rock," and then doubling "Cape Horn," we were brought right under the lee of the Porcupine mountains, whose highest peak rises to the height of thirteen hundred feet above the level of the lake.

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[NO. 10.]

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## NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, D. D.

I had not time to examine attentively, the numerous monuments and tombs of popes, &c., contained in this temple, nor the mosaics that adorn the altars of the chapels along the aisles ; but was occasionally arrested by the beauty and excellence with which they seem to have been executed.

By the polite attention of Major Cass our efficient Charge d' Affaires at Rome, we were furnished with an order, from the director of the Fabbrica of St. Peters, for ascending the dome. It enabled us to form a better idea of the immensity of the edifice, than all we had previously seen. The ascent to the roof, is by means of a broad paved spiral way, of such a gentle grade, that you might ride up on a horse or donkey with ease. It well suited my physical debility, and taking it leisurely, I accomplished it without difficulty. I thought of how many thousands had traveled up the same way, and of what great variety of character, condition, and nation they had been, as I saw on the walls, tablets containing the names of royal personages who had made the ascent.

Coming out upon the roof of the building, you are surprised to find rows of domes, large enough for ordinary churches, not noticeable from below, covering the different chapels along the aisles. There are also shops and habitations for workmen, constantly employed in repairs upon the building, which with the domes assume the appearance, rather of a little village, than of the summit of a temple, while a fountain of water, ever flowing, helps to increase the illusion. I have read that during the siege of Rome, in 1849, by the French army, much damage was done to the roof of the building, and the masonry of the dome, balls having fallen upon or hit no less than eighty different places of the building. The most tedious and

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laborious part of the ascent, was through the passages and up the staircases, that wind between the inner and outer walls. The ball is of bronze, gilt, eight feet in diameter, and large enough to hold sixteen persons. Our company, consisting of some six or eight persons, entered it. Mr. Barnes, Dr. Hamilton, Dr. Hall, myself and others, having enjoyed the magnificent prospect, united in singing, to the tune of Old Hundred, the christian Doxology, while we were thus raised aloft some four hundred feet in the air.

The view is said to be one of the finest in Europe. Rome lay at our feet, and it seemed as if we could look down into every part of it. Her desolate campagna spread out its wide extent before us, ranging from the Apennines to the Mediterranean. As I gazed upon the wide waste of desolate region, I thought of the still more awful desolation coming, at no distant day, when, like a stone in the water, Rome shall sink to rise no more; and all this gorgeous pile of buildings, with all the pomp and magnificence of this "Great city of Babylon, with violence shall be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all!" "Alleluia: salvation and glory and honor and power unto the Lord our God" shall be the shout of "much people in heaven" when He shall "avenge the blood of His servants at her hand," and "her smoke rise up for ever and ever. Amen." Alleluia! However great may be the lamentations of the votaries of her fine arts, and terrible the destruction of the works of genius, the world will be inconceivably the gainer by the desolation.

As I looked down from the ball, I observed on the bands of the dome, the permanent fixtures there applied for facilitating the splendid illumination of this great temple, which takes place during "the holy week." It is said that three hundred and eighty-two men are employed to light the lamps, some six thousand eight hundred in number, attached to every column, cornice, frieze, and the outside of the dome to the very summit of the cross. The cross is sixteen feet in height and surmounts the whole, to which access is had by a small iron ladder, winding around the extension of the ball. So perfect is the arrangement, and the skill of the persons employed, that accidents very rarely happen. As soon as the bell has sounded the first stroke of 9 o'clock, nine hundred lamps instantaneously glare as if lighted by enchantment, and in eight seconds, before the last stroke has ceased to sound, the architecture of this gigantic temple becomes one brilliant blaze of light, a firmament of fire.

We did not happen to be in Rome during any festival when any of the great pageants of the ceremonial worship are wont to be performed in St. Peter's, and therefore had to content ourselves with a mere

examination of the building, and reading the accounts given of them.

From St. Peter's we passed to the Vatican, the palace of the Pope, adjoining. It also is an immense pile of buildings. It has been irregularly constructed, by different popes, with different designs and tastes, during a period of more than four hundred years. It is 1150 feet long and 767 broad. The guide books say, that it has eight grand staircases, two hundred of smaller character, twenty courts, and four thousand four hundred and twenty-two apartments, covering a space, with its gardens, as large as the city of Turin. There is, perhaps, no palace in the world, which, by its important position in the history of the Roman Catholic religion, as the residence of its great Pontifex Maximus, as well as by the influence of its museums upon the taste, learning and science of christian nations, has excited so much interest, for now nearly three hundred years, as this has done.

On entering, you meet a small detachment of the Swiss guards at the gate; passing them, you ascend a famous stair-case of two flights, decorated with Ionic columns, pilasters, and stucco ornaments. It leads to the royal hall of audience for Ambassadors. Among the fine paintings which adorn its walls, three especially arrest the attention of a protestant, because expressive of the proud, presumptuous, and persecuting spirit of popery. One is the absolution of the pusillanimous emperor, Henry IV, by that ambitious tyrant, Hildebrand, correctly but vulgarly called *Hellbrand*. Pope Gregory VII, whose history proved him to be destitute of all principle, utterly devoid of conscience, dead to every pious and virtuous feeling, impetuous, obstinate, untractable, and boastful of his power to pull down the pride of kings. That weak-minded Emperor, affrighted by Gregory's act of deposition, during a winter of unusual severity crossed the Alps with a determination to submit, and seek the pope's absolution. He was admitted, without his guard, into an outer court of the castle at Carrozza, near Reggio, where Gregory was at the time, and having been kept three successive days from morning till night, in a woollen sheet, with bare feet, fasting and doing penance, the humbled Emperor was permitted to enter the palace, and enjoy *the lofty honor of kissing the pope's toe!* He subsequently received absolution from the haughty and arrogant blasphemer, the memory of which outrage is preserved among the decorations of this hall.

The second picture is the massacre of St. Bartholomew, that foul scene of wanton blood and murder, which, more than any thing else in the history of popery, illustrates its cruel and odious persecuting spirit. I thought how little do the apologists of that vast system of iniquity, who have of late risen in our country, and who so

undertake to tell us that the Roman Catholic religion has mellowed the hearts of its professors, and would itself now condemn such scenes of butchery—now, what is its real spirit? Here is a gorgeous painting of the worse than brutal scene, spread before the eyes of the pope in the audience hall of the Ambassadors, to delight the blood thirsty tyrant, and to proclaim how cordially that foul massacre is yet at this day approved and honored at Rome. They ought to be so ashamed of it as to blot it out forever.

The third painting, intended here to glorify the papal tyranny, is that of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa receiving the blessing from Pope Alexander III, in the piazza of St. Mark, at Venice. The Pope had deposed the Emperor, and dissolved the oath of allegiance to him taken by his subjects. Soon after he made himself master of Rome, the insolent pontiff fled to Benevento. Environed and dejected with difficulties, the Emperor concluded a peace with Alexander at Venice, where, after having heard the Pope preach a Latin discourse (of which he did not understand a word) in the great temple of St. Mark, he approached his person, and kissed his feet; and having received his blessing, as he came from the church, led the white mule on which his "holiness" rode through St. Mark's square. When the humbled Emperor kissed one foot of the haughty pontiff, he placed the other upon his neck, impiously repeating the words of the Psalmist, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under foot."

Had they the power, the popes of modern days would do the same things still, for they preserve, with admiration, the records of the haughty deeds of their predecessors.

From this "Sala Regia," you pass to the Sistine Chapel, "Capella Sistina," so called from Sixtus IV, by whom it was built, and of which it forms a sort of vestibule. It is properly the private palace-chapel of the pope, to which the genius of Michael Angelo has given a world-wide celebrity. It is a lofty apartment of oblong form, 135 feet by 45, with a gallery around three of its sides. The large fresco paintings of the ceiling, represent the creation of the sun and moon, the creation of Adam, the fall and expulsion of our first parents from Paradise, and the Deluge; and the smaller, the gathering of the waters, the separating of the light from the darkness, the creating of Eve, the sacrifice of Noah, and his drunkenness.

The most of these paintings are of very bold design, and have given unbounded fame to their author. I was particularly struck with the manner in which the serpent is represented as having the head of a woman, and at the exquisite personification of female beauty in the

figure of Eve. The great fresco painting of this chapel, however, which is generally so much admired by travelers, is that of "The Last Judgment." It occupies the end wall, fronting the entrance, and is 60 feet high and 30 broad. I was greatly disappointed in this picture, and on other grounds than my aversion to all such representations, which seem to me to wear the impress of impiety; nor could I, with all the attempt I made, catch the spirit of the piece, or fall under the force of its illusion, as others have sometimes done. I shall not attempt to describe this painting, but for the satisfaction of the curious will give it in the language of another.

"In the upper part of the picture, is the Saviour seated with the Virgin on his right hand, which is extended in condemnation. Above, in the angles of the vault, are groups of angels bearing the instruments of the passion. On the right of the Saviour, are the hosts of saints and patriarchs, and on the left, the martyrs, with the symbols of their sufferings. St. Catharine may be recognized with her wheel, St. Bartholomew with his skin, St. Sebastian with his armor, St. Peter restoring the keys, etc. Below is a group of angels sounding the last trumpet, and bearing the books of life and death. On their left is represented the fall of the damned; the demons are seen coming out of the pit to seize them, as they struggle to escape; their features express the utmost despair, contrasted with the wildest passions of rage, anguish, and defiance; Charon is ferrying another group across the Styx, and is striking down the rebellious with his oar, in accordance with the description of Dante, from which Michael Angelo sought inspiration. "Batte col remo qualunque's adagia."

On the opposite side the blessed are rising, slowly and in uncertainty, from their graves; some are seen ascending to heaven; while saints and angels are assisting them to rise into the regions of the blessed. It is impossible to examine these details without appreciating the tremendous power by which the composition is pre-eminently distinguished. The imagination never realized a greater variety of human passions, and art has never yet so completely triumphed over such difficulties of execution. The boldness of the drawing, the masterly fore-shortening of the figures, the anatomical details—all combine to make it the most extraordinary picture in the history of art. The conception is such as the genius of Michael Angelo alone could have embodied; and the result is full of grandeur and sublimity."

I cannot say that the painting had any such effect on me. Some things in it exceedingly displeased me, as the terrible aspect of the Saviour, the want of appropriate distinction in the expression of the saved and the lost, and the nude appearance of the figures. I could

not but smile at the proof, which popery gave in this picture, of her having adopted and incorporated into her system of falsehood, the mythological fables of the ancient pagans, thus showing what a near relationship she owns to the old idolatry.

It is reported that Pope Paul IV took offence at the nudity of the figures, and wished the whole destroyed. The artist, on hearing the objection of his holiness, replied, "let *him* reform the world, and the pictures will reform themselves." Some of the most prominent figures, however, were covered with drapery, by an artist whom the Pope employed,—thence called "the breeches maker," Michael Angelo had to submit to the Pope's pleasure, but he revenged himself on Messer Biagio, of Siena, the master of the ceremonies, who first suggested the indelicacy of the figures, by introducing his likeness, in the right angle of the picture, standing in hell as Midas with an ass's ears, and his body surrounded by a serpent. The offended dignitary complained to the Pope, who requested the artist to alter it. But M. Angelo declared "that was impossible, for although his holiness was able to release from purgatory, he had no power over hell." Biagio therefore remains in his sad position. The damps of nearly three centuries, and the smoke of candles and incense, during that time, have greatly impaired the brightness of its colors, yet still it has great attractions for travellers, and is one of the wonders of Rome. I should much have preferred to hear the music performed in this chapel on great occasions, especially the "miserere" during "passion week," to anything I saw there. But we do not happen to be in Rome at a favorable time for witnessing any of their great fetes.

Passing from the Sistine Chapel, we made a tour through the different corridors, galleries of paintings, and museums, of this extensive palace, stopping occasionally to examine some particular works of art, or objects of curiosity, that especially attracted attention. I should not be able to enumerate the chambers, or even class the various collections of statuary, paintings, vases, antiquities—Egyptian, Etruscan, Grecian, and Roman, that enrich this treasure house of the papal pontiff. Among the paintings, those of Raphael, in the Camera della Signatura, illustrative of theology, poetry, philosophy and jurisprudence, furnish perhaps the best specimens of the learning, fancy, and power of this celebrated artist. His celebrated Transfiguration of Christ, in another gallery, is his best and greatest effort. But I was offended by the utter want of a sense of propriety manifested by the introduction of St. Julien and St. Lawrence, who did not live for centuries after the event, into the scene as ecclesiastics kneeling on the mount in adoration of the mystery. Similar anachronisms I observed

in other celebrated paintings, especially in the Madonna throned in the clouds, from the hand, also, of Raphael. She is represented in heaven with the infant Jesus in her arms, and St. Jerome who lived in the seventh century, recommending to her protection Sigismundi Conti, chief secretary of Julius II, who paid for the painting. An angel is represented in the midst of the picture, holding a tablet, on which, emblazoned in letters of gold, are the author's and donor's names, and the date. In the background is seen a bomb-shell falling on the city of Foligno. The power of expression, and the beauty of features in the countenances of the figures, especially of Sigismundi, constitute the chief excellence of the painting. Of all the paintings I saw, that which most displeased me was one, like what I had elsewhere seen, in which an attempt is made to represent the ever blessed Trinity. The Father appears as an old, gray-headed man, the Son as a man in full vigor, and the Spirit as a dove hovering above both. This last idea of representing the Holy Spirit in the shape of a dove, is to my mind perfectly absurd, for the point of resemblance referred to by the Evangelist describing the descent of the Spirit, is not in the form of the appearance, but the manner of its descending motion. By a reference to the syntactic construction of the original Greek expressions this will be clearly seen. The luminous appearance—which doubtless it was, as light is always made the symbol or representation of the Spirit—fell or floated down from heaven, in the same manner that a dove descends, and its motions resembled those of that bird when hovering before it alights. The old Catholic conceit, however, has obtained currency among commentators and painters. It has actually infused itself into our protestant hymnology, and furnished to some of our uninspired poets, very improperly, a title for the blessed spirit. A superstitious regard, too, for the pigeon or dove, as a sacred bird enters deeply into the religion of not a few idolaters, who have persecuted and corrupted so fatally the christianity of the bible.

Our time did not permit us to complete even a rapid walk through all the halls of this palace, and having an engagement with Major Cass for the afternoon, I reserved a visit to the museums and library for a future opportunity. He had kindly offered to conduct me to the Villa Albani, to which the Pope occasionally retires for relaxation in the summer months, and to which access is not freely or easily had by general visitors. During the revolutionary troubles of 1849, and the conflict between the Republican and French forces, our Charge d' Affaires, as well for the purpose of its preservation, as for his own convenience, with the approbation of the owner, made it his abode, for many weeks. The American flag became its protection, and the

agency of our Minister in preserving, during the stormy period of that disastrous struggle, so many valuable works of art from pillage and destruction, has been felt and acknowledged by the authorities at Rome, as well as by all that can appreciate them. This Villa is about 100 years old, and was built by Cardinal Alessandro Albani. It is situated some distance from the Porta Salara, and is said by Forsyth to have been planned by a profound antiquary. Here Cardinal Albani, having spent his life in collecting ancient sculpture, formed such porticos and such saloons to receive it, as an old Roman would have done; porticos where the statues stood upon the pavement between columns proportioned to their stature; saloons which were not stocked but embellished with families of allied statues, and seemed full without a crowd. Here Winckelman grew into an Antiquary under the Cardinal's patronage and instruction; and here he projected his history of art, which brings this collection continually into view."

During the invasion of Napoleon, this villa was plundered of nearly three hundred pieces of sculpture; and, although they were afterwards (at the peace of 1815) restored, the expense of their removal necessitated the prince to sell them all to the King of Bavaria, with the exception of the celebrated statue of Antinous. Notwithstanding this loss, it is still rich in the works of genius. The villa retains all its beauty, and, with its varied treasures, its charming grounds and garden, stands in striking contrast with the devastation and ruin of the Borghese park and the scenery around it, produced by the revolution.

The portico of the palace is sustained by twenty-eight columns of rare marble, and is adorned with statues of Juno descending from Olympus, of Tiberius, Trajan, Adrian and others. The galleries, some of which are paved with ancient mosaic, are enriched with ancient sculpture, among which my attention was particularly directed to the celebrated bronze statue of Apollo Sauroctonos, pronounced by Winckelman to be "the most exquisite bronze statue in the world," and the original work of Praxiteles, so well described by Pliny. I was told that an immense sum—even half a million of dollars—has been refused for this single statue. A very fine statue of Hercules, in bronze, forms one of the costly treasures of this collection, the gem of which is the exquisite Antinous, crowned with lotus flowers, described by Winckelman,—and which, he says, "after the Apollo and the Laocoon, is, perhaps, the most beautiful monument of antiquity which time has transmitted to us." It is a bas relief, and, standing over the mantle-piece on the chimney, forms the most conspicuous and attractive ornament of the room.

The statue of Antinous, already referred to, excited my admiration

of the skill of the artist, and my contempt for the odious and unnatural passion of the corrupt Roman and the whole race of Ganymedes. It is a perfect representation of beauty in a young man, but it is chiefly animal, with just enough of the intellectual to render it impressive and captivating. The story is here related, that a young and susceptible French girl, who had frequent opportunities to visit it, became so desperately in love with this statue, that she actually lost her reason and eventually died of mania.

As I strolled among the busts and statues of antiquity here collected, representing, in their day,—as do the busts now formed our own living great men—the poets, orators, statesmen, emperors, &c., of the periods of classic story, my feelings were much and singularly affected. I had read and thought of the old Grecian and Roman heroes and sages, but they were viewed through the dim maze of the distance of centuries. When I saw the very form and features, as originally taken by accomplished artists, probably in their day, of such men as Homer, Demosthenes, Socrates, Diogenes, Pericles, Epicurus, Leonidas, Alexander the Great, Æsop, Hannibal, Cato, Cæsar, Mark Antony, Caracalla, and various Roman emperors, &c., I confess that I felt myself more deeply impressed with a sense of their actual reality, and the parts they acted in ancient history, than I ever had been before.

Among the antiquities in this collection, my attention was turned to some ancient mosaic of very fine construction, said to have been taken from Adrian's Villa, into which it was introduced as antique at that day, and now, at the least, supposed to be 2500 years old. But, among the various bas-reliefs, taken from mythological story, here preserved, and many of them of exquisite workmanship, that of Ganymede and the Eagle, it seemed to me, should have found no place, on any pretext of antiquity or of its being a work of art, in a collection for a private dwelling, or even public museum, and especially of a Cardinal and Pope.

In the billiard-room, which has a portico of fourteen columns, I noticed statues of Bacchus and Hyacinthus. Both the use of the apartment and its ornaments, are quite inappropriate to a priest's domicile, whether Cardinal or Pontiff.

Returning from the Villa Albani, we crossed the Quirinal Hill, and stopped in front of the papal palace, on that mount, to look at the equestrian statues, which have been called Castor and Pollux, by modern antiquaries. They are of colossal dimensions, representing fiery steeds led by their grooms. They are situated in front of the gate of entrance to the Pope's palace, on the Monte Cavallo, which is



the highest point of the long, narrow hill, called the Quirinal. The royal residence of the Cæsars and of the popes, has been, at different periods in the history of this proud city, on one or another of the seven hills, which were embraced within the area of ancient Rome. Thence have been dated the bulls or decrees, fulminated, sometimes, to the alarm of the world.

As I looked upon this "palazzo pontificio," on Monte Cavallo,—one of the finest situations, in all Rome, for a palace—and thought of the manner in which the old hills of Rome had been, and some still remained, the abode of the court, or royal residence,—I felt, more forcibly than ever, the power and point of the prophetic description of the "woman that sitteth upon a scarlet-colored beast," whose *seven* heads are "seven mountains, on which the woman sitteth"—"the great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth."

The colossal equestrian group, which we stopped to examine, stands on either side of an obelisk of red granite, unadorned with hieroglyphics, said to have been brought from Egypt by Claudius, A. D. 57. The shaft is forty-five feet high, and the whole stands, from the ground to the summit, some ninety-five feet. The statuary, on either side, is the work of Grecian artists,—Phidias and Praxiteles, if we can believe the Latin inscriptions on the pedestals. It is said they were found in the baths of Constantine, and that there is reason to believe they were some seven centuries older than the age of that emperor. Pope Pius VI placed them where they are—a sort of cherubim guard before the gate of entrance to the papal palace. Pio Nono, the present pontiff, is at this time resident in this palace, whence, I was informed, he is expected to remove, in a day or two, to the Vatican.

It was about the hour for his evening drive or ride, the signals of which were descried by my friend, Major Cass, who asked me if I wished to "see His Holiness"—remarking that he was about to take his evening ride for air and exercise, and that the etiquette of the palace and place required that we should dismount from our carriage. Having expressed my curiosity affirmatively, we accordingly alighted to await the appearance of his papal magnificence and suite. A few curious persons, and some old men and women, had placed themselves on the piazza, and were in waiting. In a few minutes, a soldier, mounted on horseback, came out of the gate, sounding his bugle. A few rods after him, another followed; then a third, at like distance, succeeded by four abreast. Directly after appeared the Pope's carriage, drawn by four horses, with a scarlet-liveried post-rider and footman. After it followed a carriage with cardinals, and a third one with attendants—all in procession. The Pope rode alone in his

## THE POPE.

carriage, robed in white satin, and covered with a close cap of similar material. I stood near the track along which the carriage passed, which, being open, gave me a fair opportunity to observe his features. The few old men and women, of poor and ragged appearance, who had come for the purpose, kneeled down, as he rode by, and crossed themselves, imploring his blessing—which he purported to give by extending his open hand through the window of his carriage. Major Cass and myself gave the ordinary salutation of courtesy and respect common in our own country, which was politely returned, as he extended to him a smile of recognition. He seemed to be a man of some sixty years of age, of full habit and rather bland and benevolent countenance. From his appearance, I should say he is very accurately represented on the Pauls or silver pieces of money current in Rome, which have been altered during his pontificate, and bear his portrait. Respect for him personally, as the chief civil magistrate of Rome, I felt to be his due; but the abject religious homage or adoration rendered by the few kneeling suppliants before him, appeared despicable in my eyes.

### CHAPTER XVI.

*Palazzo Rospigliosi—Aurora of Guido—Church of Santa Marin Maggiore—Scala Santa—St. John de Lateran—Coliseum—House of Pilate—Temple of Vesta—Palace of the Cæsars—Baths of Caracalla—Columbeir—Pantheon.*

October 19.—Our company, to-day, visited first the palace of Rospigliosi. It is one of the private abodes of the Roman nobility, built, originally, on a portion of the site of the baths of Constantine, by Cardinal Scipio Borghese. It was once the residence of the famous Cardinal Mazarin, who exerted such a powerful influence in the government of France, and ratified a treaty with Cromwell, one of whose conditions was the refusal of an asylum in France to Charles I. From being the residence of the French ambassadors, it passed into the hands of the Rospigliosi family.

The chief attraction is the paintings it contains, and more especially the famous *Aurora* of Guido, one of the most celebrated frescoes in Rome. I never saw a picture before that so much delighted me, and filled me with such admiration of the painter's art. The morning dawn is exhibited as a goddess, according to the old Roman mythology, who is represented as watering flowers before the chariot of the sun, drawn by four piebald horses, while seven exquisitely-graceful female figures surround its wheels, personifying the Hours advancing.

The coloring is exceedingly brilliant, and the expression of the countenances of the Houræ the most exquisite I ever saw depicted. I noticed several artists at work, copying the picture upon canvas. There was one nearly completed, on which the copyist was still at work. It was some four or five feet long and three high—for which he asked \$120, though it was said it might be had at a less price. Among the paintings in the halls, I particularly noticed, as attractive, one of Sampson's death, by Caracci; another, of Andromeda, by Guido; the triumph of David over Goliath, and the shame of Adam and Eve in Paradise, after the fall, by Domenichino,—and a portrait of Calvin, by Titian. Among the busts, I noticed those of Cicero, Seneca, Hadrian and Scipio Africanus—this last in basalt, and said to have been found at Linternium.

From this palace, we passed to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. It is one of the principal basilicas in Rome—the third in rank,—situated on the summit of the Esquiline Hill, where it is said to have been founded A. D. 352, and, according to the superstitious popish legend concerning it, in accordance with a vision of Pope Tiberius and John ———, representing a fall of snow on the space to be occupied by the building. It was originally called S. Maria ad Nives, but takes its present name from being the principal of all the churches in Rome, which are dedicated to the Virgin. It has been repaired, improved and adorned by different popes; and its interior, it is said, presents as fine an appearance as any of this class of churches in existence. It presents an immense nave, separated from an aisle on either side, by a row of white marble columns of the Ionic order, supporting a continuous entablature, on which rest—except where broken by two arches, the entrances to side chapels,—the walls of the upper story of the nave, adorned with a range of pilasters corresponding to the pillars below.

The roof or ceiling of the nave is highly ornamented with carved work and gilding, said to be of the first gold brought to Spain from Peru—the gift of Ferdinand and Isabella to Pope Alexander VI. The vaulted roofs of the aisles are not in keeping with that of the centre. The sides and end of the nave, above the arch of the tribune, are adorned with very ancient mosaic work, representing scenes in the lives of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses and Joshua, and thought, by many authors, to be as old as the fifth century. The high altar is a large urn of porphyry, over which rises the baldacchino, supported by four columns of like material, in the Corinthian order, and surmounted by six bronze angels.

In one of the chapels, called that of the most holy sacrament, the

poor idolaters of Rome affect to tell you that the cradle of the Savior is preserved—which is honored and worshipped, in a solemn ceremony and procession, on Christmas eve. The richness of this chapel is far exceeded by that of the Borghese, on the opposite side, in its costly marbles and exquisite statuary, and magnificent architecture and decorations.

The altar of the Virgin has four fluted columns of jasper, and is especially "celebrated for the miraculous painting of the Madonna, traditionally attributed to St. Luke, and pronounced to be such in a papal bull, attached to one of its walls," which, although the edict of "the infallible head of the Roman Catholic Church," does by no means form an adequate voucher for its authenticity, or prevent me from classing it among the "lying wonders," appropriate to him "whose coming is after the working of Satan, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish."

There are many very costly tombs in different chapels of this basilica—among them those of Popes Paul V (its founder,) Clement VIII and IX, and Nicholas IV. They are gorgeous attempts to perpetuate the memory of men, whose blasphemous pretensions to be the Vicars of Jesus Christ gave them their chief consequence.

From the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, we passed to that of the Scala Santa, or Pilate's Stair-case. It is said to be that portion of the chapel of Leo III which escaped the fire that destroyed the ancient papal palace on the Esquiline Hill, and was preserved by Sixtus V, when he rebuilt the Lateran palace. The portico over the stair-case, also preserved from the flames, was likewise his work. The stair-case consists of twenty-eight steps of marble, which, the tradition of the church says, belonged to the house of Pilate, and down which the Savior passed when he left the judgment-seat. The "Scala Santa" is between two other parallel stairways, by which the penitents descend, and by which exit and entrance are had by persons visiting the chapel. A priest stands in the vestibule, near the foot of the stair-case, to receive in his box any charitable contributions that may be made. These priests are sturdy beggars, and their name is "Legion." I was on the point of ascending the staircase, as the principal entrance to the chapel, when a priest in attendance directed me to one of the side stairways, from whom I learned that this was the *holy* one. There were no penitents at the time upon it, but as I stood afterwards at the top of the stairway, I noticed three females performing their services, and watched them till they had accomplished the ascent. They were diligent in their recitations at each step, but, at intervals, conversed laughingly. This stairway is allowed to be ascended only

by penitents, and that on their knees. The crowds that go through this stupid and degrading service of superstition, have been so great, that Clement XII found it necessary to protect the marble by planks of wood, which have, since his day, been three times renewed. A tablet is suspended, at the foot of the staircase, on the wall, on which it is proclaimed, that, by ascending on the knees and kissing the steps, at the same time repeating the prayer therein written, each person performing this service would relieve five souls from purgatory. The prayer, which I copied, is in these words—not addressed to God or Christ, but to the individual's guardian angel. Possibly, it may be the title of Jesus Christ:

Angele Dei, qui custos es mei, me tibi commissum pietate superna hodie, illumina, custodi, regi, gubernare. Amen.

O thou angel of God, who art my guardian, enlighten, keep, rule, govern me entrusted to thee this day in celestial piety. Amen. The information and prayer are given also in the Italian language.

At the head of the stair-case is a small Gothic chapel, called the *sancta sanctorum*, or the holy of holies, once the private chapel of the popes, in which is perceived a painting of the Saviour, affirmed by tradition to have been taken of Him, and to be an *exact* likeness at 12 years of age, and yet the portrait is five feet eight inches in height!! There is a small window through which penitents may look into this chapel, as they kneel at the head of the stair-case, after having performed their ascent. The chapel contains many relics, and is accounted too sacred for any woman to enter it! Among the mosaic, which adorn the tribune, are two of great antiquity; one representing the Saviour giving the keys to Peter with one hand, and a standard to Constantine with the other;—of a piece with the anachronisms so common among those painters and artists that cater to the taste of idolatrous Rome.

From the Scala Santa we passed to the church of St. John de Lateran, which is a little ways from it. It is one of the celebrated Basilicas of Rome, and is said to occupy the site of the house of Placetus Lactranus, one of the Roman senate, who, according to Tacitus, was put to death by the Emperor Nero, for conspiracy. It afterwards belonged to the family of Marius Amelius, and was granted by the Emperor Constantine to the Bishop of Rome for his episcopal palace.

The Basilica here founded was commenced by that emperor, who is said to have assisted with his own hands, in digging the foundations. The inscription over the door, styles it OMNIUM URBIS ET ORBIS, EC-CLESIA-RUM MATER ET CAPUT. "The mother and head of all the churches of the city and the world." It is in this church the pope is always

crowned, and it has become celebrated also, as the place where were held the five great general assemblies, commonly called the Lacteran councils. The restorations and changes made in this Basilica, during the last century, have left but little of its original character. The facade is composed of travertine, comprising four large columns and six pilasters, of the composite order, supporting a massive entablature and balustrade, on which are placed colossal statues of the Saviour and some ten saints. There are five balconies between the columns and pilasters, from the central one of which the pope pronounces his benediction on the people on the day of the ascension. The style of ornament is better suited to a theatre than a church. The vestibule contains a statue of Constantine, whom Romanists may honor as the great founder and former of their church—palm and head of the church—and the date of whose profession of christianity may be well called that of the sin of the Roman Catholic apostacy. This Basilica has five entrances, and the interior five halls, divided by four rows of piers. In the niches which pierce the piers of the main one, are colossal statues of the twelve Apostles, which are among the principal things in this temple that occupied my attention.

The chapel of chief attraction and importance in it, is that of Pope Clement XII, constructed in the form of a Greek cross, in honor of his ancestor, St. Andrea Corrini. It is of imposing magnificence, containing the richest marbles, and most costly ornaments, statues, mosaics, bas reliefs and gems, rivalled only by that of the Borghese, in the church of Santa Marie Maggiore. This chapel is properly the mausoleum of Clement XII. His tomb is the celebrated porphyry sarcophagus, taken from the portico of the Pantheon. In a vault beneath this chapel, where the remains of this rich pope rest, is the celebrated and beautiful piece of statuary, called *Pieta*, by Bernini. It is far superior to any thing of the sort that I have yet seen. Although strongly prejudiced against all pictorial and statuary representations of the Saviour, as being violations of the letter and spirit of the second commandment, yet I could not but admire the exquisite skill and art of the workman. It represents the Virgin Mary seated, with the head and upper part of the body of the Saviour reposing in her lap—a lifeless corpse, as it were—just taken down from the cross. Her face is slightly drooping, as looking upon that of the Saviour below. The expression of both countenances is of the most tenderly impressive and affecting character, the features exceedingly beautiful, and the anatomical structure of the forms as perfect as reality. A slight fee obtained admission for us into the chapel, and the crypt below, to which we passed through a door from the former down a stone stair-

case, leading to the latter. The chamber is dark, but the *custor loci* lighted candles, and afforded us abundant opportunity to examine the work, directing our attention occasionally to some of its more remarkable traits of excellence.

I had many strange thoughts about the taste displayed by such a man as was this pope, and his ideas of religion, especially as indicated by the embellishments of this mausoleum, at such an enormous expense. Poor pious Shebna, the treasurer, "hewed him out a sepulchre as he that heweth him out a sepulchre on high, and that gaineth an habitation for himself in a rock," but he was "tossed like a ball into a large country," and never laid in it. Popes, kings, and bishops, at enormous expense, have done the like thing, and their remains yet sleep where they were laid. But their tombs are all destined to desecration. How has been the history of all the proud mausoleums of lofty despots in remote antiquity — Nineveh, Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Greece, have been desolated, and their tombs ransacked and defiled. Rome, too, is to have her day, for "the Lord of hosts hath purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honorable of the earth."

This church, too, has its relics, or stock in trade; and among them are shown the mouth of the well, where Christ met the woman of Samaria, two pillars from Pilate's house, a column which tradition relates was split when the vale of the temple was rent, a porphyry slab on which the soldiers cast lots, and several columns six feet high, said to be the exact height of the Saviour!

Near this temple is the Baptistery, which was built by Constantine, — a small octagonal structure of brick. Eight rich porphyry columns sustain a cornice that runs around the building. The baptismal font is a vase of basalt, in which tradition reports that Constantine received the rite of baptism. It occupies a large part of the floor, and was evidently designed for immersion. It is used only on the Saturday before Easter, when Jews or infidels are to be baptized into the Roman Catholic religion.

## LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS.

BY WARREN ISHAM.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

*A Spectacle,—A Saint at his Devotions,—The Mohammedan Religion.*

Again, as we float lazily along, the voice of song and the squawk of the wild goose, break upon the ear ;—but look yonder : see that Moslem saint performing his devotions beneath a palm tree, heedless alike of the voice of song, the squawk of the wild goose, and the gaze of curious eyes. The hour of prayer has overtaken him there, and no matter whether alone or in a throng, he comes to a full pause, takes off his outer garment, and spreads it down before him, slips off his shoes, and standing with his face towards Mecca, says aloud, "God is great," and audibly announces his determination to bow down before him a certain number of times. Then, kneeling upon the garment (which is a substitute for the mat used in the mosque), and placing his hands upon the ground, he bends his body forward, touching the earth with his forehead, and exclaims : "I assert the absolute glory of God," &c, Raising his body, and sinking back upon his haunches, he repeats : "God is great." Rising to his feet, he turns his head to look over his right shoulder, and says : "Peace be on you, and the mercy of God," and then, looking over his left shoulder, he repeats the same words. These words are said to invisible angels, who are supposed to be hovering around him. He now stands with his two thumbs upon his ears, and his hands spread out like eagle's wings. This routine is repeated over and over again, before his orison is ended.

The devoted ones are in the habit of repeating aloud pious ejaculations, from time to time, through the day, even when committing the most flagrant immoralities. My captain and men always call upon God for help, when, through laziness, they run the boat aground.

They sometimes economise their prayers, by going through the preface while doing some other little job at the same time, pausing a moment to turn the face toward Mecca, and declare aloud their intention to bow down before God a certain number of times. As a pious Moslem was conducting me one morning to a locality I was in search of, the time of prayer overtook him, and he stopped several times,



turned his face toward Mecca, and uttered his intention aloud, at the same time hastening his steps in the intervals.

Great deference is paid to those who acquire a reputation for peculiar sanctity. There is scarcely a village that does not produce its holy man from time to time, who supplants his predecessor, is idolized while he lives, and draws pilgrimages to his tomb after his death, until he in his turn is supplanted by some new aspirant. These saints, like the christian anchorites of old, subject themselves to extreme destitution, spending their days in a sort of squalid beatitude.

The Mohammedan religion enters, as a prime element, into the entire structure of the government, and of society. It is so minute in its prescriptions of duty to the individual, as to leave no room for those voluntary and discretionary acts, which alone reveal the inner man, and constitute an index to the character, and indeed character itself. The old Jewish ceremonial was ransacked, and its burdensome observances, even its law of meats and drinks, were made the law of the Koran, and the law of the Koran is the civil law of the land.

But this heartless system, possessing in itself the elements of its own dissolution, has long since lost the respect of the great mass of its professed votaries, and they regard it with indifference, if not absolute disgust, denying it even the poor tribute of an exterior homage. The aged saint, who, in his younger days, had to hustle his way through a crowd of fellow-worshippers, as he entered the mosque, now pours forth his lamentations over the desolations of the place, as he enters with tottering step, solitary and alone, and contrasts the few in attendance with the crowd he used to see there in days gone by. The truth is, Mohammedanism has passed its seasons of youth and manhood, and is now fast sinking into the imbecility and decrepitude of age.

But the few devoted ones are always prompt in the routine of prescribed duty. Like the Pharisees of old, they wash after eating, as well as before. When gathered around the table, the master says: "God is great," which is repeated by the whole circle. On leaving the table, each one says: "Praised be God!"

The law of the Koran, prohibiting the use of intoxicating drinks, is generally set at naught by that portion of the irreligious who have the means to obtain it. Drunkenness, however, is accounted a crime, and is punished with stripes, according to the law of the Koran. Hence, very seldom is a drunkard to be seen in the streets; but I am told there are plenty of them, of the higher class, who often lie drunk in their houses.

Stern fatalism is a rigid dogma of the Moslem creed, as inculcated in the Koran. Formed to this doctrine, the true Moslem regards, with

equal indifference, the good and evil which befalls him, simply ejaculating, in the one case as in the other, "God is great!" I am told he is in the habit of having his grave-clothes made to be kept by him, always taking them along when he undertakes a perilous journey across the desert, and if left behind to die, wrapping himself in them, he lays himself composedly down in a slight grave he has scooped out in the sand, and covering his body up to the head, calmly resigns the spirit to him who gave it, and his body to the hyena.

This doctrine of fatalism weaves the web of destiny for the poor victims of despotism, preparing them to lie passively down under the most galling oppressions. The apathy of this people under their oppressions, is amazing; but the key to the mystery is found in this doctrine: they seem to be suffering what they deem to be an irreversible doom. The mind must be enslaved by superstition of some kind, before it can be brought under the iron rule of despotism. Look the world over; take the circuit of the globe, and point me to the solitary instance where despotism, and a superstitious faith, do not join hands and mutually support each other. Superstitious religionists and despots, of all ages, have understood this game, and played it well. Egypt's great Pacha, Mohammed Ali, poured derision on the name of Mohammed, behind the scenes, while, at the same time, from State policy, he feigned great regard for the religion of the country, and made a great show of zeal in its support.

Strange to say, they are full believers in a future state of reward and punishment, fatalists though they be. They think, however, that both the righteous and the wicked are miserable after death, until they find relief in the repose of the tomb. Hence the remains of deceased persons are hustled, uncoffined, and with all practicable dispatch, into their final resting place. The funeral processions of the pious are accompanied with boisterous demonstrations of joy by surviving friends, in view of their supposed transition to heaven, while the obsequies of the wicked are accompanied with wailings and exhibitions of anguish, by hired mourners, in view of the miseries the deceased are suffering, which it is frightful to witness. Laid in their graves, they are addressed and told that angels will come, the succeeding night, and take away their spirits. In the meantime, they must submit to their examination by two enormous angels, who are to be sent to question them about God and Mohammed. If their answers are satisfactory, they are taken at once to a place of happiness—if not, they are dragged away to be punished. While this underground scene is going on, their surviving friends are engaged in prayer, that they may pass the fearful ordeal in triumph, and experience the mercy of God. At the

same time, they delight afterwards to linger about the grave, as though they believed it not to be wholly deserted.

They believe, also, in a general judgment, the description of which in the Koran, is borrowed from the New Testament, but is so far beneath the original as fairly to make a burlesque of it.

Their ideas of a future state are confused and crude enough. In the regions of perdition, wicked Mussulmen enjoy special privileges over infidels and idolators, the two latter being doomed to everlasting pain, while the former work out their release. Different sects, however, entertain entirely different views, not only of the future state, but of the whole system of Mohammedan Theology; but the above is regarded as the orthodox belief.

The brood of petty superstitions which owe their paternity to this monster one, are almost innumerable, and they are a legitimate and natural born progeny. Among them is a belief in genii, a sort of invisible being, made of fire, occupying a rank between angels and men, inhabiting rivers, wells, old houses, &c.,—some good, and doing good to men, and others bad, and perpetrating all sorts of mischief,—both proper objects of address, supplication, &c. Then, there is their belief in magic, in dreams, in lots, in the efficacy of charms, and holy water, to cure diseases, &c.

For idiots and lunatics they cherish the greatest veneration, believing that their souls have been taken to heaven, while their bodies have been left behind. The highest dignitary is not more venerated than the natural fool.

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## CHAPTER XLVII.

### *The Women of Egypt.*

Once more we are swinging off into the current, to glide silently on our way. But what is that chattering we hear? Look, see that covey of Arab girls, in tattered, dirty garments, wading into the Nile to fill their huge pitchers, aiding each other in elevating them to their cushioned heads, and balancing them without touching a finger to them, as they ascend the steep and slippery bank, singing, talking and laughing as they go, reminding one of the damsels of Old Testament times. No devices are used to conceal their tawny charms.

Very different are the customs which obtain in large towns. You never see a woman's face in Cairo or Alexandria—nothing but the eyes and forehead, all else being concealed by a "face veil," which is bound around the head, over the nose, and under the eyes, and hangs

down over the chest, concealing the face, while the eyes (which generally do all the mischief), are left free to wander, "like the fool's;" and they generally make good use of them when in the street, darting here and there their searching glances. But while this sorry privilege is meted out to them, it is considered the height of impoliteness for those of the other sex to gaze at them in return. When a lady is known to be approaching, it is considered but a proper mark of deference in the latter, to turn their faces the other way. It would be an unpardonable offence for a man to offer to speak to a lady in the street. Even her own husband cannot do it, for others have no means of knowing that they are husband and wife, and of course they would both be exposed to evil imputations.

Thus muffled and restricted, the ladies in large towns appear in the street as much as they please, but they do not often avail themselves of the privilege. They often meet, however, at each other's dwellings, and at the public baths, for social intercourse and match-making.

Nothing can exceed in ludicrousness the appearance of an Egyptian lady, riding upon an ass, a spectacle, however, seen every day in the streets. They are enveloped in a black silken canopy, which, resting upon their heads, comes down and is tucked under them, and is puffed out like a balloon, as large as two or three hogsheads, and a pair of black eyes, shooting through port-holes in front. This huge moving spectacle is rendered the more ludicrous by contrast with the diminutiveness of the animal which supports it; and indeed, the first thought would naturally be, that it was all one animal—some strange, non-descript variety,—some apocalyptic beast, whose habits and history it would be worth while to inquire into.

Sometimes the ladies are shut up in a litter, which rests upon the backs of donkeys, and they are thus borne upon quadrupeds through the street, invisible to all mortal eyes, while they are taking sly glances at everything around them.

It is generally taken for granted, I believe, with us, that the females of Mohammedan countries are thus concealed from the jealousy and tyranny of their husbands. But this is not so—it is a part of their religion, it being forbidden in the Koran that a woman should appear in public, or in private, unveiled, in the presence of any except her own household—a law in entire harmony with a system, whose lack of inherent moral power is generally supplied by physical force.

This law of the Koran, however, seems to sit lightly upon the females up the Nile, who universally appear with uncovered faces. And although they are a little shy, especially if you come upon them by surprise, they can readily be approached, and I have even had little

chats with them, negotiating with them for chickens, and other "notions." They are well formed, have regular features, with dark eyes, and tawny complexions; are full of talk; and their ringlets and eardrops borrow lustre from a ragged and dirty costume, as the diamond does brilliancy shining from a bed of rubbish. This is said of the peasant girls.

It is difficult to say what rank in the scale of being woman holds in Mohammedan esteem. Whether her seclusion denotes a slight estimate of her solid worth, or the choice safe-keeping of a priceless gem, the Koran saith not. Certain it is, that a very low estimate is put upon her intelligence and truthfulness, it being a requisition of Mohammedan law, that the witnesses necessary to substantiate a case, must consist of two men, or one man and *two women*.

Women are not allowed to enter the public mosques, none but the male sex ever appearing within the walls of a house of worship.

As I said, it is not easy to reconcile these restrictions with a very high estimate of the worth of woman, and yet there are some things which would seem to indicate an almost superstitious veneration for the sex in Mohammedan countries. Mixed up with their notions about females, there seems to be an idea that there is some sort of mysterious sacredness about them, which is to be guarded from profanation, even within the precincts of the tomb. Not only are females concealed from the vulgar gaze while living, but are kept equally secluded in death, the females of a family not being permitted to rest, in death, in the same apartment with males, even of the same family, and there are some female tombs, as those of the prophet's wives, which no mortal is allowed to enter.

The Koran allows four wives to each man, but this licentious code is found to operate so badly upon domestic peace and morals, that it is generally discarded, most men from a regard to their own comfort, confining themselves to one wife. Thus is this leading feature in the Mohammedan creed effectually rebuked in the very hot-bed of the delusion.

Marriage, of course, cannot be a very momentous affair, under a system which only requires a man to say to his wife: "I divorce thee," and she is divorced; or a woman to set her slipper against the door, and leave. The parties never see each other until the next day after the marriage ceremony is performed. The whole matter is begun, carried on, and concluded between the parents of the lady and those of the young man, the two mothers originating and perfecting all the negotiations, which partake somewhat of the character of a pecuniary speculation. The marriage ceremony consists simply in the

lady's father saying to the bridegroom, that he gives him his daughter in marriage, and the bridegroom's response, in the presence of witnesses, that he accepts her, the whole thing passing off with feastings, processions, &c. ; after all which, the day after the marriage, the lady's face is unveiled in the presence of her husband, for the first time, when persons present set up a loud and boisterous cry of joy, which is responded to by all within hearing outside, this response waking up another still more distant, and so on, until sometimes distant parts of the town send up their sympathising shouts. This demonstration is said to be at the instance of the husband, as an expression of his satisfaction with the bride. Whether he is really satisfied, or disappointed, no one knows but himself, unless, as is said sometimes to be the case, he is unable wholly to conceal his chagrin.

The education of females in Egypt is very limited, being entirely rudimental. Of the numerous schools I looked into, I did not see a female pupil in a single one, and I could not learn that they had any schools for girls. Females do not seem to be valued as intellectual beings, and of course they have no motive to aspire to intellectual improvement. Indeed, female children here do not appear to have that aptitude which characterizes the sex in christian countries. In the cotton factories in Egypt, boys are extensively employed, and an effort has been made to employ little girls also ; but while the former are found to be remarkably expert in the business, all attempts to train the latter, so as to make their labor available as in other countries, have been given up as useless. This would seem to indicate a constitutional imbecility, entailed from generation to generation ; but, if this be so, why do not the boys, as well as the girls, inherit it ? \*

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#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

*Reflections upon the site of ancient Memphis,—Contrast between the present and ancient possessors of the country.*

Again we are in the region of the pyramids, cluster after cluster rising upon the vision, as we are borne along, as they have done for thousands of years, to be gazed at by the generations of men, as they have passed, one after another, onward upon the stream of time to their final destiny.

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\* They do inherit a constitutional temperament, or something else, which disposes them quietly to yield up their personal God-given rights, without the feeblest show of resistance, and to lie passively down under the most galling oppression.

And here, too, right in their midst, and near those of Aboushir, was the site of ancient Memphis, the rival of Thebes. Nothing is to be seen at this day but fragmentary remains of massive columns, colossal statues, &c., spread over a considerable extent of territory, and the adjacent ledges, cellular with tombs. It is almost certain that its foundations are buried deep beneath the mud of the Nile, the catastrophe of its fall having been thus hastened, and the precise spot where it stood obliterated forever.

This was the Noph of the Scriptures; here Joseph is, with good reason, supposed to have exercised his power as the prime minister of Pharaoh, and here, that he called for his chariot, and hasted down to meet his brethren in the land of Goshen.

What mutations of time, what multiform phases of destiny, have been witnessed by these pyramids, since they first looked down upon the plain of Memphis, covered with the proud monuments of a great and wealthy city, and crowded with a busy population!

Egypt was then in the zenith of its glory, towering in its pride over all the nations of the earth. Not only the children of Israel, but all nations came hither to buy corn, and hence it is called, in the Scriptures, "the confidence of the ends of the earth, and of those that dwell afar off upon the sea." And the nations are said to "sit under its shadow," and to look up to the Egyptians "as though they were gods and not men."

Long anterior to Greek and Roman, nay, even to Persian and Babylonian greatness, Egypt was thus distinguished among the nations of the earth, her monumental records dating far back toward the infancy of the race. She was still in the pride of her power, when the decree of her fall was pronounced by the seers of Israel, and she was written down in the future as "the barest of kingdoms." That was to be a mighty change, from so high a state of exaltation to so low a depth of degradation, and far beyond the ken of human forecast. But she was borne along, upon the tide of events, unerringly, to her destiny. Overrun and conquered successively by the Babylonians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Saracens, the Mamelukes, and the Turks, she has not had a single native ruler for four and twenty centuries. In the meantime, the population has been almost entirely changed, new swarms coming in at every conquest, but all alike going down—down—down—until the lowest level has been reached, and her people, once looked up to, "as though they were gods," have become the scorn and derision of the nations. Only a hundred and sixty thousand of the present population of Egypt claim descent from the original inhabitants of the country, and even these have become so adulterated by the infusion of

foreign blood, and so degenerate by oppression, as to bear but a faint resemblance to the parent stock—a miserable remnant of a once powerful race. Nor are their Saracen oppressors, who constitute the bulk of the population, at all their superiors. The famous Alexandrian library was a noble monument to the genius and learning of the ancient Egyptians, and its destruction is equally monumental of the stupidity and barbarism of the Saracens, who, as we have elsewhere said, were rejoiced to find in it, not the rich treasures of ancient learning, but fuel sufficient to heat the numerous baths of Alexandria six months, more than half of it having been before destroyed. With the same spirit they undertook to throw down the pyramids, and would have gone on, leveling one pile after another, until all the monumental wonders of Egypt had disappeared before them, had not their ignorance and imbecility disqualified them even to throw down what the ancient Egyptians had the knowledge of the mechanical powers, and the ability, to build up. To say that the latter were men, and the former children, is to say, but little. There is a *baseness* in these groveling creatures which is amazing. How high the ancient Egyptians were exalted above the abject race, who are now in possession of the country, in all the arts of civilized life, is strikingly shown in a passage of Herodotus (who visited Egypt four hundred and fifty years before the Christian era), in which he speaks of medical science as having attained to so ripe a state, that different classes of diseases were assigned to different practitioners: “some,” he says, “attending to disorders of the head, others to those of the eyes; some take care of the teeth, others are conversant with all diseases of the intestines, while many attend to maladies less conspicuous.” Of the renowned Babylonians, the first conquerors of Egypt, whither he also journeyed, he says: “They have no professors of medicine, but carry their sick into some public square, where passers interrogate the sufferer, that, if they had been afflicted with the same disease, or seen its operation in another, they may communicate all they know of its character, and the remedies for it, and no one may pass such afflicted person in silence.”

The historian could not have presented the ancient Egyptians in a position of higher superiority to all ancient nations in the arts of life, or exhibited in more humiliating contrast their descendants, and those occupying their places, who, in entire ignorance of all medical science and medical skill, betake themselves to sorcery, charms and enchantments, in the stupid belief that these things will avail them.

And to all these changes in the national character, until this depth of abasement has been reached, these venerable piles have been witnesses, and they will yet witness, greater changes than these.



## CHAPTER XLIX.

*The Dragoman, his character, costume, and tactics,—The Currency,—The Sar'raff, his character and tactics.*

My protracted voyage is ended, and I am again luxuriating beneath the accacia trees, upon the great square of Cairo, often with a troop in my train which would rival in splendor that of an eastern king. I am to cross the long desert; the dragomans are out in their best, as candidates for my sovereign choice, as they take it for granted that I am to make my election among them of a generalissimo of the caravan I am to fit out. Of course each one endeavors to excel in obsequious attention, omitting no opportunity, not only to call me a *gentleman*, but an *American gentleman*, and to tell me how glad he is that I am not a surly Englishman; how many American gentlemen he has taken across the desert, pulling out a bundle of certificates at the same time, which attest his fidelity in the service. They will offer you a thousand kindnesses, and assure you that it is all disinterested, and that they will continue thus to befriend you, whether you employ them or not. In the next breath, as though conscious of their treachery, they will remind you that, this being their business, they are bound by every consideration of self-interest to be faithful to their trust, as otherwise they would be ruined forever—which is as much as to say: "I know myself to be a scoundrel, and you suspect it; but what of all that? Do you not see that circumstances compel me to be faithful and honest?"

In his dress and personal appearance, the dragoman is *dashy*, beyond anything our dandies ever aspired to. In describing him I will begin at the crown of his head, and end at the soles of his feet.

In the first place, his turbaned head has been shaven, as are those of all Mohammedans, save that a lock is spared upon the apex. Close around it is drawn a skull-cap, with a tight fit, reaching to the top of the temples, and over this is constructed the turban, consisting of a red conical cap, reaching down to the ears, and coming to a point at the top, forming a regular pyramid, around which a cashmere shawl, sometimes of the gaudiest colors, and slightly twisted, is wrapped round and round, and the ends secured by *tucking in*. Over all this, a mammoth tassel, consisting, sometimes, of half a pound of glossy black or blue silk, is suspended from the apex of the cap, which it draws downward, and hangs gracefully back upon the shoulders. That makes the turban complete.

Their trousers are, in form, the regular Turkish, and consist simply of a given number of yards of fine cashmere, or fine white linen, sometimes, I am told, of as many as thirty-six yards of the latter, wrought into the garment entire, not a rent having been made in it, and after this fashion: one side of the piece of cloth is gathered into as small a compass as possible around the waist, when it is in the form of a lady's skirt, only too long for any such purpose. Its length, however, is curtailed, and everything set to rights by gathering the bottom, and binding one half of it around one leg, just below the knee, and the other half around the other, at the same place, when it folds over, and reaches sometimes to the ankle. That is all. When this garment is to be washed, it is simply released from the gathering, and it becomes simply a piece of cloth. To see it hung out to dry, no one would imagine that it had ever been manufactured into a garment. The favorite colors for broadcloth are snuff color and green. White linen, however, is very common, and very elegant.

Around the body is drawn a jacket, or round-a-bout of the same (if the trousers be of broadcloth), which is richly embroidered with black silk cord, presenting beautiful and fantastic designs upon body and sleeves.

I said the trousers folded over, sometimes reaching to the ankles, but they often drop but little below the point where they are gathered around the leg, leaving ample space to display their white stockings, which are drawn up over the calves of their legs, and which are lost sight of below in a pair of red morocco slippers, with toes coming to a point and turning up, like a pair of skates.

To make an extra dash, a small silk shawl or scarf, red or parti-colored, with a very broad, bright, yellow border, adorned with a corded fringe, of yellow and red, the cords of which terminate in little silk tassels, of the same colors, is thrown carelessly over the shoulders, and sometimes over turban and all, producing a most flashy appearance.

But the dragoman is not in full costume without a sword four feet long, a rusty old blade, belted around him, and dangling by his side, though he does not often put it on till he starts, at the head of his caravan, on his important mission across the desert, with the travellers he may have in charge. With a sword big enough for a small Goliath, and a brace of pistols to match, each traveller being provided with the latter, he is prepared for any emergency which may transpire during the long journey of forty days across the desert, and through the robber tribes of the Bedouins.

I have gotten something ahead of my story, but before joining the

thread which I have broken, I will take occasion to remark that this dress, with some modifications, constitutes the costume of the gentry generally of Egypt, and the dragoman sometimes assumes these modifications. Thus, a loose flowing robe or gown of silk, or silk and cotton, with large stripes running up and down, girded around the waist with a sash of showy colors, and long glossy fringe, and reaching to the ankles, is worn over it; at the same time the round-a-bout is transferred from the inside to the outside of it. In this case, however, it is nearly robbed of its sleeves, while those of the gown are slit open up to the elbows.

The dress of the ladies differs but little from that of the men, except in material. This dress, when kept within the bounds of decorum, as to gaudiness and fullness, is highly becoming; indeed, nothing can be more elegant, or, with the deduction of the round-a-bout, more cool and comfortable. The lower class wear simply a coarse robe or gown, sometimes trousers of the same material.

Thus accoutred, the dragoman struts about like a peacock, bestowing boundless admiration upon himself. But he approaches you with the utmost deference and humility; tells you, over and over again, how glad he is that you are an American gentleman, and not English; and how great a favorite he is with the Americans; speaks any language to suit the customer (after a fashion), and only asks you the modest sum of one hundred pounds. A word of encouragement puts him in ecstasies, and he presses his suit with redoubled assiduity, while a discouraging word clouds his brow with sadness, and a final refusal sends him drooping away, the victim, one would think, of a broken heart.

If he succeeds in his suit, however, he is elevated above himself, and puts on airs of great consequence, and as he blusters about, making preparation for his trip, throwing out the gold pieces he has received in advance, in payment for the supplies he has ordered, you might easily mistake him for the commissary of an army, and even for Pacha himself.

Poor human nature! It is the same in Egypt it is in "Fifth Avenue," and among our Indian tribes the same it is in all the tribes of earth in whom the animal prevails, and intellect plays a subordinate part; and especially the same it is in little children, before the reasoning powers have been developed. Indeed, these people, the manliest of them all, are but children; they talk and act like children, and seem to expect just such treatment as one would bestow upon a little child. In all countries, here and there an individual of this character may be found, but to find a whole nation of grown up children, and not a man among them all, is a spectacle worth coming all the way to Egypt to behold.

One of the torments of travel in Egypt—worse than the lice—is encountered in the currency. In other countries, when you have succeeded in getting your funds reduced to the currency of the country, your financial miseries are at end; you throw yourself upon your resources, and ask no favors. But not so in Egypt; you may go through the whole process, which in other countries has worked out your emancipation, and only arrive at the threshold of your financial troubles. These troubles are compound, proceeding, in part, from the character of the currency itself, in part from the refined meanness and rascality of the shopmen, and in part from the knavery of the Jew money-changers, or *sar'raffs*.

In the first place, you are vexed with the currency itself. They have gold pieces so small as to be of little more value than a York shilling; and they would form very pretty spangles to glitter upon a lady's fan. You take one, deposit it in your wallet or purse, with large change, and you will be a lucky man if it ever turns up again. It would be within bounds to say, that one half of all I received slipped away, I knew not how or where. I made an effort to preserve some of them as a curiosity, depositing them snugly away, carefully wrapped up, but they all got away from me somehow, long before I reached America.

They have a larger gold coin, of about the value of a dollar; they are given you in change, but the difficulty with these is, not that they slip away from you, but that they stay by in spite of you—not one in a dozen of them will any body touch. And why? O, "*they are short!*" It is charged upon the Jew brokers that, in passing through their hands, they have been pared off and lost considerable weight. There is not a shopman in Cairo, who will not improve every opportunity to put one of these "short" pieces upon you, if you are not sharply on the lookout, but they will laugh in your face if you offer one of them back again in payment for goods.

And then again, you can buy nothing unless you have the exact change. The shopmen will change nothing unless you give them a chance to put a "short" piece upon you, but will send you to a *sar'raff* (money changer) to get even a *shilling* piece changed, for which you must pay from eight to ten per cent. I have sometimes insisted upon their changing such small pieces themselves, and occasionally they have done so with very great reluctance, but always taking care to retain, in addition to the price of the article I had bought, the percentage which I should have had to pay the *sar'raff*.

But have they no small change? An abundance of it. They have a copper coin of about the value of two-thirds of a cent, and any quantities of it can always be bought of the *sar'raffs*. I have seen bushels

of it piled up in their dens. But how is it that after customers have been buying it up for years from the *sar'raffs*, and paying it over to the shopmen, the latter are always destitute of it, while it is piled up in the vaults of these cut-throats, to be obtained only by submitting to the extortion?

There is but one answer to this question. The shopmen have the meanness to hoard up all the small coin they receive, and sell it to the *sar'raffs* at a premium, and then have the double-refined meanness to send their customers to these sharpers to buy it. And the *sar'raffs*, knowing that the small coin must be had at any price, have the knavery to go about among the shopmen to buy it up.

This is certainly a refinement in knavery, which almost surpasses belief, and I should have deemed it quite incredible, had it not been forced upon my observation.

And thus it is, that one oppresses another, each one availing himself of all the advantage which position and cunning will afford, to fleece a fellow man.

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## CHAPTER I.

### *"The Land of Egypt"*

For many hundreds of miles, as I have said, the valley of the Nile is walled in by ledges on either hand, rising from two hundred to a thousand feet, and from ten to twenty miles apart. Outside these walls all is barren desert, the Lybian and the great Sahara on the west, and the Arabian on the east. But the careering sands heed not restraint. Onward they come before the wind, leaping the rocky breastwork which Nature has thus raised, and eddying down into the vale below, stand in drifted heaps, like great snow banks here and there, and sometimes coming quite down to the river bank, whelming the beauties of nature and the hopes of man in a common ruin.

But there is occasionally a break in these venerable walls, just sufficient to open a highway for caravans to one or two points on the Red Sea, on the one hand, and to the Oases in the Lybian desert, and the valley of Fayoum on the other—otherwise they are continuous, unbroken chains, running nearly parallel with the river, sometimes, to be sure, taking a semi-circular sweep, embracing an extensive plain, and then again crowding up to the river's brink, and sometimes taking a zig-zag course. The river runs much nearer the eastern than the western ledge, and sometimes directly under it.

Here and there the natural conformation of the rock takes the form of human device and workmanship, as of a circular edifice, surmounted by a dome, or of a square building, with a roof like a house; and once upon the towering ledge I saw depicted the precise resemblance of a tree, as though sculptured in the solid rock. Multifarious are the grotesque and beautiful imprints which Nature has left in these rocks.

And now, on what geological principle is the formation of this unique and beautiful valley to be accounted for? What convulsion of nature has been so systematic and orderly, as to throw up a pair of parallel ledges, separated by a beautiful plain, from ten to twenty miles in width, for so many hundred of miles?

And who has the key to the problem involved in the existence of the immense piles of silica (sand) which overlies nearly all this portion of the earth, rendering a large part of this whole continent incapable of supporting either animal or vegetable life? Is it said, that the whole region must be of sandstone formation? This is far from being true. The western ledge is of limestone formation, while the eastern, below Thebes, is of sandstone, and above, of sandstone, limestone, and granite. Beneath the alluvial deposit of the interval, is a bed of sand, thirty or forty feet deep, resting upon a bed of limestone, which, according to the French geologists, forms the basis of the country.

The Delta, or Lower Egypt, embracing the triangle lying between the two branches of the Nile, with the Mediterranean for a base, the sides of which are near a hundred and fifty miles long each, is so called because, in shape it resembles the Greek letter of that name. It is much lower than any other part of Egypt, and much of it has doubtless been raised from the sea by the deposits of the Nile. Indeed, some ancient writers contend, that the entire valley of the Nile, through all its length, was once an arm of the sea, as the Red Sea now is. The Nile, which was represented anciently to have had seven mouths, has for centuries had but two; but there are still traces of some of these ancient channels. They were probably multiplied by digging canals for purposes of irrigation, the canals branching off and taking the direction of the coast. It is threaded in every direction by canals of modern construction. In the season of overflow, the Delta is more generally submerged than the valley higher up.

The mountain chains disappear as you approach the Delta, and the eye wanders over the monotonous level, with nothing to obstruct its vision save the groves of the date palm that rise around the mud villages, which are scattered thickly along the river banks. There are but few remains of antiquity in the Delta. Upon the eastern branch are the ruins of ancient Bucyrus, whose catacombs are of vast extent,

there being an almost interminable succession of subterranean chambers. Upon the western branch, nearly opposite, are to be seen the remains of ancient Sais, from which the Athenians are represented to have sprung, and midway between the two, and about equi-distant from Cairo, Rosetta and Damietta, is the modern town of Tanta, of which I have spoken in connection with the tale of Hak Hak, and also as being rendered famous for the tomb of a Moslem saint.

At or near the two mouths of the Nile, respectively, are located the cities of Rosette and Damietta, both inconsiderable places, of some fifteen thousand inhabitants each. The great obstacle to the prosperity and growth of commercial towns at either of the mouths of the Nile, has ever been the formation of bars, through the prevalence of northerly winds, which blow nine months in the year, and during that whole time so choke up the channels, as to make them impassable even for small vessels, the earthy matter brought down by the Nile being thus stayed in its progress. During the remainder of the year, this earthy matter floats out into the sea, leaving open channels, and forming a sort of floating islands, which deceive and alarm mariners, although, in fact, they create no obstruction to vessels, which plow their way through them, leaving a turbid wake behind them, as though they had chafed hard upon the bottom.

The sea coast between the two mouths of the Nile, from Damietta, at the eastern mouth, to Rosetta, at the western, and from the latter to Alexandria, is occupied, a great part of the distance, by lakes, which are separated from the sea by a narrow strip of land, and the rest of the way is a low, sandy marsh for some ten miles inland, a wild, desolate region, uninhabited except by fishermen. The lakes and shoals afford abundance of fish, which are taken in immense quantities, and constitute quite an article of export.

From the eastern side of the Delta, the valley of Tomlat takes off, extending eastwardly forty miles, to the bitter lakes, which are but a continuation of it in a south-easterly direction, twenty-eight miles further, and which extend to within thirteen miles of the Red Sea. This valley is supposed, with good reason, to have been "the land of Goshen," where Jacob and his family sojourned. Through it a ship canal was constructed about sixteen hundred years before the christian era, opening a communication between the Red Sea and the Nile, many traces of which still remain. Upon the discovery that the Delta was much lower than the Red Sea, this canal was abandoned, lest the whole country should be submerged. This valley was the entrance-way from the land of Canaan into "the land of Egypt."

## JOURNAL LEAVES OF EUROPEAN RAMBLE.

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

## CHAPTER IV.

ON BOARD STEAMER "ASIA,"  
*Friday, July 6th, 1855.*

The city lay on ground sloping up from the shore of the Bay, with its highest points crowned by a magnificent fort, resembling very much the United States fort at Mackinaw. Indeed, no one who has seen this lovely Island of the Straits, with its brilliant coronet of fortifications, can look out upon the city of Halifax without being struck with the resemblance they bear each other. Its streets running back from the wharves and shore, are narrow and somewhat dingy in appearance, and I fancied I could almost trace among them the very lane or passage-way, with its heavy woven picket-gate, through which Mackinaw visitors were wont to press their way from the boats to the celebrated "Lasley House," on the second street back. Halifax is certainly beautiful for situation, and is said to contain thirty thousand inhabitants or more. The Bay is surprisingly lovely, and is rendered quite picturesque by the numerous petty fortresses located at intervals around its shores, one of which crowns the top of a beautiful island laying like an emerald on the very bosom of the Bay, and all of which frown and grimly bristle with British guns. As we crept along toward the dock, a Mr. George L. Johnson, styling himself "keeper of the Mansion House," received the letters of our passengers, with their last farewell, and promised faithfully to deposit them in the Post—a promise which I believe he faithfully kept.

As soon as the cable of the steamer was cast upon the wharf, an old Newsman with a brass trumpet hanging round his neck, presented himself with an armful of British papers. The passengers (especially the English and French) were eager to receive the foreign news, confident in the expectation that their eyes would be greeted with a paragraph announcing the fall of Sebastopol. But alas! for their disappointment. The latest dates from the seat of war, as found in the journals, were up to the 18th of June, giving an account of the battles of that day, and the repulse of the allies. A later dispatch, not appearing in the

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papers, announced the destruction of several thousand, both of English and French, by explosions of the enemy's mines. A fine, bluff Englishman stood forth upon the deck, and read aloud the news to the thronging passengers, who distinctly caught its melancholy import, above the din and roar of the escaping steam. It was sad to behold the depression of the English and French on board, after they had learned the actual facts in the case. Their heads drooped, their faces grew long, they slid away in pairs or triplets to condole with each other, and "*sad news this,*" or "*melancholy tidings these from the Crimea,*" fell like a universal lamentation on all sides during the remainder of the day.

Several of the passengers strayed up into the city a short distance, and all, both ladies and gentlemen, seemed anxious to press their feet once more on mother earth, before laying our course directly across the sea. The freight, however, was discharged, in a short time, papers, accounts, bills of lading, etc., were passed between our officers and the Messrs. Cunard, the bell summoned again on board the straggling passengers, the lashings were freed and away we floated down the beautiful bay, along its lovely islands, close by its velvet shores, and soon found ourselves once more on the heaving bosom of the ocean. Scarcely had we reached the limit of his broad domain, ere he swallowed us up again in his clouds of rolling fog, compelling old Jack to renew the screams of his discordant whistle, the officers to don their greasy-looking India-rubber over-coats, and the passengers to sit mopingly under the dripping rain, wrapped in heavy shawls, or betake themselves to the shelter of the cabin.

And what a scene is here presented to him who for the first time sails over the Atlantic in a British steamer? As before intimated, our passengers are chiefly English and French, and the intercourse thus far among them is almost exclusively National. When the evening has fairly closed in, and the dishes been removed, the French bring their lady companions to the table, and call, first for cards, and afterwards for wine. What is called "*Vingt et un*" seems to be a favorite game among them, and using coin or hazel-nuts as counters, they play away till midnight, and sometimes longer, with an ever increasing glee and an apparently unflagging interest in the game. They do not appear to drink much wine however—generally a tumbler or two of claret at breakfast, another at lunch, one or more at dinner, and at night their indulgence does not, as a general thing, exceed the bounds of moderation. Only let the Frenchman have about him the three great institutions of the earth according to his creed,

wine, women, and cards, and he dismisses all care from his mind, and for the time is lost to every other world than his own.

John Bull, on the other hand, contrasts heavily with his lively ally. He also plays cards all evening, but solemnly; and with an air which, in contrast with the vivacity and fun of the Frenchman, amounts almost to downright moroseness. It is, with him, an exercise to be indulged in between sleeping and waking, is rarely enlivened by a joke, though varied sometimes by an occasional growl, and is invariably consummated with one or more Welch rabbits and bottles of porter. Indeed, so far as I could observe, the difference between these two classes of players, it seemed as if with the Frenchman, the game had in itself intrinsic fun and merriment, and that he played because in this way he developed both his own and his neighbor's wit; while the Englishman played, not so much to keep himself awake, or to win a few sovereigns, or Napoleons incidentally, as for the more weighty reason, that before bed time the game was sure to lead him into a paradise of the aforesaid rabbit and "heavy wet."

But John Bull at the table, armed with knife and fork, is a spectacle indeed! At breakfast he drinks one or more cups of strong coffee, eats ham and eggs, disposes of several large potatoes, two or three great rolls of bread, adding perhaps a small mackerel or a few boiled eggs. This supply serves him till lunch at eleven o'clock, when he puts away his ale or porter, with, perchance a little brandy, if the air is raw, and appropriates no small quantity of cold meats and bread and butter. A few cigars between lunch and dinner fit him for the more glorious experiences of the latter meal. Then he comes into the saloon, revealing a face all beaming with smiles at the happiness just before him, takes his seat with a solid emphasis, rubs his hands and demeans himself like one awaiting a summons into the vale of Paradise. "Now is the winter of his discontent made glorious by the" coming joy. His bottle of sherry, which stands in a rack over his seat at table, is lowered, and his wine glass filled, drained at one effort, and then at once refilled. He first dips out a dishful of ox-tail soup, and it disappears slowly, but with due satisfaction down the all-absorbing "red lane." "*Is this the veritable ox-tail,*" inquired a lean Yankee opposite me, who sat next to one of these loyal subjects of the Queen. "*Yes, sir!*" was the reply, in a voice gruff and surly as a nor' wester, "*have you never heard of that dish before?*" and immediately turning to his brother Bull on the left, intimated that this gentleman from the States, on his right, had just inquired if that was ox-tail soup, and rather insinuated that this Yankee gentleman was strangely ignorant not to recognize so common a dish. The manner was coarse and un-

pardonably rude, but by the time Mr. Bull had returned his head to a straight forward position, "the gentleman from the States" was ready for him, and said: "*Oh! yes, sir! we have often heard of ox-tail soup in our country, but we are not so far reduced there as to rank pigs feet, ox and hog-tail soups, and other extreme dishes, among our luxuries.*" Mr. Bull bellowed a little to his Brother on the left, but said nothing further to the "gentleman from the States." The soups being disposed of, he lays back on the lockers, and impatiently awaits the coming in of the meats, swallowing, meanwhile, another glass or two of sherry, one or two lumps of bread, and drumming on the table during the intervals until the covered dishes appear. Then he erects himself again, and puts his eye, as it were, on all the different dishes at once, so as to discover just how each will present itself, as soon as they are revealed to his hungry eyes. The fish he assails first, instituting comparisons between what is before him, and some a great deal better that he has eaten elsewhere. Next, he plunges into two or more slices of roast beef, covering the whole plate, but which he adroitly rolls up so as to afford space for potatoes, macaroni, and such other side dishes as he especially relishes. His plate is then cleaned and changed, so as to make room for mutton and its various collateral vegetables, pickles, &c., which are quickly succeeded by a slice or two of ham, a section of corn beef and some other side dishes, all of which are soon out of sight. Again he leans back in the locker for rest, having first ordered one or two bottles of porter, which sharpen him afresh for puddings and pastry. Of these he eats liberally, continuing his work down even to the nuts, raisins and cherries, which conclude our day's dinner. Whether all Englishmen can lay equal claim with this neighbor of mine, to that class who are *nati consumere fruges*, I will not yet undertake to say, but it rather puzzled me to know how his stomach found sufficient digestive capacity to work off the grievous burdens thus daily imposed upon it. To me, these dinners, so long drawn out, are disagreeably tedious and perniciously wasteful of time, which article, however, very many on ship-board rank as of little or no value. But, by taking a book to the table, you can manage, during the idle interval between the courses, to despatch two or three chapters; or, if you are busy in the French Grammar, to canter through two or three conjugations. It serves, also, as a *piquant* sauce to the different dishes as they come along.

The evening of the 6th continued thick and foggy, though the fog grew more dense as we advanced; but nevertheless, our boat made from eleven and a half to twelve miles an hour; and with the whistle still screaming, we crept down to bed, about midnight, and

soon lay sound asleep, wrapped in the double mantle of fog and blanket.

*July 7th.*—And now we are indeed fairly afloat upon the deep. No longer are the friendly shores, rocky though they be, within our sight. No longer do the sweet birds sing within our hearing. No longer do the small vessels glide by with snowy wing, to the harbor in our rear. No longer can even Fancy paint, along the far horizon, the blue line of imaginative land. No! these have all spoken farewell, and we are now far beyond the landman's friendly arm, and riding only where the arm of the Almighty is made bare, and reigns. Indeed, the covering up of our pathway by this superincumbent sea of fog seems intended to teach us how absolutely dependent we all are upon Him whose eye penetrateth through all obstacles—who maketh "the thick clouds his covering, and darkness his pavilion round about Him." If one would learn his own feebleness, and be made conscious that he is but man, and not God—that his hand is as feeble against these ocean-tossed billows, as the beating of an insect's wing against the wild torrent of Niagara—let him "go down to the sea in a ship, with those who do business on the great waters." The sense of vast loneliness that over-spreads him there—the ease with which the multitudinous waves both lift up and cast down the great ship, that looked so colossal when he first trod her deck, as she lay lashed in the harbor—the conscious thought that he floats between sea and sky, unscreened by the walls of crowded cities, or gilded ceiling, and open to the very eye of Omnipotence, seems to bring him in solemn attitude before his Maker, and incline his lips to say: "Be still, oh! my soul, and hear what the Lord thy God shall say unto thee!"

And yet, as he wanders thoughtfully over his ship, and beholds her pushing her boiling way through the wave, as he looks down into the deep dungeons of the sweaty firemen, or gazes upon the slow revolving engine, pressing us on through the wall of waters, he is filled with the proud thought, that though man is feeble when compared with One who is almighty, yet is he strong when contrasted with those who first braved the stormy element. Here rolls along our mighty steamer, strengthened and armed with all the improvements suggested by the sailor's experience of hundreds of years. This day do we behold in our noble craft the full maturity of the lily leaf that first floated on Eden's silver wave, like a pleasant boat on gentle voyage, or that rude chip, which perchance the hands of Eve's dark-browed son had first fashioned into buoyant shape, that he might flee from the groves and fruitful fields now hateful to his thoughts, and escape far out into the vast solitudes

of the sea, where possibly the eye of his God had never ranged, and the curse of man could never float.

So far has man advanced in his nautical skill, that eight days only are now required to bear us over three thousand miles of ocean, yet is he still dissatisfied, claiming that he can, by still more graceful models, and yet more powerful engines, soon reduce this stormy journey to a week. "Conquering and to conquer," is his motto, and his inevitable destiny. Not only shall we soon traverse the surface of the sea, by the strong sinews of the steam-horse, in one brief week, but over and along its profound depths shall we flash our converse with the old world on the lightning's beam.

And here I am reminded that our vessel is either now, or soon will be, sailing along the very path proposed for the sub-marine telegraph by its confident projectors. Between the eastern shores of Newfoundland and the western shores of Ireland extends a plateau, or ridge, not more than ten thousand feet below the surface of the ocean, and about sixteen hundred miles in length, along which it is proposed to lay the telegraphic wire, and thus unite the two worlds at Cape Race, in Newfoundland, and Cape Fear, in Ireland. Fortunate, indeed, will it be for these enterprising schemers, and yet more fortunate for the world at large, if this chimera shall indeed be realized, and the depths of ocean not only fathomed but converted into a highway for commercial intercourse.\* Not a great deal is yet known of the topography of these wave-washed regions, but Lt. Maury has put forth certain conjectures, which afford us some ideas or notions of this great trough of the sea. He tells us the basin of the Atlantic is a long trough or furrow, separating the old world and the new, and scored into the solid crust of our planet by an Almighty hand. Here is one of those places originally framed by the Creator, into which the waters could be gathered to their place, and the earth thus rendered fit for the habitation of man. Its vast depths have yet to be accurately ascertained, but this accomplished scholar of the sea tells us, that, from the top of Chimborazo to the bottom of the Atlantic, at the deepest place yet reached by man's plummet, the distance, in a vertical line, is only nine miles! The deepest part of the north Atlantic is that over which we are now riding, somewhere between the Bermudas and the Grand Banks; and the waters of the Gulf of Mexico are all gathered into a great basin, about a mile in depth.

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\* Since this Journal was penned, the first great effort to accomplish this result has been made, and has failed. Whether it is yet to be accomplished, depends on the good providence of Him "who holdeth the winds in his fist, who hath bound the waters in a garment, and who hath established all the ends of the earth."

Were, then, the same hand that formed the earth, suddenly to withdraw the waters over which we float, as he once did those of the Red Sea, and drop us to their deep foundations, what wondrous, what terrible scenes would be there opened to our view! There would we behold great fish floundering in their nakedness, and slimy serpents trailing their black folds along the solid ribs of earth, and through the sunken caverns, where they dwell in massive heaps;—there would we see the Arctic's shattered hull, with all her wasting dead, glaring in horrid gaze up to the world of love and light, from which they sank, while through her cabins and her gay saloons, sported grim monsters, whose names and forms are yet unknown to men, fawning and feeding on those gentle dead, that coward hearts decreed to death, and this in order to save their own ignominious lives. Had they but perished in the escaping boats, it would have saved them from that perpetual infamy which indignant humanity shall henceforth hang like a hellish medal on their hearts. Who that sails along these seas henceforth, shall fail, when the night is black with storms, or the day beclouded with fog, to fling out upon the wild waves a curse upon that retreating crew, and all who bear such hearts as theirs. And while the mind's eye drops its vision far down amid the rocks and slimy plants that form the ocean's bed, and beholds, mouldering and crumbling there, that melancholy wreck, with all her gentle and gallant dead, over whose silent forms our proud keel now presses so carelessly on, let us send our sympathy down upon them in their last sleep, so that attendant spirits of the deep may waft it to the friends they loved, and who yet live to bemoan them in their dreadful sepulchre. A benison, then, upon the trusting love of woman, so suddenly extinguished by the cold wave of ocean! A lament, also, over that manly but unripened ambition, whose fires went out with those of the gallant ship, as she dropped slowly down to her weary bed in the deep. And thus breathing through the darkness, and over our vessel's side, this benediction and lament, we bid the sea and its Arctic dead "good night!"

The Sabbath morning in mid ocean is a solemn place. You wander not amid groves vocal with the song of birds, and illumined with the golden glow of angelic wings, nor see the peaceful multitude wandering over verdant lawns, as the tolling bell calls them, in blessed company, toward the house of God. Harshly contrasting with this, the sweetest scene of earth, lies the gray old sea, turning himself slug-gard-like beneath his mantle of fog, and sour with its ever-dripping moisture. Our hope was that the sun would to-day reveal his power, driving the fog and darkness from our path, even as we trusted the sun of righteousness might rise upon our souls, with healing in his

beams. But though the sun of the firmament withheld himself from view, there was a shining in upon some hearts from that inexhaustible source of spiritual light above the firmament, which warmed them with a new and increased love to God and their fellow men. The altar of worship amid the lonely ocean waves, is indeed a sacred place, for the worshipper feels his soul unveiled before the great God himself, who alone can walk upon its billows, and who there ministers as his own high priest. There, where the beams of his chambers are laid upon the waters, do his timid children feel that conscious presence of Deity, so beautifully confessed in the prayer of the Psalmist, when he says: "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

After breakfast, a large number of Bibles and English prayer-books were brought into the cabin and distributed over the tables, and at half past ten o'clock we were gratified by a summons to public service. So many of the crew as could be spared from duty, were marched, by the boatswain, into the cabin, and in their clean sailor's rig, occupied seats at the upper end. All the passengers (except a very loquacious and fun-making Jew, who keeps a *mourning* store on Broadway, and one or two of his companions) presented themselves, and soon the ministers appeared: one a young man, named Edmondstone, of the established church, dressed in gown and bands, and the other the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, of Toronto, C. W., who preached the sermon from 1 Coll., 2d chap., 5th verse: "That your faith is not founded in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." It was a plain, good sermon, and his argument was chiefly directed against modern skepticism, which was roughly and effectively handled. We sang three hymns to good old-fashioned tunes, such as are known and sung of all men; the first being "Old Hundred," and the others of kindred sort. It was pleasant to hear the voices of so many people of different nations, and as yet nearly all strangers to one another, rolling forth over the sea, accompanied by the heavy music of the engine, thundering beneath our feet, and in sweet concord ascending to the throne of the Holy One of Israel.

## TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY GILBERT HATHAWAY, ESQ., OF LAPORTE, IND.

Much excitement prevailed in town this night. Fire-balls were flying in all directions, and many strange noises rent the air. The occasion of all this wonder was a wedding party. One of the inhabitants of the place had taken unto himself a wife, whose father resided five miles distant from where the marriage had taken place the day before; and now a large party of friends had assembled to celebrate the joyous occasion. They had come from all quarters and directions. It is supposed there must have been at least two hundred persons crowded in a small room, where they all partook of the repast prepared for them by the groom's friends, as best they could. A merry and happy meeting had they! Here, none of those nice rules of etiquette, which prevail in your large city, were regarded; conventionalism is unknown in the society of this new region. No cards of invitation, engraved on enameled paper, in delicately embossed envelopes, were made use of, for the purpose of assembling the guests, but all, within an approachable distance, who fancied to do so, were at liberty to attend, and make merry with their friends.

An adventure, which afforded much food for the gossips of the town, took place at this time, some of the actors in which, I met at the house of the old man, where I spent the night. I will mention some of the leading features, that you may see how the tender sentiment is cared for in this state of society.

It appears that a family of emigrants, coming from Kentucky, and who expected to settle within a few miles of Ann Eliza, on their way fell in company with other young Kentuckians, bound for the Colorado, where they had settlements.

After a few days travel, it was ascertained that Cupid was busy with his bow, his arrow and his darts; had been so successful in his enterprise as to wound a young woman of the emigrant family, and injure one of the Kentuckians with an attachment; and so well had he performed his work, that the parties concluded that, to heal the wounds thus inflicted, Hymen, with his healing balsam, must needs be called in to perform his kind offices. To this proposition, the father



of the young woman withheld his assent. Matters stood thus, till the parties reached this beautiful hill side, which flourishes under the very delicate name before mentioned; and when the loving swain determined that matters had proceeded far enough, in this way,—some definite action must be had. It was in vain the father pleaded that he was an entire stranger, offering to give his consent to the marriage within a year, should the parties at that time desire it. No; this would not satisfy the exacting demands; and as to the young woman, she was as ready to have the ceremony performed then, as she would be at the end of a twelve month. Much controversy ensued, and many words were vainly expended. Finally, however, when the parties separated—the emigrant to go to his new home, five miles across the prairie—the Kentuckian should go to Sherman, the county town, for the necessary license, for the father had given his reluctant consent to the union. But when the license came, he repented, still requesting that the matter might be deferred. When I saw the parties, they had just returned from his house, whither they had been that day, with the determination of bringing away the prize—consent or not. But on arriving at the house, finding the father absent, the girl refused to be married, as she had not yet obtained his consent, promising, however, to do so on the following day, at all events. When I left the town, the “three Kentuckians” were consulting whether, at this “stage of the game,” it was worth while to go again *five miles* for her.

From this place to Sherman there is the worst “crossing” I have found in my whole route. It is thus of Chocktaw river. You enter, very abruptly, a deep ravine, at the bottom of which runs a small stream of clear water, looking very beautiful and enticing. The bottom is the smooth surface of a rock, and apparently very firm. The road turns, following the stream, in the water, for some distance, and then abruptly turns to the left. I pursued this the usual way, when, to my utter surprise and consternation, the rock on which I had been driving, suddenly came to an end, and my horse plunged into mud and water some three feet in depth. A struggle of a most desperate character ensued—a scene of the wildest nature. There I was, in the middle of the stream, with high and almost perpendicular banks on each side of me, covered with wild and frightfully-looking trees, shorn of most of their limbs by a passing tornado, with horses struggling in mire and clay, covered with water so deep as to come into my buggy. The struggle is kept up some time, and for a few moments it is difficult to say which will have the mastery, the horses or the mud and water. To retreat is impossible; to move forward seemed almost as difficult. There is no way of escape but to press on. I summon up

my full courage, standing erect in the buggy, with the water to my knees, horses struggling for very life. I show as much command in my voice as I am capable; I speak sharply to them; and, thanks to the noble greys, out they go—much to their as well as my own relief. We have mounted the bank; a plain road is in front of me, as far as Sherman, where I arrive in the early part of the evening.

Here I was fortunate enough to meet an old acquaintance, a member of the bar, one in whom is combined many of the elements which go to make up a genuine western character. When I knew him he resided in Indiana. He was born in Kentucky, where he spent the early part of his boyhood. For a few years he was in Ohio, when, having arrived at man's estate, he commenced the practice of his profession in the White Water country, as it was called, in Indiana. At this period, the country was very new, and being covered with a heavy growth of timber, the settlement went on slowly. The class of people were of that hardy, rough cast, usually found in such regions, at that time,—of the bark-skin hunting-shirt order,—inured to hardships and toil, and exceedingly fond of frolicking, and scenes of conviviality, such as a "backwoods" life affords.

Into all this kind of life my acquaintance entered with the greatest zest, and really became a leader in all fun-loving gatherings. Endowed by nature with more than an ordinary share of intellectual power, with a great fund of humor, sharpened with an occasional volley of wit, with an education much more complete than usual in his circumstances in life, his society was much sought by all rollicking existences, who laughed at his many jokes, drank his whiskey, fought his battles, when necessary, and gave him what law business they had to be transacted. In this way he flourished apace, and as may be supposed, succeeded in his practice at one bar, somewhat at the expense of his standing at the other! His reputation, however, as a lawyer, was by no means limited, or his standing inferior. A few years were spent in this locality, when marvellous tales were circulated concerning the great, and almost fascinating beauty, of the north-west portion of the State of Indiana, which so captivated him that he concluded to move thither, and commence a career in a new field. The district to which he came was mostly prairie—settled very rapidly by a much more intelligent and enterprising class of people than those with whom he had been accustomed to associate. A fortunate location of land gave him position at once as a man of property, and enabled him to take a stand at the bar to the best advantage, which he maintained with varied fortune, till, becoming dissatisfied with the many refinements which were constantly being introduced around him,

he concluded, after a few years of endurance, to abandon this new field for one more congenial to his tastes and habits. He sold his plantation, and the next location was in the Platt purchase, so called, where from some cause he remained but a twelve month, when Texas offered him a home, and where he has been for the last twelve years, having, as I learn, moved several times since he has been in the State. He is now an old man, and located on the frontier, in a new State, as new as the "White Water" country forty-five years ago. His reputation as a lawyer here is as fair as the best, and for fun and frolic, as great as in early life.

Many a rich anecdote is told of him, of early adventures and exploits at the bar. His fun-loving propensity often led him to the perpetration of his jokes, at the expense of that decorum that should ever prevail in a court room, and against what in circles more refined would be considered strict propriety. Upon one occasion, when the doctrine of *caveat emptor* was applied by his opponent in a case concerning a sale of a horse, much stress and reliance was placed on this well known principle of the law, and in his argument to the jury, he found occasion to repeat the maxim several times, urging its application and enforcement.

When "the Judge," for by that appellation he was usually known, came to address the jury, he remarked that his friend on the opposite side had said much to the jury about *caveat emptor*, but he had neglected to explain to them what it meant, which he would then undertake to do, and which he did in the following manner: "*Caveat emptor*, gentlemen of the jury, is a Latin term, which I suppose that but few of you understand. This term, gentlemen, has grown up in the law to be a maxim, and had its origin on water-courses, when difficulties sometimes occurred among owners of lands bounded by running streams, owing to the water washing the bank on one side, and making deposit on the other,—as the bank *caves off* and *empties* in the stream,—the term of *caving off* and *emptying in* arose. When some lawyers, who wished to show their knowledge of the language, latinized it, by saying *caveat emptor*, the plain English of which is, as I have given you, and as you readily see, has nothing whatever to do with a home-trade." It need hardly be mentioned, that after so lucid an explanation of the meaning of terms, the Judge gained his cause.

He was at one time Judge of the court, and at another a member of the senate of the State of Indiana, both of which positions I believe he resigned. He now rides a circuit of some nine counties, of more than two hundred miles in extent, and seems to be in full enjoyment of health. I have often shook my sides at his humor and merry jokes.

He is ever on the frontiers. He resided at Bohlom till society became too refined for him, when he removed to this place, on the very confines of civilization, and now, after a residence here of nearly two years, I am told he has it in contemplation to make another move. He wishes to go to the newly organized county of Denton, where there are but few white inhabitants, and where neighbors are so scarce that it will take a day's ride to make a call,—where he can have better land than any he has yet seen; and where his cattle will have a more extended range, to fatten and frolic on nez-keet grass.

The "Loving House" was the name of the hotel at which I stopped, a small one-story building of two rooms, in which there were some six or eight beds, a frame building, which they had not taken the trouble to lath or plaster, or put down a chamber floor—a very poor apology for a house, and affording but feeble protection against the piercing influence of a norther. A log cabin stood near by, divided into two apartments, the one, wanting the convenience of a floor which served as a dining-room and sleeping apartment for several members of the landlord's family, and the other without floor,—save such as may be found any where on earth,—the cook-room. The passage way, from one of these buildings to the other, was through a pool of water, of ten feet in diameter, in which was placed several "rolling stones" to step on; to pass over which, a person needed to be well skilled in the art of balancing, if he would avoid being plunged in the mud.

The landlady of the establishment entered into conversation freely; asked me my name, where I was from, and where going, &c. Being satisfied on these points, I was then formally introduced to her daughters, who made their appearance in the room about this time, and who had evidently made their toilet with much care, for the occasion.

I learned that Loving, the proprietor of the house, five years before settled in Denton County, and had engaged in cattle raising; that his *ranch* being remote from settlements, the young ladies had found it lonesome, and on account of which he had moved to town. One was engaged in teaching school, and the other a pupil. I spent the night here, and the next day drove to the house of Mr. Alexander, six miles from the old trading post called Preston, on Red River.

This gentleman is a Kentuckian by birth, has for several years been engaged in merchandising quite extensively through this part of the State, who, at one time, in connection with his brother, had six stores, or trading posts. His trade proved quite successful, from which he has now retired and settled on a tract of land of some five thousand acres in extent, where he has just commenced opening a plantation.

He has a house built, two large fields inclosed with the ordinary rail fence, and some sixty acres of wheat in the ground. His lands are generally rolling prairie, interspersed with strips of timber land, together with about one thousand acres of river bottom, covered with a fine growth of timber. These lands with few exceptions, are of the richest quality and well adapted to the culture of wheat, corn, and most small grains, producing a fine quality of grass, with a fine range for cattle near the river. A portion of his tract is a little broken, where the white lime-stone before mentioned crops out, and this part, he thinks, well adapted to sheep, being high, dry, and healthy, producing a grass sweet and nutritious. Every thing is in a new state with him, having been on the place but a few months, most of which time he has lived in a tent; yet, from his ample means, his love for agriculture, and great attachment for the particular locality, in a few years he will doubtless have one of the most beautiful places in the State, and when he gets it all in full operation, it can be none other than very profitable. He will be able to raise thousands of bushels of grain yearly, and count his horses and cattle by thousands, and his sheep by tens of thousands. A more independent life—consequently a happy and contented one—will be difficult to find.

His house is situated on a swell, or ridge of land, embracing about three hundred acres, gradually descending each way, lying as beautifully fair as it is possible to conceive land to lie, with a small stream of water running on each side of it, fed by springs at once sparkling and pure, which unite, forming one stream three-fourths of a mile distant. At his left runs a ridge of smaller form and extent, which he intends soon to inclose for his sheep and young horses. The forty acre field at the north of his residence is intended for a lawn, in which he will plant trees of various fruit-bearing qualities, and flowering shrubs, being all properly seeded to the curly nez-keet grass, which forms a strong sward, presenting, the season round, the appearance of a luxuriant mat. The spot intended for his garden, a piece of ground of some two acres, having a southern and eastern exposure, he has already plowed, and expects to have in full cultivation by the close of the season, having already employed an experienced gardener, who is said to understand æsthetics and all branches of his profession to perfection. In this climate, as you are aware, a person may have, with little trouble, fruits and vegetables fresh for his table every month in the year.

By experiments made at and near Preston, it has been found that apples may be cultivated very successfully, and it is well known that peaches are grown in great perfection. Figs, and other fruits of this

latitude, succeed well; while grapes in great variety are found in great abundance on the hills and along the water-courses. One variety deserves especial mention; it is of a blue, or deep purple color, growing in large clusters on the first table from the stream, where the lands are rich and somewhat moist. It begins to ripen in June, and continues to ripen till quite late in the season. The name by which it is known in this region is the "Mustang." It is not very palatable, owing to certain stringent qualities it possesses. It is of value, however, for I learn from those who have made the experiment, that it produces a fine wine, resembling in color and flavor the best quality of Port. It grows in luxuriant abundance, and will, doubtless, in a few years, be the source of much profit to the inhabitants.

I spent a day and a half at Mr. Alexander's very agreeably. He is a genuine Kentuckian, and makes his friends, who call, quite at home. From this I drove to Sherman, where now I am; but, as you perceive from the commencement of this chapter, I am at the Sherman Hotel, and not at the "Loving House," a change by which I am much the gainer. You recollect what Hudibras says of the landlord; by applying that to mine host of the Sherman Hotel, you will have a true picture. I met here a man from Fort Smith, on a peddling expedition. Your idea of a peddler, doubtless, is confined to a circuit of few miles from some central point, where he obtains his supplies, consisting of linens, silks, thread and needles, and a few trinkets of various kinds, &c., all of which is very different from a peddler in this country. The man referred to is now more than five hundred miles from home, and his stock in trade consists of cooking stoves, with tin and copper furniture to suit. He has, then, four mule teams, forming quite a cavalcade when on the road. He visits the small towns and hamlets—makes a stay of a few days, and after effecting what sales he can, passes on to another point, and so on till his supplies are exhausted. As his stock becomes lessened in his progress, one team is sent back from time to time to be replenished, with directions to meet him further on the rout, at a point agreed upon.

I learn from this man a sad tale of the fall of a presbyterian clergyman whom I had known in one of the western states. A man of fine education and apparent usefulness, greatly esteemed by his church and all who knew him. He had been at Fort Smith several years, and seemed to be prosperous in his ministry, when, for a fancied or real cause, some of the more bold of his parishioners took umbrage against him, and gave him twelve hours to leave the place, or otherwise the ordinary remedy in such cases would follow. He took the warning and left. I need not say to you that the cause was the *usual one* which

drives men, and sometimes clergymen, from their homes and families.

It ever gives me pain to hear such stories of any minister, but of one with whom I have had an acquaintance, who has had my esteem and love, fills my heart with sadness and grief,—sadness, that a fellow being had been brought to disgrace, and painful grief that a wound had been inflicted on the cause of religion.

Peddlers of all kinds infest the country, but those engaged in the line of ready made clothing and jewelry, seem to be the most numerous. I meet them in wagons finished in fine style, drawn by four elegant horses; in wagons of less pretensions, drawn by two horses, and sometimes by one only; then again on the back of a mustang, or donkey; and sometimes on foot, with a pack on his back, or a box in hand, and thus they traverse this wild, new region, fishing up what money they can for their wares, at enormous advance on first cost. Then there are the daguerreotypists, whose little houses on wheels are found drawn up by the side of the road in the small towns, in which they have their *camera obscura*, and all other necessary apparatus, to transfer the image of the human face divine to the polished surface of the metallic plate. Some of them are very fanciful contrivances, fitted up with much taste and display. The lads and lasses, when they come in from their ranches round about, are sure to return to their cabins with their pictures encased in embossed leather and golden tinsel, to be the wonder and admiration of all who behold them.

This region of the state is settling quite rapidly,—mostly by emigrants from the western free states. After you leave the bottom lands of Red River, slavery only to a limited extent can be found. Most of those who can afford the luxury (as it is called—the plague and trouble, as I would say), have house-servants, who sometimes render assistance in the field; other than this, it rarely exists. In passing through the country as I have, from Jefferson, one would hardly suppose he was in a slave state. Most of the settlers are from the western states, and live in some manner as in those states; thus agricultural operations are conducted in the same way, cultivating the same sort of products. No cotton is raised except in the bottom lands of Red River, and consequently no large plantations of negroes. The people in this immediate section of country are opposed to slavery, and as the country fills up, and extends in settlement into new districts, as it is rapidly doing,—when they come to divide the state, a free state must here be formed. I cannot think it will be possible to have it otherwise.

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## NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, D. D.

Having completed our examination of these churches, we drove to the Coliseum, desiring to turn away from modern to ancient Rome. It is among the most noted of its ruins; and has been made familiar, among all classes of readers almost, by the drawings of artists and descriptions of travelers. The reality surpasses all its representations. It stands a vast, colossal monument of ancient grandeur, and a wonderful comment upon the righteous retributions of God upon the Jewish nation. It was founded, as history relates, by Vespasian, A.D. 72, and completed in eight years, by Titus, about ten years after his sacking and destruction of Jerusalem. Its site was once a pond, enclosed within the walls of Nero's gilded palace. The pond having been dried up, it was begun by Vespasian, for public exhibitions, on a plan, originally formed by Augustus. Although it is now in the skirts of the city, it then occupied its centre. Thousands of captive Jews, brought in slavery to Rome to adorn the triumph of the conqueror, were doomed to drudge and toil in its erection.

The Ampitheatre, in which the ancient Roman took such great delight, was demanded by his ferocious barbarity. It stands the monument of his sanguinary taste, and delight in cruelty, inspired and sustained by the old pagan idolatry; and is in perfect contrast with the mild, gentle, loving spirit of the christian religion. It was the place for the combats of gladiators, the hunting of or fighting with wild beasts, and sports, and spectacles of every kind, especially such as were bloody and terrible. Five thousand wild beasts were slain in the arena at the dedication of the Flavian Ampitheatre, as it was called, and the games in honor of it, lasted for one hundred days. Gladiatorial spectacles continued for four hundred years, to be exhibited here. Among the bloody, barbarous sports that delighted the old savage

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Roman, none were more terrible than the method of martyrdom practiced towards christians, by letting loose upon them from their kennels, ferocious wild beasts, to devour them. Ignatius, an eminent christian pastor, was brought all the way from Antioch, expressly to be thrown to the wild beasts in the Coliseum. The soil was fattened with the best blood of earth, and the traditions of the church are replete with the names of noble martyrs for Christ, who perished in this arena. I gazed upon the spot with intensest interest. The gladiatorial displays and bloody scenes of butchery, once practiced here by the old pagan Romans, were almost lost sight of amid the solemn reflections, awakened by the recollections of those grand moral exhibitions, which had been here made of the power of the love and grace of Jesus Christ, in overcoming their fear of death, and rendering His martyred followers such noble spectacles of devotion to Him and His cause.

This immense pile was originally called the Flavian Ampitheatre till the name of Coliseum was given it, some eight hundred years after its erection, by "the venerable Bede," who records the famous prophecy of the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims :

" While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;  
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;  
And when Rome falls, the world !"

The ruins that remain are of the grandest description, although it is ageed, by those whose authority as antiquarians is acknowledged, that two thirds of the original building have entirely disappeared. It was ravaged by the Normans, and for two hundred years, during the period of decay in the useful arts, the Roman princes are said to have appropriated the materials of lead, iron, copper, and stone it furnished, for the erection of their palaces, among which are those of St. Mark, the Fairnes, and the Barberini. It was once made a fortress, then transformed into a woolen factory, and then converted into a bazzar ; but all schemes for its permanent occupation and improvement failed. The French cleared away the rubbish of ages, from the portico and arena, and since the days of Pius VII, his successors have contributed to the preservation of this vast fabric.

Its form is that of an ellipsis, whose major axis, including the thickness of the walls, is 620, and minor, 513 feet. The height of the wall is said to be 157 feet, the length of the arena 287, and its width 180 feet. An iron cross stands in the middle of this space, on which is placarded by authority, a promise of 140 days indulgence for every kiss which is given to it by the poor idolators that worship it. Around the arena are what are called stations, at fourteen regular intervals, each marked with a statue representing the "passion" of Christ

There is also a rude pulpit, near a small chapel among them, in which a monk preaches every Friday of the virtue of that cross, etc., to those who assemble there.

The whole mass of building covers a space of nearly six acres. It was built principally of travertine. Immense masses of brick work and tufa appear in the interior. It consisted of four stories—the three lower, each composed of 80 arches, supported by piers, faced with semi-columns, and the fourth, of a solid wall faced with pilasters, and pierced in its alternate compartments, with forty square windows. The different orders of architecture adorn the different stories, the Doric being that of the lowest, the Ionic next, and the Corinthian the third and fourth. Each story in the interior retreats somewhat from the arena, and on the walls sloping down from the arches and walk of each higher to the lower, were ranged tiers of seats for the spectators, so situated and so extensive, that it has been estimated there were accommodations for more than 80,000 persons, who could all have a commanding view of the arena in the centre.

Numerous field flowers are to be seen growing in different parts and crevices of these ruins, which have excited the interest of those fond of horticulture and botany. It is only when you have ascended to the summit, and look down into the arena, and around upon the whole scene, that you can form a correct idea of this stupendous fabric. I stood there and solemnly gazed upon the center below, fancying that I could almost depict the crowd of infuriated spectators, whose thirst for blood was gratified with the cruel sports and mangled martyred bodies of the dear saints of God, who, during the Pagan persecutions, condemned to be devoured by wild beasts, so triumphantly maintained their testimony for Jesus Christ. Subsequently, by moonlight, I visited the same spot, and as I mused over the scene, the wild shriek of the night owl, disturbed by the torch of the guide, made me feel more forcibly than in the light of day, the awful comment, God in his providence has made upon the scenes once enacted here. Spectators, gladiators, and martyrs, emperors, senators, judges, and vestal virgins, all have passed away to the dread tribunal of the Most High, and for centuries have been receiving their rewards. The proud ruins yet remain, the record of their crimes.

From the Coliseum we passed to what is pointed out to strangers by the Cicerone, as the house of Pilate. It is an ancient building, indeed, but one which I could not see why tradition had reported to have been the dwelling of the governor of Judea. For having been summoned before the emperor Tiberias for the many crimes of his administration—his taking of fees, his extortions, and murder of innocent

persons, &c., he was soon after deprived of his government, and, as Eusebius assures us, committed suicide out of vexation for his misfortunes ; so that it is not at all probable he lived in any great grandeur or celebrity at Rome during that time.

Our next visit was to the temples of Fortune and of Vesta, situated near each other, and the Ponte-Rotto. The former is now the church of Santa Maria Egizziaca, belonging to the Armenians ; and the latter that of Santa Maria del Sole. The antiquity of these buildings, and their architectural details, excited chief interest, especially the latter, whose image is accurately represented in the bronze models and mosaics offered for sale in Rome.

The ruins of the palace of the Cæsars occupied more of my attention and time. I strolled among them, musing solemnly upon the significant comments, the providence of God here records, upon the haughty grandeur of those ancient despots. Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, Titus, and later emperors, once dwelt here in their magnificence, but now, as Byron has aptly described, the mass of ruins that remain,

“ Cypress and ivy, weed and wall flower, grown  
Matted and mass'd together ; hillocks heap'd  
On what were chambers, arch-deck'd ; columns strewn  
In fragments ; choked up vaults, and frescoes steep'd  
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,  
Dreaming it midnight.  
Behold the imperial mount ! 't is thus the mighty fall !”

Our Cicerone pointed out to us what he called the study of Seneca, and the bath in which he bled to death. It was done with all imaginable confidence and gravity, as if the fact were unquestioned ; whereas the history of this philosopher represent him to have died at his own villa. It was some relief to see that a portion of the grounds were subjected to cultivation. A vineyard, with various fruit trees, figs, pomegranates, &c., and a garden with flowers and vegetables, somewhat enlivened this massive scene of ruins.

The baths of Caracalla, situated under the eastern slopes of the Aventine mount, came next under our review. With the exception of the Coliseum, they are the most extensive ruins in Rome, occupying an area of about a mile in circuit. The vast extent of these ruins proclaims still the magnificence of the original design. Chambers, stairs, and remains of viaducts, are still to be traced. A few workmen were engaged in making excavations, intended to expose the mosaic pavement, which, in some parts, is still extant. It is reported that these baths contained sixteen hundred marble vats for the convenience of persons bathing. Our cicerone pointed out to us various halls, and among them one wherein he told us the philosophers assembled and

held their conversations and disputes. The destruction of the aqueduct, in the sixth century, prepared the way to the destruction of the baths. They are now a wondrous pile of ruins, yet sufficient to convince the spectator of the estimate made, by the old Romans, of the value of baths for purposes of cleanliness and health, and to commend to our modern cities and towns an example of much value.

Returning from these scenes, we visited one of the numerous columbaria which were constructed along the great roads, and have been found near the Appian and Latin ways. They were ancient sepulchres, formed by digging or excavating pits in the rock, to the depth of twenty or thirty feet and more, into which you descend by a staircase. The sides are pierced with rows of little niches, resembling the holes of a pigeon house, whence they have taken their name. These niches contained the *ollæ*, or urns, in which the ashes of the dead were deposited.

The names of the persons whose ashes they contained, were sometimes to be seen upon the urns, but generally were inscribed over the niches. I noticed those of slaves and liberti, or freemen, and as many of "concubines" as of wives. The capacity of these columbaria is sufficient to contain the remains of an immense number of persons. They were generally appropriated for slaves and freemen, and built near their masters' tombs. I observed small earthen lamps in many of the niches, some of which showed by their smoky appearance, that, at one time they had been lighted. The *custos loci* was very vigilant, and forbade all attempts to touch the urns and handle the lamps. He seemed to be afraid that some of the latter might be abstracted, which probably has been done in some instances. After we had left the place, and were about quitting the garden, within which was the columbarium we had visited, he came running back, and saying that he missed one of the lamps, and challenged our company in relation to it. There were strangers to us, that entered when we did. Whether there was actually a theft perpetrated or not, we could not say, but strongly suspected it was a ruse to extort from us a little more pay. After these angry demonstrations, to which we gave no other heed but to smile, he either became satisfied of our innocence, or considered any attempt fruitless.

The *labors* of this day were concluded with a visit to the Pantheon, an ancient pagan temple, once dedicated to *all the gods* of Rome, but converted into one of Roman Catholic idolatry in A. D. 608, by Boniface IV., under the authority of the Emperor Phocas, and bearing the name of Santa Maria ad Martyres. It is the only temple of ancient Rome that has retained its original appearance. On the frieze an in-

scription shows that its erection took place in the third consulate of Agrippa, twenty-six years before the christian era. The portico of this building has been pronounced faultless by architects. It is one hundred and ten feet long, and forty-four deep, containing sixteen Corinthian columns of granite, with capitals and bases of marble. The interior of the temple is a rotunda, supporting a dome, the walls on which it rests being twenty feet thick. It has no windows, but is lighted by means of an open circle in the top of the dome. The remains of Raphael rest in this temple, near one of its altars, having been disinterred about twenty years ago, and returned to the same spot, after being replaced in a magnificent sarcophagus, presented by Pope Gregory XVI. Numerous chapels line the sides of this rotunda, containing tombs of eminent painters. This temple also contains the chest in which popish tradition affirms the napkin was preserved with which the Savior's face was wiped, when he fainted under the cross, and on which were left traces of his countenance.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

*Church of San Vincenzo,—Tre Fontaine,—Scola Cœli,—Quirinal Palace,—San Sebastiano,—Catacombs,—St. Paul's Basilica,—The Vatican,—The Capitol.*

October 20th.—Rode this A. M. without the walls some distance to the church of San Vincenzo ed Anastasio—a Capuchin concern. This church is exceedingly plain. The pilasters of the nave contain frescoes of the twelve Apostles. Behind the altar, I noticed this inscription: "*Clauditur hic Christus, panis sub specie factus; hospes adorato numini gratus abi.*"

"Christ is here inclosed under the appearance of bread. Stranger, having adored the Deity, thankfully depart." Here is an impious authoritative proclamation of the most offensive and abominable feature of popish idolatry. As neither myself nor any of my company believed a word of the odious falsehood, we indulged in a few expressions of pity and surprise, at the proof we had before us of the low, debasing idolatry into which Rome has apostatized.

Near this, on the same inclosure of ground, is the Church of St. Paolo alle Tre fontaine, the inscription over its entrance, of "*Sancti Pauli, apostoli martyris locus ubi tres fontes mirabiliter eruperent, A. D. 1594.*" This church, according to the import of the Latin words on its front, is remarkable for containing, three fountains, which, popish tradition says, sprung up severally, where the head of the Apostle Paul, when he was decapitated, bounded three times from the earth;

and also the stone on which he was beheaded. Three altars stand along the wall, at the base of which there is a marble basin, containing water. The marble ornaments conceal the soil, and render it impossible for you to say whence the water is supplied. But the poor pilgrims drink the water, and cross themselves, and think they go away blessed. In a corner of the church, inclosed in a sort of iron net work covering, stands a marble column, about four feet high, bearing this inscription : "*Columna supra quam decapitatus fuit sanctus Paulus apostolus,*" which they say is the very stone on which the apostle was beheaded, and that it stood in that same place at that time. The altars occupy lower levels respectively, corresponding with "the fountains." You pass down several stairs successively, from the first to the second, and the second to the third, like a staircase into a cellar, while the floor of the edifice is all on the same level. "The fountains," are water inclosed in marble chests, or basins, beneath the several altars, from which, with an iron dipper, you can raise it, and drink. A sink, covered with an iron grate, is placed immediately in front of each marble chest. The water is clear and pure, but whether it sprung up from these separate fountains, or is collected in basins, or little pools formed by the same stream, or from pipes secretly laid, cannot be seen.

From this place we repaired to the church, or Basilica of San Sebastiano, whose foundation dates back as early as the days of Constantine. It is about two miles beyond the gate, on the Via Appia. The body of the saint is said to be buried under the altar, and the chapel contains his recumbent statue. The sanctuary is famous for its relics ; among them the priests show a stone, ( which they relate contains the imprint of the Savior's feet, where he is said to have met St. Peter, ) at the spot where the little church of *Domine quo radis* was built, designed to commemorate the event, and so called from the words with which it is alleged the apostle addressed the Savior.

On the left side of the entrance, a door leads into the catacombs, which bear the name of San Calisto, a bishop of Rome, in the third century. We descended into them, having been furnished with lights, under the guidance of the priest, who was feed for his services. The excavations are from the rock, irregularly made, and of immense extent. They were made by the ancient Romans, for the purpose of obtaining the pozzulano, used in making mortar for buildings, and were referred to, it is supposed, by Cicero, in his oration for Milo, as the hiding place of Ithicus on the Appian way.

The passages are often very narrow, winding, and sometimes low, running in irregular series of stories, and occasionally branching off in different directions, and opening into larger spaces, which evidently were used as chapels, or places of meeting. The dead bodies were

deposited in niches, and excavations, made for the purpose, along or in the sides of the passages. There is little doubt that these subterranean excavations were made the abodes of christians, who fled there to secrete themselves from the violence of persecution. There they assembled in concealment, for their religious worship; many living and dying in them. The very necessities of the case made them appropriate places for the interment of their dead. Thus, in process of time, they became, and were regarded as the cemeteries of the martyrs. I was deeply and solemnly affected, as I trod among the ashes of those holy dead, who bore testimony so nobly for Christ, and preferred to live and die in caves of the earth, rather than renounce their faith and deny the Lord that bought them. Occasionally open graves appeared, the bodies having been deposited in the hollows made in the rock, and covered over with earth. The larger recesses seem to have been closed, and sometimes small marble slabs were used for mere purposes of inscription. Many of them have been removed to the collection of monuments, in the Vatican. I was surprised to see the very great number, these catacombs contain, of the graves of children. The old pagan custom of having niches for lamps, near the ashes of the dead, seems to have been to some extent observed, but whether by christians or pagans, I could not tell. The extent of these catacombs is very great; and sometimes persons have been lost and perished in them, which causes their entrance now to be kept closed and under watch. I was told by a gentleman, resident in Rome, that some three years ago, a young man, a Russian, was separated from his company, during a visit to these catacombs, and lost in the cemetery; when, upon search next day he was discovered, he was found dead, and his hair had turned grey! What a horrible death!

It is said that these excavations, in their windings, have been traced for a distance of nearly twenty miles, which probably is exaggerated. We spent nearly an hour in following close after our guide, as he led us up and down, along the winding passages, stopping occasionally to notice a chapel or tomb of special interest. What scenes, I thought, have been transacted here! How much prayer, and faith, and suffering for Christ, have these tortuous caves witnessed! And how wonderful the providence of God, that his own friends and followers should have been compelled to seek safety where once had been the asylum of thieves and robbers! But the blessed Redeemer himself died as a malefactor,—was crucified between two thieves; and if He was thus treated, it may not seem so strange, and may serve to reconcile them to their lot, that his disciples should fare no better. It is not in this present world that the christian is promised, or has a right to look for,

ease, honor, and aggrandizement. The wisdom of God has ordained, "that we suffer with him that we may be also glorified together."

From these catacombs we went to the church, or Basilica of St. Paul. It is situated on the Campagna, about a mile and a quarter from the gate, called Porta San Paolo, and on the way to Ostia. The body of the apostle, whose name the church bears, according to tradition from the earliest times, rests under the high altar in this temple, having, "according to Platina, the historian of the popes, been removed from the Vatican in A. D. 257." It has, therefore, in past ages, been a place of great resort for pilgrims, and, on account of its former magnificence, for students of the arts. It was burnt down about thirty years ago. "The only portions which escaped were the western façade, with its mosaics of the thirteenth century; a colonnade erected by Benedict XIII; the tribune and the mosaics of the fifth century on its vault; some portions of the portraits of the popes; part of the bronze gate; the forty columns of the side aisles; and some sarcophagi with bas-reliefs." The malaria prevailed so fatally for years before its destruction, that it had actually driven out the monks from their quarters during the summer months. Notwithstanding the prevalence, occasionally, of the malaria, still it has been under process of reerection, and upon such an extensive and magnificent scale, that it will require the labor of years yet before it is completed. The building comprises a nave and aisles, divided by rows of columns. Forty pillars of light grey granite, at a cost of eleven hundred *Scudi* nearly as many dollars, and varieties of precious marble, lining the walls and forming the entablatures, give a very rich and gay appearance to the interior. It is intended to insert in medallion spaces above the columns of the nave, mosaic portraits of all the popes, from the earliest period. Three only are yet executed and in place. In 1847, the present pope, Pius IX, commissioned a number of artists to execute, partly from original portraits, partly from medals and coins, the likenesses of all the sovereign pontiffs, his predecessors (two hundred and fifty-three in number), that they may be copied in mosaic, to adorn this Basilica, in the place of those which were destroyed. The pictures are afterwards to be placed permanently in the Vatican.

At two o'clock we were joined by Major Cass, who accompanied us to the Quirinal, or Pontifical Palace, on Monte Cavallo. It is finely situated, and a place of great historic interest. The pope was still residing in it when I saw him pass from it in his carriage, and with his cortege, to take his evening ride. Since that he has withdrawn to the Vatican, and by the polite attention of my friend and fellow citizen, our *charge d'affaires*, we obtained permission to visit it. It is nearly



three hundred years old, and was embellished and reduced to its present form by Pius VII, who made it his favorite residence. We saw here the room in which all the papal bulls are signed, and in which the conclaves of the "Sacred College" of Cardinals are held, when assembled to elect a new pope. From the balcony, over the principal entrance of the palace, the name of the newly elected pope is announced to the people. We were introduced into the pope's bedchamber, where I remarked that the quilt and curtains of his bed were of "scarlet," the favorite color of the papal court, and which you meet at almost every turn, in fact, at the entrance of the great temples. I thought of the symbolical prediction in Rev. 17, 4, which speaks of "the woman (who) was arrayed in purple and scarlet color."

There is a chapel in this palace, fitted up in the style of the Sistino chapel, in the Vatican, in which high mass is performed on the great festivals, when the pope resides here. We passed through three different rooms, and examined the numerous paintings that adorn the walls. Those that quickly attracted my attention, and seemed to be most worthy of notice, were the stoning of Stephen by *Vasari*, the Ascension, and the Three Kings, by *Vandyke*; the Ecce Homo, by *Domenichino*; and St. Peter and St. Paul, by *Fra Bartolomeo*.

The gardens adjoining this palace are a mile in circuit, full of statues and fountains, but excessively stiff and formal. There is an organ here which is played by water, and which forms its greatest curiosity. As I looked upon and roamed through all this grandeur and luxury, I could not help thinking how unlike to Christ the Master, lived his pretended vicar.

*Oct. 21st.*—We had intended to-day to have visited Tivoli, about eighteen miles from Rome, and the ruins of Hadrian's villa, taking, by the way, the Lago di Tartaro, whose waters are highly saturated with carbonic acid gas, and a small quantity of sulphurated hydrogen, and produce the stone called travertine, by depositing a calcareous substance on vegetable and other substances thrown into it. But there had been so violent a storm of thunder with rain last night, succeeded by tempestuous north-west winds, that the ride would have been exceedingly uncomfortable. We therefore had to abandon our purpose to visit this ancient Villa and its vicinity, where Virgil has placed the grove of Albanea, and the temple of the Faun, the celebrated ancient oracle of all Italy.

I spent part of this day in a visit to the Vatican to examine the museum and paintings. The celebrated Transfiguration by Raphael, which has been so much admired and extolled, failed to produce the impression on me of which others have spoken. The coloring is very

fine, but the representation of the Savior in glory above, and the sufferings of humanity beneath, are in painful contrast. It is a bold attempt of the artist to present ideal scenes, the grouping of which together is not justified by anything whatever in the historical narrative.

A gallery, called *Galleria Lapidarea*, three hundred and thirty-one yards in length, forms the first division of what bears the name of the Corridor of Bramante, and is occupied, almost exclusively, with sepulchral inscriptions in Latin and Greek; on one side Christian, on the other, Pagan. Three thousand are here classified according to rank and character—gods, ministers, emperors, magistrates, soldiers, artisans, liberti or freed slaves, etc. The old Roman pagan monuments express hopeless grief, but among the later christian there is a constant reference to a life beyond the grave, and the inscriptions are some times very touching.

Christian bas-reliefs of the early centuries, are to be seen in sculptured monograms of the name of Christ, by means of the Greek letters x and p, and of the Greek word for fish, ichthus, the letter s of which, in Greek epigraph, indicate the initials of the words Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior. No attempted representation of the Godhead appeared on any monument referred to the two first centuries. The subject of the crucifixion is rarely to be met with for two centuries later. These are strong negative proofs that such representations were not used or approved among primitive christians. The worship of images is abhorrent to the christianity of the apostolic and martyr age. The figures of the virgin and child do not appear to have been introduced till the sixth century, when the old pagan rites and idolatry revived in the papal superstitions and mariolatry, and the apostasy had developed itself. My previous visit to the catacombs gave these sepulchral monuments increased interest. I could have spent days in studying their inscriptions, and with intense curiosity.

The second division of the gallery in the Vatican contains more than seven hundred pieces of ancient sculpture, in thirty apartments. Among the busts I was particularly impressed with those of the Emperor Trajan, one bearing the name of Sallust, one of Commodus, Alexander Severus, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Cato, Caracalla, Septimius Severus, Hadrian, the seven wise men of Greece, Demosthenes, Alcibiades, Socrates, Themistocles, Pericles, Zeno, Periander and Cicero. But the statues of Mark Anthony, of Titus Vespasian and his daughter, and of Demosthenes, more especially held for a considerable time my attention. There were statues of Venus, in abundance, and other heathen goddesses. Although many of them were naked,

yet there was not the same indelicacy about the male figures, generally, that I noticed at Paris—a fig leaf having been *recently* attached. The head or statue of Antinous, frequently occurring in different degrees of excellency of sculpture, generally bore the same distinctive traits as did the busts of Socrates, and, indeed, of almost all the well known personages in ancient classic history. Socrates always is represented with an exceeding snub nose, a beard, a low forehead, and rather crabbed face, which latter seemed not at all surprising. His Xantippe was enough to sour it. The expressions of many of the faces seemed to correspond with the ideas I had formed of their character.

In one of the halls I noticed two immense porphyry sarcophagi—the largest known, and, perhaps, ever constructed. One is of St. Constantia, daughter of the Emperor Constantine, and the other of Helena, Empress, and mother of Constantine. The last was found in the tomb of this English lady, the Empress dowager, beyond the porta maggiore, now called Torre Pignallara. It was removed by Pope Anastasius IV., to the Lateran, brought thence, by Pius VI., to the museum, and placed where it now stands. It is very large, and exquisitely polished. It is covered with bas-reliefs, representing a battle, with the capture of prisoners, and portraits of Constantine and his mother. The cover, to be seen only from the gallery passing by the arch of one of the doors or windows, on the outer side, is ornamented with figures of victory and festoons. The sarcophagus of Constantia was found in the tomb erected for her by the Emperor, near the church of St. Agnes, and its bas-reliefs, not so well executed as the former, represent a vintage, which is a symbol, both of the christians and the Bacchanalians. She died A. D. 354. Blewitt says, that Paul II. intended to make it his own tomb, and had begun to remove it. Sextus IV. restored it to its place. Pius VI. placed it where it now stands. Behind the sarcophagus of St. Helena is a curious monument, found in the ruins of a villa near Tivoli, bearing the name of Syphax, King of Numidia, who was brought to Rome by Scipio Africanus, to greet his triumph. An immense porphyry basin, forty-four feet in diameter, found in the baths of Titus, occupies the centre of one of the halls, and stands on a pavement of mosaic—found at Otricoli, 1780.

The Etruscan museum, established by Gregory XVI., is full of antiquities of all sorts, by which we can trace the influence of that wonderful people on the early development of Rome, and study the monuments, forming connecting links between the mythologies of Egypt, Greece, and Italy. They are comprised in a series of eleven chambers. The first rooms contain terra cotta monuments, sarco-

phagi with recumbent figures and other remains, urns, busts and square cinerary contrivances, the handles of the lids being portraits of the persons whose ashes they contained. Among the ruins are to be seen some having the appearance of the huts inhabited by the Latin tribes, and are supposed to be inscribed with Oscan characters. They were found thirty years since, under a supposed bed of lava, near Albano. The vases, goblets, pateræ, and other antique remains in several rooms, present the outlines of Grecian mythology, the Argonautic expedition, and illustrations of the popular subjects of classical story, such as the Trojan war, the siege of Thebes, the labors of Hercules, the history of Tires, gymnastic sports, races, combats, nuptial processions, and religious rites. The bronze and jewelry in the ninth chamber, are full of instruction as to ancient customs, etc. A cista mistica, with handles, formed so as to represent children riding upon swans, and decorated with exquisite reliefs, setting forth the battle of Achilles and the Amazons, which is here seen, originally contained when found at Vulci, various articles of a lady's toilet, such as hair-pins, rouge, two bone combs, and a mirror. I noticed specimens of different sorts of armor, household utensils, flesh-hooks, cups, cauldrons, strainers, jugs, locks, weights, idols, coins, and a Pelasgic alphabet, scratched on an ink bottle. The eta and omega, in this alphabet, are wanting, while vau and kappa are present.

The jewelry is arranged on a polygonal table, with glass cases, which are full of gold ornaments. It is surprising that most of them were found in one tomb. The filagre work, and chains, in gold, equal the modern. The serpent seemed to be a favorite form of female ornaments. The ear rings and amulets, fibulæ, necklaces, brooches and armlets, show the taste and fashion of the day to have been as grand and luxurious as the present. The paintings in the tomb of Tarquinia have been preserved and copied, and exhibited the costume and domestic manners of the age, such as a bear hunt, with huntsmen in full dress, a horse race, with the judges, the stand, the prize, and all the anxiety of the start, a death-bed scene, and various dances, games, funeral feasts, and religious ceremonies.

One of the galleries, or corridors, four hundred and twenty feet long, was lined with maps in fresco illustrations, containing the geographical knowledge of the period.

*October 22d*—This day I visited the Vatican Library, and passed through the Egyptian Museum. The former is an immense affair, and immensely gorgeous. The Entrance Hall, divided by pilasters into two parts, is the most splendid room I had seen yet in any of the palaces. Its ceilings are decorated with fresco paintings. The likenesses

of Librarian cardinals, are hung up in an adjoining apartment. Cases are attached to the pilasters, containing the manuscripts. From one end of this chamber branch two galleries, of immense length, adorned with frescoes, and statues, etc. The perspective of the suite of rooms ranged along these galleries, is very impressive. A statue of Aristides, in a sitting posture, interested me much. Columns of porphyry and marble, of various sorts, occasionally adorn these chambers. We could only see the books and manuscripts in their cases. Immense treasures of human knowledge are here kept locked up from the world. Quite characteristic of Rome! I presume that this splendid library is destined to share a similar fate with that of Alexandria. God values things very differently from men.

Visited, also, the Capitol, and from the tower's top, studied the topography of ancient and present Rome. The statuary in the collections here is very rich. The milestone of Vespasian and Nerva, which marked the first mile of the Appian way, is perceived on the right of the ascent to the building. In the centre of the piazza is the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius. The busts and statues in this collection interested me more than many others I had seen, and possess very high merit as works of art. There are more of them historical, and fewer of them suggested by the legendary fables of popery. The frescoes, in the first room, represent the finding of Romulus and Remus, the foundation of Rome, the rape of the Sabines, Numa Pompilius, sacrifices, the battle between Tullus and Hostilius, and of the Horatii and Curiatii, and other subjects, taken from ancient Roman history. A marble statue of Leo X. stands in this hall, and statues of other popes.

The third room contains the famous bronze wolf of the Capitol, a work of early art, that has given rise to much controversy, in which I feel no interest. The eighth room contains a chapel, with a madonna and child throned, and two adoring angels in the Heavens, the Evangelists, the "Eternal Father" on the roof, and various saints.

The museum is the most replete with interest. Its busts are deserving of study for their historic worth, and held me for a long time. A small room on the right of the gallery contains "the Venus of the Capitol," a most admired piece of statuary; by some thought to excel that of the Venus di Medici, at Florence, and the Venus of Canova, in the palais petti, of that place. The admirers of the art praise extravagantly this work. I have no fondness for such exhibitions; and still less for the disgusting piece in the same room, of Leda and the swan, or of another perhaps even more hostile to the purity of a chaste mind, viz.: Cupid and Psyche.

The hall of the Emperors occupied my attention, and pleased me most. It contains, besides other things, seventy-six busts of Emperors and Empresses, and arranged in chronological order—such as Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, Titus, Nerva, Julia, etc. The hall of the philosophers was nearly, if not fully, of equal interest. It contains seventy-nine busts of poets, philosophers, and historians. I was struck with the resemblance in that of Herodotus to Antinous. Virgil, Socrates, Alcibiades, Seneca, Pythagoras, Asclepiades, Sophodes, Euripides, Homer, Thucydides, etc., appear here. None which bear the name of Plato are authentic; all are said to be mere bearded images of Bacchus.

In one of the halls, on the wall, is the celebrated table of Bronze, inscribed with part of the *Lex regia*, containing the *Senatus consultus* conferring the imperial power on Vespasian.

The hall in which the statue of the celebrated dying gladiator is placed, has very rich sculpture. As works of art, many of them are of the highest character. It is generally conceded that this statue of the dying gladiator is one of a series, illustrating the incursions of the Gauls into Greece. The gladiator is, in the judgment of critics, a Ganlish herald. The sculpture is supposed to be the work of Ctesilaus, the contemporary of Phidias. Byron's description in *Childe Harold* is almost perfect. It is an admirable and perfect imitation of nature, and replete with feeling.

In this hall are the statues of the Roman Matron, the Amazon, superior to that in the Vatican, Alexander the Great, the colossal statue of Juno, Marius, Brutus, Ariadne, or Bacchus crowned with ivy, Flora, the famous statue of Antinous, found in Adrian's villa, etc. I admired this last statue greatly. Its beauty is exquisite. Two dark spots, or stains of iron in the marble, appear in the sculpture, one in the breast and another in the right leg.

- In the course of this day I visited the church of St. John de Lateran and afterwards that of Santa Maria Maggiore. In the forenoon I took a second view of the Corsini chapel, and the Statuary in the crypt or vault below, which, on my former visit, had so impressed all the spectators. In the latter, as I stood contemplating the architectural ornaments, I noticed a group of young ecclesiastics or students kneeling before the grating, or screen, that debarred access into one of the chapels near the high altar, that of S. S. Sacramento, or Sacramento, the tomb of Sextus and Pius V., and containing three statues. They were about twenty in number, and under the convoy of a priest. Most of them seemed to be diligently saying over their *pater noster*s and *ave marias*, as they looked toward the altar within the chapel.

Some of them, however, and especially one fair faced, light haired youth, seemed more disposed to look at the strangers, than perform his recitations, and resisted the efforts of one or two of his companions to direct his attention from us. After they had gone through their service before the gate of their chapel, their attendant priest, or teacher, led them to another on the opposite side—that of the very rich and costly ornamented Borghese chapel, the tomb of Pope Pius V, its founder, and of Clement VIII. It is remarkable for its architectural and sculptural decorations, and for the variety and magnificence of its marbles and precious stones, and other ornaments. As these poor youth knelt in the aisle, and looked through the iron grating, my heart was touched with compassion for them. As I viewed and pitied the degradation to which their idolatrous superstition had reduced them, I noticed the turnkey, or custodian, on the inner side. The thought instantly entered my mind—"Let these young men see here, a Paul or two can open the gates, and introduce "an heretic" into the "sacred place," while they, poor souls, must kneel from without. The thought was instantly carried into effect; and, meeting Dr. H., who approached from a different part of the building, and similarly influenced, we each slipped a piece of money into the hand of the turnkey, and entered together before the kneeling company, when the gate was quickly closed and locked in the faces of the kneeling and gaping company. The guide took us all round the chapel, naming to us the different varieties of marble and precious stones, and pointing out all the curiosities and beauties, and ornaments of the place, while the poor lads without, continued their recitations. Subsequently, after the group had gone the round of the chapels with their service, and we had completed our visit, we met them in front of the church, when one or two of them seemed very anxious and particular to catch our eye and proffer their salutations. Poor, poor youth! They are drilled into all the follies and mummeries of a debasing idolatry! When, when, will one generation cease to corrupt and destroy another, and this wretched idolatry cease from the face of the earth? Haste, Lord, the retribution of that "Wicked One," whom thou shalt consume with the spirit of thy wrath, and destroy with the brightness of thy coming! ii. Thess., 2, 8.

As we passed by the Scala Santa, I observed that the "Staircase of Pilate" was crowded from top to bottom, with thronging "penitents," seeking to liberate souls from purgatory, by their silly performances. It was Friday afternoon, the period most preferred for that "holy" service. The churches are always open in Catholic countries till twelve o'clock, noon, then closed till two or three, and thereafter open till sundown.

## CARAVAN JOURNEY

OF FORTY DAYS

ACROSS THE LONG DESERT.

BY WARREN ISHAM.

## CHAPTER I.

The time had now come, that I must leave Egypt, or be exposed to the suffocating blasts from the arid wastes of interior and central Africa, which come sweeping down the valley of the Nile with desolating effect, at intervals, through the entire spring months. Three delightful months had passed quickly away, (O, how quickly!) since I had first set foot upon that land of wonders, and the only three months in all the year, which could be passed there with comfort and safety. Entering it soon after the subsidence of the annual deluge, I had staid, and staid, and staid, under the bewitching influences which every where beset me, until warned away by the approaching scourge. As the joyous days, and weeks, and months passed away, I had traversed the entire length and breadth of the land—basked beneath its glorious sun, and inhaled its pure and invigorating atmosphere—had lingered, with fond delight, around its monumental *wonders*, and above all, had read page after page, and chapter after chapter, in the volume of human nature, which I had never found in any edition of it I had ever seen before,

After all, my departure was not wholly compulsory. There were attractions before me, scarcely less powerful than those under whose influence I had lingered so long in Egypt. The idea of a caravan journey of forty days, through the desert, though it lay through robber tribes, was not without its fascinations to me. There are two routs from Cairo to Jerusalem, the one by way of what is called “the Short Desert,” requiring but nine days desert travelling, and presenting no objects of special interest, and the other across the “Long Desert,” by way of the Red Sea, Sinai, and Petra, requiring forty days. Most travellers take the short rout, and that was the rout Bayard Taylor took, on account, I believe, of the lateness of his departure. It passes through no part of the Bedouin country, but lies near the Mediterranean coast.

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Having made up my mind to cross the "Long Desert," I set myself to the task of making preparations for my departure. Turning my back upon the whole tribe of dragomans, I made an engagement with a Bedouin Sheik from the neighborhood of Mt. Sinai, who was at Cairo with his camels. Usually five camels are required for a single person, four to carry provisions, water, cooking utensils, tent, provender, &c., and one to ride, the latter a dromedary, on account of its lightness and fleetness—each camel being attended by an armed Bedouin.

Thus provisioned, armed and equipped, on the 25th day of March, just before sundown, my caravan took up its line of march for the desert. Twelve miles from Cairo, we came to the well, which is said to be the Succoth, where the Israelites first encamped. They say, too, that Mary and the infant Jesus drank of its waters, and hence it is a great place of pilgrim resort.

My Shiek is a man of middling height, slim, with sharp features, and a keen black eye, and goes on foot, bare-legged, with sandals upon his feet, (soles tied on with strings,) and has a sword dangling by his side, of about the shape and size of a common grass scythe, except that the edge, of course, is on the convex side. It has a wooden handle, and the scabbard is of the same clumsy material. So that, with that formidable weapon, and the little pistols they made me get, and the old rusty match-lock guns of my Arab attendants, I expect we shall be able to infuse a wholesome terror into the marauding Arabs of the desert, though I can assure them, that they have little to fear from me, for if I were to fire at one of them, I should be just as likely to hit almost anything else. But I shall never load with powder and ball.

We are now three days and a half on our way, and I must say, that I have been happily disappointed in one important particular. I was told that persons subject to sea-sickness, were similarly affected by the motion of the camel, and I had dreaded the effects of it more than anything else pertaining to the trip, as I am very subject to sea-sickness; but to my delightful surprise, I have found that the motion of the camel, so far from having any such effect, is quite an easy and agreeable one, not quite equal to that of a Boston rocking-chair, but near enough to it to be quite comfortable. I have very little sense of fatigue, after riding all day, much less, indeed, than I have felt upon riding a horse only upon a walk for two hours. The hard hoof of a horse, even upon a walk, comes down with a jar, whereas the broad, soft, cushioned foot of the camel gives you no notice when it touches the ground, or even the hard rock. As they are generally loaded in crossing the desert, about twenty-eight to thirty miles is a good days' journey.

From Cairo to Suez, the distance is about eighty miles; the road

lies over a desert plain, bounded right and left by mountain chains, so that there only needs to be a river set to running through it, subject to an annual overflow, to make another valley of the Nile of it.

In traversing a barren desert, whose surface presents little but sand, gravel and rocks, there is necessarily much monotony. Add yet, I have met with many objects which interested me not a little, even in this short rout. I was struck with surprise, to see the multitude of carcases of camels which are strewed along the whole distance from Cairo to Suez, insomuch that the traveller is never out of sight of them, and some times a half dozen of them obtrude themselves upon his vision at once, some of them apparently but just having given up the ghost, others being in a state of decomposition, others presenting the bare skeleton, and others still being scattered over the desert. The poor creatures are loaded down to the utmost of their strength, and are driven, and driven, and driven, until they drop down dead in their tracks. Were there no mountain ledges upon the right and left, to hem in the traveller, and no camel paths to direct his steps, these bones would conduct him unerringly on his way.

All our ideas of a desert, are associated with drought and thirst, and yet on the second day after starting, I was not out of sight of a beautiful lake for once in the whole day. It reminded me of our own beloved Michigan, which is set all over with them as with jewels. But there is this difference—*there* they are a reality, *here* the appearance only. It is what is called the *mirage*; you see at a little distance before you, or to your right or left, what seems a beautiful sheet of water, but the appearance vanishes as you approach it. It used to be said, that such appearances were seen only by persons suffering with thirst, but that idea is effectually exploded. Certainly I was not thirsty any part of the day. My impression was, that the phenomena occurred where there was a slight depression of the surface of the ground. The appearance is, no doubt, occasioned by some reflection of the sun's rays, which no mortal can explain. But it is a very pleasant illusion, as it adds a charm to the desert.

Suez was formerly a place of much importance, but is now an inconsiderable town, where the gum, incense, dates, spices, &c., of Arabia, are exchanged for the corn of Egypt. The navigation of the Red Sea is so dangerous, that the commerce which used to be concentrated at Suez, has taken other directions. The dismantled shipping in its harbor, give it a desolate appearance. It is as dreary all about the town, as in any part of the desert, there not being a green thing to be seen, and the winds sweep through its streets with great violence.

At Suez, an arm of the Red Sea lay between us and the Asiatic

desert, but the waters retired, and we passed over on dry land. There was no miracle in my case, as in that of the Israelites, when "the horse and his rider were cast into the sea," to the glory of the God of Israel. The waters did not stand up in a heap; it was the ebbing of the tide, and as we passed round the head of the gulph, four or five miles above Suez, we found a way thus made for us across, which saved considerable travel. We did not, however, get quite across before the waters began to flow back upon us, to the depth of two or three inches.

Passing down the Arabic side of the Red Sea, some eight or ten miles below Suez, we arrived at the delightful spot denominated by the Arabs *Ain Musa*, or Fountain of Moses, where the Israelites are, with good reason, supposed to have first encamped, after crossing the Red Sea, this being the place where the passage was probably effected. Here we encamped for the night; it is a little *oasis*, and seemed a paradise, as it loomed up in the midst of the desert, it being the only cultivated spot I had seen since leaving Cairo. Four or five acres, more or less, upon the summit of a hill, are enclosed, and occupied by groves of tamarind and date palm trees, which, naturally beautiful as they are, are rendered ten-fold more so in contrast with the surrounding desert. Interspersed among the trees, are several wells of fresh water, which rise to within eight or ten feet of the surface.

From this lovely spot the prospect is delightful. On the west, at a little distance, is seen the Red Sea, which, with the mountain range that rises abruptly upon the opposite shore, stretches away to the south, as far as the eye can reach. To the north-east is the harbor and town of Suez, while to the north, east and south-east, the desert-plain is strown with heaps, hillocks, mounds, banks and ridges, rising abruptly upon its surface, and beyond, and overlooking them all on the east, towers a lofty mountain range.

From *Ain Musa*, our way lay over a plain, for about a day and a half, with the Red Sea, and the ledge upon the opposite shore, on our right, and the high mountain range above spoken of, upon our left.

And here, in the midst of heaps, hillocks, mounds, banks and ledges, lifting themselves up in every direction, I found, also upon the summit of a hill, what has been supposed to be the waters of Marah, which I tried to drink, but could not, "for they are bitter." I certainly cannot blame the Israelites for not liking it, if it tasted then as it does now. The water rises to within four or five feet of the surface. Of the identity of this bitter fountain with the one which the Israelites found, after a three days' journey into the wilderness of Shur, there is little doubt.

An English traveler remarks, that "the kind of tree which Moses found, and a branch of which he cast into the water, when it was made

sweet, is no longer to be found," and adds, that "there was a palm tree growing near." This is assuming, that it was not the branch of a palm tree which produced the wonderful effect. Did he suppose that it was any inherent virtue in the branch, which neutralized the bitterness of the waters? With equal propriety, in my apprehension, might it be said, that the rod which Moses stretched out over the Red Sea, was possessed of inherent virtue to divide the waters.

A few rods from this pool, we entered a circular plain, surrounded, apparently, with mountain ledges. Betwixt us and the sea, a ledge was here interposed, between the crags of which a glimpse was afforded of the blue mountain range on the opposite shore, while through a narrow opening the waters of the Red Sea, glittering in the beams of the sun, peeped upon the vision. Behind us a succession of uncouth heaps rose upon the view, while upon our left were a number of light colored ledges, rising one above the other, and beyond them towered a purple colored mountain range, far above them all, which swept around in front of us, and seemed to shut us in, although as we advanced we found a passage way left open for us. Upon this secluded and romantic spot, I have no doubt the Israelitish host encamped.

Through the opening we passed into a sort of ravine, or what seemed the deserted channel of a river, down which we proceeded for some distance, and encamped for the night. And I may here remark, that we have frequently crossed these dry channels, which present every appearance of having been formed by running water in making its way, from the mountainous region back, to the Red Sea, as though, indeed, there had been a mighty rush of waters. There is every indication of there being occasional deluges of rain here, but it is doubtless at distant intervals, for generally there is no moisture either in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath. Indeed, so dry is the atmosphere, that the moisture is soon absorbed into it from every thing which comes in contact with it. I was surprised to find how quickly my provisions were bereft of all their moisture, and became dry and hard. Bread dried as much the first day, as it did in a month up the Nile, and in a very short time it would have pulverized in a mortar. Orange peels stowed away, where they would have rotted under ordinary circumstances, dried to a crisp in twenty-four hours. Cheese, cut in the morning, will look as though it had been cut a month, before night; and water in corked vessels, will evaporate with great rapidity, and will soon be gone, though not a particle of it is used. Nor are there any indications of moisture to be found in the earth, by digging. A person is no more liable to take cold in lying upon the bare earth, than upon a couch within doors. And yet the desert shrubs to be seen here and there, manage some way to grow.

## CHAPTER II.

About nine o'clock in the morning of the third day from *Ain Musa* (the Fountain of Moses), we arrived at Elim, where the Israelites encamped after leaving Marah; and where, the sacred historian says, there are "twelve wells, and three score and ten palm trees." The wells are there—or rather, what we should call springs,—the water rising to within six or eight inches of the surface of the ground. The number may be increased almost indefinitely by digging down to that depth at different places. There are somewhere near a dozen excavations at present, where the water rises clear as crystal. The palm-trees are also there—not the same trees, but their successors,—not exactly three score and ten, probably, and yet not far from it, big and little. This place I should judge to be about ten or twelve miles from Marah. It is upon the border of a delightful plain, a mile or more in diameter, which, like that at Marah, is walled in by craggy heights on every side, presenting an aspect of wild magnificence. This little spot, thus defended against the sweeping winds of the desert, and furnished with an unfailing supply of pure water, might be made a little paradise of, by adding the elements necessary to make it productive, which might be easily done. As it is, the palm-tree seems to grow thriftily upon it. And here a species of broom, all covered with flowers, is found in bunches, scattered all over the plain. The flowers are small, of a spotless white, and so thickly set as to nearly hide the foliage of the shrub. They are even more fragrant than the rose, but are doomed "to waste their sweetness on the desert air."—This plain was doubtless another camping-ground.

Passing through a narrow defile, we entered another similar plain, with a similar enclosure of jagged mountain rock, and presenting the same general appearance. From this we passed into another, and another, and another still, making five of these wildly-romantic amphitheatres, connected, by narrow passes, one with another. From the last of them, we entered one of those apparently river beds, of considerable width, down which we descended several miles, between rugged cliffs, to the sea, which we had left in the morning.

We passed close along the shore of the Red Sea, and I was much refreshed by bathing in its clear, pellucid waters, which were quite warm. The sun was far down in the west, and its golden beams fell with bewitching effect upon the rocky heights which reared themselves up on the left, as we passed along the shore,—the numberless crags being of many different colors—red, white, black, brown, &c.,—and arranged, or *dis*-arranged, in such wild confusion, as to strike the eye with peculiar effect. There was one spot, however, where order and

design seemed to prevail. The ledge, retiring, took a semicircular sweep, and the groups of rock presented the appearance of a city of stone buildings. There, apparently, were the roofs, regularly formed, and there were domes and what seemed to be the walls of the front buildings; while in the centre towered what seemed to be an immense palace, with a roof, cornice, frieze, carved work, &c. I was about half a mile distant; I doubt not that upon a near inspection the spectacle would have lost much of its enchantment.

A little further on, we ascended quite a hill over a flight of natural steps, consisting of layers of rock, lying upon each other, each ascending one retiring so as to form a step, from three to six feet wide,—as regular at least as the steps of the great pyramid. Having attained the summit, we found a similar descent upon the opposite side. Our camels went up and down without any difficulty. A little farther along still, the ledge was wrought into columns (basaltic), standing upright side by side, for several rods—the work of nature; and then appeared every variety of grotesque figures, sculptured on the towering ledge by the hand of nature. There we encamped for the night.

The next morning, after passing along between the sea and the wild, grotesque groups of lofty crags upon our left for an hour or two, we entered a defile, or, apparently, a river channel, which led us directly away from the sea, winding about between mountain cliffs, across the peninsula of Sinai. After proceeding a little way, there uprose before us an immense mountain chain, mostly of a deep red, but alternated with other colors, as a coal black, yellow, white, grey, lead-color, &c., the crags of different colors lifting themselves up side by side. They are mostly composed of soft, silicious stone, but some of them are hard and flinty—a species of granite.

We followed this defile until it came to an end, and then ascended the ledge (without dismounting) by a narrow camel-path, which had been partly cut through the rocks, and partly passed between the clefts, until we reached the top, when we entered another similar defile, which led us winding about among the ledges and crags the remainder of the day. The way would frequently expand, however, into an amphitheatre, hemmed in, apparently, on all sides by precipitous heights, similar to those I have already described.

Many of the mountain heights are so crumbled away as to appear like huge heaps of stone and sand; others are like stone heaps thrown promiscuously together; and others still like sand-heaps—the mass having decomposed and flowed down upon the sides, giving it the appearance of a pile of sand; but a large proportion of them are still solid rock, the surface of which, is generally in a crumbling state.

Some of them lie in regular strata, the layers having every gradation of dip it is possible to conceive, some being horizontal and others vertical, or nearly so; and others still lying at every intermediate angle of inclination between the two extremes. A large portion of them, however, consist of unstratified crags, lifting up their jagged heads in wild confusion. These are granite.

Such is the country where "the wild men, whose hands are against every man, and every man's hand against them,"—the Bedouins, descendants of Ishmael,—roam in lordly but poor and ragged independence. We had seen but here and there one of them, as we came along; but here we found an encampment of them, with camels, asses, sheep, &c., among the ledges. They are perfectly civil, and even polite, in their way; and their deportment exhibits great independence of spirit, as though they felt themselves to be superior to all the rest of the world, poor and ragged as they are. They have regular features, dark, almost black, complexions, and a keen black eye.

*March 6th.* We have now been ten days in the desert; of the first eight I have given some account. For the last three we have been directing our course across the peninsula of Sinai, which lies between the two arms of the Red Sea, Mt. Sinai being about midway from the one to the other, and still a day's journey distant. I have spoken of the wild grandeur and rugged magnificence of the rocky heights which uprose all around us during our first day's progress after leaving the Red Sea. For the last two days, we have had the same narrow, winding pathway, walled in by the same rugged heights, characterized by an equal diversity of hues and grotesque forms, and yet so varied as to present some strange and startling novelty at every turn.

Last night we encamped at a place which has been denominated the Bedouin's paradise. The space between the ledges was not much wider than it had previously been, but there were springs of pure water, from which a stream issued, rippling down the vale for some distance before it disappeared in the sand; and for three or four miles the narrow, winding interval was covered with palm and tamarind trees, and a fruit tree the Arabs call Nebbeck or Nubbuck; while every few rods there were bunches or beds of a most beautiful flower, resembling, in form, the morning-glory, only its corolla is open on one side, growing upon an upright stalk. Its tints are very delicate and beautiful, as well as diversified, some of them being of a deep red, fading into purple, and bordered with bright yellow. It is very fragrant, as well as beautiful. I noticed some bunches of it blooming right on a steep ledge, where not even a crevice was visible to the eye, though doubtless there were some interstices into which its roots penetrated.

The rocks here rise higher, and present, if possible, a wilder and ruder aspect than any we had passed, lifting themselves up several hundred feet, almost perpendicularly, and terminating in numberless rugged peaks, between which a glimpse was had of what seemed a purple cloud, such as we sometimes see tinged with the rays of departing day. It was not a cloud, but a distant and still higher mountain range, bathed in the light of the morning sun. Had it been set all over with diamonds, it could not have presented a more beautiful appearance. To add to the enchantment of the scene, the birds were warbling their sweet notes upon the tree-tops. One voice gained all my attention; it seemed like that of the robin.

The fruit of the nubbuck was just getting ripe, and it is quite a curiosity. It is a stone fruit, about the size of the red cherry, but shaped exactly like the apple, except that the calyx is wanting. It is also striped with red, precisely like some varieties of the apple. Its taste is pleasant, except that there is a little pungency to it, in kind like that of the common chokeberry, though not in degree.

Well may this be denominated "the Bedouin's paradise." Nor less, certainly, was it a paradise to me. Opening suddenly upon me, after a nine-days' journey through an arid, parched desert, beneath a burning sun, it seemed the beauty-spot of earth. It is generally regarded as the Paran of the Israelites, mentioned in Numbers, and the "Mount Paran" of Habakkuk.

As may readily be supposed, this favored spot is peopled thick with Bedouins. They are quite accessible, and apparently friendly, although I should be reluctant to put much confidence in them.

Most of them live in tents, just as Abraham—from whom, through Ishmael, they are descended—did near four thousand years ago; and like him lead a pastoral life, migrating from place to place with their herds and flocks. And their domestic habits and customs are much the same. Their method of baking their bread, for instance, is precisely the same as that practiced by their great progenitor. My Bedouin shiek kneads his dough after we stop at night, flattens it to about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, rakes away the coals, lays it upon the bare, heated ground, draws the embers and coals back over it, and in a few minutes it is done, and comes out clean, nice and sweet. This is the way their bread is generally baked; and it is precisely the method, I apprehend, described by Abraham, when the three angels made him a visit, and "he hastened into the tent, unto Sarah, and said, Make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth." Living in a tent, they had no hearth but the ground; and how, if not in the above manner,



could they have baked cakes upon it? The Egyptian method of baking is somewhat similar. The cake prepared for Elijah by the angel, when he was commanded to go a forty-days' journey into the wilderness was "baked upon the coals."

We passed, to-day, a great many flocks of goats and sheep. The goats are generally of a glossy, jet black, though some of them have white heads and tails, giving them quite a curious appearance. I noticed some flocks of goats high up on the steep ledges, nibbling the scanty herbage. How so many flocks manage to live on such dwarfed, scattered and miserable herbage, is beyond my comprehension. The sheep and goats are generally in the same flock, and are ordinarily attended by a Bedouin female. We have also passed many camels and asses, old and young. The camels browse upon the thorny shrubs, which no other animal can eat.

These people manifest much social attachment. My sheik is here getting among his acquaintances and friends, and he recognizes every one he meets, and the interviews all go off with most joyful salutations, such as kissing, embracing, &c. I noticed, a day or two since, that he took from his budget a snow-white silk shawl, with a red border, and twisted it into a turban, and a red morocco ornamented belt, which he buckled around him. I could not think, at the time, what could have so suddenly induced him to metamorphose himself; but I soon perceived that he was getting among those to whom he wanted to show off his best—and now he has got on his striped silk gown. The translation of a worm into a butterfly does not produce a greater change than has thus been wrought in his whole appearance.

I might add, that the Bedouins are eminently patriarchal in government—the whole of this immense desert, embracing all Arabia, being divided into petty tribes, each of which has its shiek, to whom all under him yield implicit obedience,—there being no common head,—just as Abraham, and Lot, and Isaac, and Jacob governed their respective dependents. Secure from invasion, here they have roamed in proud independence for thousands of years; and so attached are they to their own native rocks, that they pride themselves as being favored of heaven over all the children of earth—looking down with contempt upon those who are doomed to get their living by the sweat of the brow; the toil of cultivating the earth being, in their estimation, the most degrading of employments—

## CHAPTER III.

I have at length, after a journey of eleven days through the desert, arrived at the spot which is, perhaps, more memorable in the annals of time, than any other upon the earth's surface—the spot upon which the Jew and the Mahommedan, no less than the christian, concentrate their devout regards—where the great Jehovah, wrapped in a cloud, “bowed the heavens and came down,” and, from the midst of the smoke “as from a furnace,” and the thunderings and lightnings, and earth-quakings, and “the sound of a trumpet,” peel upon peel, “exceeding loud,” proclaimed to all the inhabitants of earth his holy law, the trembling multitude below sending back their response, as one man, “*All that the Lord hath spoken we will do.*”

It is natural to suppose, that if God were about to make a visible manifestation of himself to man, he would select a locality, the natural aspect of which was such as to impress the mind with awe, that it might be in harmony with the occasion, and serve to enhance the sense of his awful majesty. And to this end, I know not where a fitter locality than this could have been selected.

Impressed as I have been with the display of wild grandeur which has presented itself on every hand, for the last few days, nothing I have before seen, at all comes up to this; and what made the impression more profound, I came upon it all of a sudden. My conductor had previously given me to understand that we should arrive at Sinai in the evening, but about noon, he suddenly turned from the valley down which we were passing, into a deep mountain gorge upon the left, and, after going about half a mile between the towering precipices, there rose up one in front of us, which completely blocked up the way, and brought us to a full stop—and here, said he, pointing to the lofty mountain rock on the right, here is Mount Sinai, and that on the left is Mount Horeb. I was awe-struck with the solemn grandeur of the scene.

Just here there is a Greek convent and church, with a narrow strip of garden, say half an acre, enclosed, filled with almond trees, in full blossom, orange trees laden with fruit, olive trees, apple, peach, and pear trees, grape vines, and here and there a cypress lifting up its green head over all, and in it are plats of grass, and some beds of vegetables—a perfect beauty spot upon the face of this rugged scene.

But, majestic and sublime as is the rocky scenery which here rises upon the vision, but little of Sinai, comparatively, presents itself to view from this point. The lofty cliff, which rises to the height of two thousand or more feet, upon the right, is a part of it, it is true, but it is only a stepping stone, as it were, to the towering heights

beyond, pointed out as the scene of the great event. It is said to be a mile and a half above the level of the sea, as measured by a German engineer, and about a mile in perpendicular height, above the spot where I am writing. To-day I have toiled up to its summit, where a scene was opened upon my view which no pen can describe. But I will first speak of the ascent. It is by steps winding here and there, not regular, but still steps, arranged in quite comfortable order, for the most part. Upon these I ascended, going up, up, up, until I arrived at the height of all that could be seen from below, when other equal heights uprose beyond, and the summit of these attained, there towered still another, apparently to an equal height, upon whose summit I at last planted my feet, after an ascent of an hour and a half, so that mountain is here literally piled upon mountain, and mountain upon mountain, and the topmost one is designated, by pretty general consent, as the one on which Jehovah appeared in his glory. Often, in ascending, we would come to a place where the ledge would seem to rise perpendicular before us, apparently defying all effort to surmount it, but as we advanced, the steps would wind around, in a zig-zag course, so as to overcome the whole difficulty. At frequent intervals, springs of water, clear as crystal, and cold almost as an icicle, gurgled up between the rocks, and often the water stood in basins of solid rock, from which I several times refreshed myself. I never drank sweeter, or colder spring water. And these springs were found near the summit of the highest peak, for while we were there a boy descended a little way from the top, and dipped a pail of as good water as one ever need to drink. In the whole ascent I calculated that there were from two to three miles of steps.

From the summit one of the wildest and grandest spectacles presented itself, which it is possible for the imagination to conceive. Far below, thicket after thicket of rugged mountain peaks, heaps upon heaps of partially decomposed mountain rock, and range after range of continuous and towering ledge, separated by an occasional interval, as barren almost as themselves, filled up the entire circle of vision, to the utmost limits of the horizon in every direction.

Such is the terrible sublimity of the scene which presents itself from the top of Gebel Musa (the Mount of Moses). Among the mountains of lesser magnitude, which rise beneath the eye, immediately around Gebel Musa, is Gebel Sussafre, and to this Prof. Robinson, contrary to the opinion of the most learned and observing travelers, has assigned the honor of having been the chosen Mount of God; and as the reason of this preference he mentions the want of sufficient space about Gebel Musa for such a multitude to stand. But if

he had examined the ground on the other side of it (which few travelers take the pains to visit), it seems to me that he would have seen that this objection was entirely obviated. I mentioned Prof. R.'s objection to the minister of the Greek church here, and he said that they might have stood on the spot I have referred to, and stood on the other side, and all around, both Gebel Musa and Gebel Sussafra, and still been in full view of the cloud and the smoke upon the top of Sinai.

The rock of which Sinai is composed, I should judge to be a hard sandstone, much of it with mica and quartz crystals enough intermixed to make it glow with dazzling brilliancy from the reflections of the sun's rays. Much of it is stratified, the layers being nearly vertical. Of course it cannot be granite, as some have alleged.

When ascending Gebel Musa, I was shown a cave, about half way up, in which Elijah is said to have hid himself, and over which a rude stone building has been erected, called "the Chapel of Elijah." There is little probability that that was the memorable spot, yet we have every reason to believe that it was in this immediate neighborhood, for we read in the 19th Chapter of the 1st Book of Kings, that after refreshing himself with the cake and cruse of water, which the angel provided for him, when fleeing from the wrath of Jehovah, "he arose and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights, unto Horeb, the Mount of God," and, that "he came thither unto a cave, and lodged there." It would certainly have been very pleasant to believe that *that* was the precise spot where the Lord passed before him in the whirlwind, in the earthquake, and in the fire, and was neither in the one nor the other, though the mountain rocks were cloven asunder, but in the still small voice that followed, at the sound of which the man of God wrapped his face in a mantle, recognizing it as the voice of Jehovah.

In the church attached to the convent, they have a small chapel, which they denominate the chapel of "the burning bush," where candles are kept always burning, on what is represented to be the precise spot where God called to Moses out of the midst of a flame of fire which burned the bush, and yet consumed it not, and commanded him to take the shoes from off his feet. Just as we arrived at the door of the chapel, the priest took off his shoes, and requested me to do the same, when he conducted me into the holy place where lamps are kept continually burning. Here, again, although we are expressly told that this solemn transaction took place at the Mount of God, even Horeb, I could not persuade myself into the belief that this was the exact spot, but I could not help feeling an awe upon

my spirit, in view of the fact, that, in all probability, it was not far distant. I confess that the good influences which were thus at work upon me were greatly weakened, and well nigh destroyed, when he took me around upon the outside of the chapel, and showed me the bush itself, which, he said, had been transplanted from the spot, in the chapel, where the lights were burning. It is a species of briar, and is but a few inches high, but he assured me that there was a large root in the ground, and that its vitality had been preserved.

The church was built by Justinian, when the convent was established, more than thirteen hundred years ago, and is still in a good state of preservation, the inside being furnished in good taste, and with considerable elegance. It is profusely ornamented with pictures. I observed one of the inmates of the convent, passing from one to the other, as they hang, side by side, around the wall, kissing each one as he went along, and performing various acts of reverence.

Another object of great interest is pointed out here, viz.: "the rock in Horeb," which Moses smote with a rod, upon which the waters gushed forth. And, in this case, too, I found it difficult to bring myself under the full effect of a realizing belief.

Every morning, before light, the bell rang for prayers, which were said in Greek. I found but three or four in attendance besides the officiating priest. So charged with incense was the chapel, as almost to stifle one with its cloud of perfume, which penetrated the olfactories with most ravishing sensations. It seemed as though all the odors of this land of spices had been commingled. Frankincense is indigenous in Arabia. The perfume was imparted by sprinkling.

Since I have been at Sinai the weather has suddenly turned cold, and an inch or two of snow has fallen, the first I have seen since leaving America—quite a refreshing sight.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

After a sojourn of four days at Mount Sinai, during which I was accommodated with comfortable lodgings in the convent, at its base, I took my departure for Akaba, our next stopping place, five days distant, and located at the head of the eastern arm of the Red Sea.

For the greater part of the first day, the summit of Mount Sinai was in full view, towering high above all the surrounding mountains, with the exception of one, its twin brother, Mount St. Katharine, which is said to be something higher, although it looks to be of about the same height. Between us and them were several ranges, rising

one above another, Sinai looking down upon them all. Beyond their lofty peaks nothing was to be seen but the clear blue sky, and as they glittered in the bright beams of the descending sun, they seemed like fleecy, half transparent clouds, floating in the horizon. Often did I turn to gaze upon their magic forms, until we entered a mountain gorge, which hid them from our view, Sinai seemed radiant with a halo of glory. That parting view was worth all that I had before seen.

Comfortable as my lodgings were in the convent, they were no more so than I find in my own tent. On the whole, life in the desert, thus far, has been very pleasant, and very comfortable. I read the greater part of the day as I go rocking along upon my camel, with nearly as little annoyance as though I were sitting in a parlor. As a guide to objects of interest upon this tour, I have been reading the historical books of the Old Testament, and have read them all through upon my camel, and commenced the Evangelists. Suffice it to say, that I have never read them with so much interest before, so entirely do the descriptions and allusions they contain, harmonize with objects which are constantly falling under my observation.

Having thus passed away the day, I am generally more or less fatigued at night—especially if the day be hot. The first thing then is, after having my tent pitched, to refresh myself with a good cup of coffee, and this puts me in tune for writing, which occupies my attention till bed time. At peep of day, I call up my cook, refresh myself with another cup of coffee, and resume my scribbling. And sure I am, that I never enjoyed a good cup of coffee better, any where, or had a better relish for food, or slept more sweetly, or passed away the time more pleasantly, than I do in my tent, upon this lonely desert.

But how do you manage to get up a fire for cooking—do you ask? Easily enough. We have the best of wood, and plenty of it—never at a loss. The dwarfed shrubs, that grow here and there, have considerable body to them, including the root, and many of them are dead and dry, and burn readily. They are easily jerked out.

I am amazed to find so much variety, and so many novelties constantly developing themselves in this desert, where I expected to find a wearisome, everlasting monotony. Since leaving Mount Sinai, the scenery has undergone an entire change of feature. It is composed of mountain rock and mountain gorges, as before, but with an entire change of aspect. Instead of the precipitous mountain ledges, surmounted by jagged peaks, we had yesterday smooth, conical mountains of rock, rising one above another, like immense hills, on either side of the winding defile. Some of them looked like mountains of solid iron, some like bronze, some like copper, and some like slate.

But, whatever be the color of the rocks, they are generally silecium, though not exclusively so.

To-day there has been two or three changes in the general features of this wonderful country. For a while this morning, it continued as it was yesterday, then commenced a succession of immense stone heaps, as though millions of men had been employed to pile them up, mountain high, out of the way, and sometimes there were ranges of them extending a long distance. There were also many heights, so far decomposed, that the surface exhibited little but running sand.

About noon another marked change was observable. Instead of the iron, bronze, copper, and slate colored rocks, we now had a light and soft sandstone, lying in horizontal layers, rising into ledges, like walls, and running in broken ranges here and there, sometimes one way, and sometimes another. The intervales, too, would now frequently expand into a plain, bounded by those walls, surmounted here and there with what seemed an immense circular watch-tower, with a dome, there being a regular groove between each layer as they rose. At a little distance they had quite the appearance of works of art. In one instance, there was quite a cluster of them, and they had quite a citified appearance. The intervale began now to be covered with white and drifting sands, and in some places so deep as to make the traveling very hard for the camels. The plains were not only bounded by these ledges, but immense masses of rock rose up here and there upon them, and, in one instance, a pyramid of solid rock, with steps, which I gazed upon with admiration, and which I was about to pronounce equal to the great pyramid of Gizeh, after having seen three sides of it only, but the fourth side spoiled it all.

Just before night, another change occurred. The rock was still a soft kind of sandstone, but no longer exhibited horizontal layers. It presented a smooth and almost polished surface, but perforated throughout, the outside exhibiting a mere shell, full of holes, often appearing like a portico, and one story rising above another. What could have given it such a structure, I know not, unless the rock was originally composed of intermingled veins of softer and harder stone, alternating with each other, and the softer decomposed and ran out.

I observed one rock, twenty or thirty feet long, precisely in the form of a large turtle, the upper and under shells being perfect, not only as to form, but color. The head, too, was there. It was an exact likeness on the side upon which I passed. I did not go on the other side, lest it should be spoiled as the pyramid was.

## JOURNAL LEAVES OF EUROPEAN RAMBLE.

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

## CHAPTER V.

The effect of these exercises upon the passengers was good, solemnizing their minds, apparently, during the rest of the day, and restraining them from boisterous merriment, and possibly from games which might otherwise have been indulged in—for games we have had every night since we sailed, and gambling also. It is strange, too, that these gamblers occasionally fancy themselves quite moral in the restraints they impose upon themselves while practicing this most degrading vice. On last (Saturday) night one of the old gnarled codgers of the cabin, with a *braid Scottish tongue*, an expert player, had won some twenty sovereigns during the evening, and seemed fairly entered upon the excitement incident to the game, when he found it growing late. He had just finished a hand, when, pulling out his watch, he remarked: "*It lacks but fifteen minutes of the Sabbath, and I never play on that day,*"—so, pocketing his winnings, he bade his companions "good night," and virtuously trudged off to bed. The moral distinction thus made by the Scotchman, between violating the sacred hours of the Sabbath, and pocketing his neighbor's money, without rendering him an equivalent, during the three or four preceding hours, was wholly beyond my comprehension. Wretched and depraved is the mind, or soon must become so, that consents to take his friend's property, simply because a red or a black card chanced to turn up first to his hand, and under the rules of the game conferred upon him this right. Yet in almost every land, among almost every people, and down through all classes and ranks, is this accursed vice of self-legalized robbery practiced. It is as old as the Egyptians, and universal as the avariciousness of the human heart.

On Saturday evening a notice appeared on the cabin door, announcing the forthcoming number of a newspaper, to be issued on the following Monday at two o'clock, and soliciting contributions to its columns. Hearing a general chat among the passengers, and many expressing an intention to patronize the undertaking, I concluded not to be found remiss, and accordingly handed in to the purser my contribution with



the rest. As all personalities of every sort were expressly prohibited I ventured only on a little National personality, so to speak, our passengers being largely composed of English, French, and Americans. The verses are reproduced here, not for any fancied merit, but simply because they are found in the Journal, a faithful transcript of which these "leaves" purport to be. Our French and English friends were disappointed and out of temper over the news from Sebastopol, and the verses were designed to encourage them somewhat in their despondency. The name given them was,

### A STEAMER LYRIC.

BY A SON OF COLUMBIA.

#### I.

When from her deck our gallant ship  
Had cast her harbor chain,  
The sailors let the war-dogs slip,  
And loud they roared again.

#### II.

Upon the wharf were tearful eyes,  
That watched us down the bay,  
And from our deck responsive sighs  
Returning sought the quay;—  
And from a hundred lips were heard,  
*God speed you on your way!*"

#### III.

White kerchiefs waved full long and high,  
And high the hats arose,  
To snatch sweet blessings from the sky  
For each sad heart's repose.

#### IV.

Joy overspread New England's land,  
And roared far down the bay,  
And flags were streaming on the strand,  
In Glory's glad array:

#### V.

It was the Nation's day of birth,  
Her joyous Jubilee,  
When high, in face of all the earth,  
Her flag rose o'er the *Fres*:

#### VI.

What tho' old England's ministry  
Opposed them in the fight,  
The Britons all, on land and sea,—  
The *Britons* thought them right.

## VII.

And Burke, with mighty voice and pen,  
Loud thundered o'er the wave;  
He cheered the "rebel" spirits then,  
And made their hearts more brave.

## VIII.

Then why should fair Columbia's sons  
With Britons be at war?  
They always had the Briton's love,  
Tho' Bute\* bestowed the scar.

## IX.

And now when round Sebastopol  
Her gallant soldiers sleep,  
Columbia's heart shall mourn their fall,  
Her eyes shall o'er them weep.

## X.

With Britons riding at our side,  
We'll wait the battle call,  
That soon we hope may cheer their pride  
And sink Sebastopol!

## XI.

Then *Vive la reine!* we cry anew,  
Loud as our Asia's guns,  
Victoria is our mother too,—  
Are we not England's sons?

## XII.

And *Vive la France! La plus belle France!*  
Her gallant ally now,  
Land of the grape, the song, the dance:  
That's glory on her brow!

## XIII.

Well has she stormed that rugged hill,  
Still climbing high, and higher,  
And prove that her old soldiers still  
Fear not a hostile fire.

## XIV.

To her gay sons that here are met,  
We give warm words of cheer,  
And in the name of *Lafayette*,  
We speed her flag and spear.

## XV.

Then, as old Britain's glorious flag  
Blends with the flag of France,  
And from that distant hostile crag  
War's lightnings still shall glance.

## XVI.

We'll bless their banners as they float  
O'er hostile plain or sea.  
And pray our God that soon their folds  
May blaze with victory.

\*George III, Minister of State.

## XVII.

Then here's to all our Nations three,  
Columbia, Britain, France,  
United, all the world must flee  
Before their angry glance.

## XVIII.

And may these mighty banners three—  
The mightiest of the earth—  
Long dwell in sweet "fraternitie,"  
Where glory has her birth;  
And oh! may we forever see  
*Each flag unstained on land and sea!*

## CHAPTER VII.

*July 9th, 1855.*—During the night, or rather about four o'clock this (Monday) morning, the ship's thermometer suddenly fell from 52 to 44°, and presently a frigid looking craft, in the form of an iceberg, was discovered a few miles from our vessel, the fog having been dispelled by the near approach of her icy breath. It was described to me by the officer, who was on deck at the time, as quite long and high, and apparently stationary, though doubtless floating southward with the slow currents of the ocean. The steamer had travelled quite slowly through the night, for fear of encountering some such ugly visitor, manned (as an Hibernian might say) with polar bears, and commanded by one or more grave and venerable looking old seals. We are now, however, out of the current in which they travel, and our captain says we shall see no more of them, which, strange to say, instead of being a matter of universal congratulation, is, with certain curious passengers, who were disappointed in not seeing this floating terror from the land of ice and snow, quite a source of regret. Thus ignorant and wilful is man; instead of being grateful for dangers escaped, he covets their continuance, merely that his curiosity may be for a moment gratified.

This morning, as I lay in the smoking saloon, or "monkey" as it is styled among the passengers, one of the firemen thrust up his head blackened with coal dust, and hung by his arms on the iron frames over the scene of his subterranean labors, inhaling, with evident zest, the pure air of our upper regions. He looked like a good natured fellow, and I asked the privilege of going below. It was granted, and down I went into the deep dark hole, and stood directly over our keel, in front of the roaring fires, three on either side, and in an atmosphere apparently designed for speedy suffocation. I had been

down a day or two before amid the engines, and that seemed low enough at the time, but this was a still lower deep, and a fearful place in which to cross the tumbling ocean. "How much coal do you burn down here?" I asked of a Titanic chap who was opening and closing the great furnace doors, and feeding these voracious fires. "Five tons a watch, sir," was the reply. "How do you endure this overpowering heat?" "Sweat like oxen, and drink all the porter we want." I then passed between the two great boilers, along a dark and narrow passage way, scarcely wide enough to admit a full sized Englishman, and came out at the two boilers on the other side, and in the vicinity of the engine, which thundered away on all sides of me with most terrific power. So great was the scale on which these forces were generated and put into active operation, that they appeared more like the products of Nature than of man's devising. But here was the great secret solved and splendidly illustrated—the secret which had lain hid so long from the philosopher, but which the magic hand of Fulton at last evoked and commanded into subservient action.

After dinner, the newspaper was publicly read, and many good and lively things were produced. The poem received all and more favor than it merited, except from J——, who was a fierce Russia man, and an earnest hater of the English. The tone and spirit of it was wholly contrary to what he wished enacted before Sebastopol, and the lyric therefore found no favor in his eyes. In the evening the fog was still so heavy that no one could comfortably be on deck, and consequently the passengers all crowded into the cabin. W—— and myself spent a couple of hours over the chess board. The pieces are all furnished with a peg or stick in the bottom, which is inserted in a corresponding hole in the board, and so they are kept in their places through the roughest weather.

Cards appeared on almost all the tables, and excepting one where some rhyming games were practiced, all presented scenes of chance amusement, upon which money depended, and among the gamblers were the French ladies, vivacious and cheerful, keen and graceful, but ready to "rake down their pile" with the rest.

*July 10th.*—At last we are permitted to see old Ocean in his grandeur. With last night's darkness the fog disappeared, and this morning his countenance is unveiled and his glory revealed. On reaching the deck and taking my first view over his broad domain, I was struck with the singular beauty of that line in Sophocles, where Antigone, I believe it is, speaks of

"The thousand billows that climb the dawn."

Far in advance of us the billows seemed literally to climb toward the sky and wash its bright blue face, while in our rear they sloped upward toward the horizon, in the same manner. The Ocean itself was splendid in its gay rejoicings over the departed fog, and seemed to clap its very hands with gladness. The great waves that swelled in our rear, now crowning themselves with silver, and anon showing the deep green and blue of Niagara's loveliness, seemed determined to overtake us and roll themselves upon our deck. As our boat descended into the watery valley, we seemed to be on a level with the boiling surge, but before it could sweep up to us we were again high-mounted, and could drop our laugh on the disappointed billows below. Every sail is set; the engine's iron arms are all busy, and on rides our noble ship, rolling from side to side and plunging over and down the waves, as the wind and waters drive her. One moment she will be so low on the larboard that the wheel on the starboard side paddles in the air, and the next it is plunged to its axle in the sea. Although apparently sailing fast and free, we do not make the speed we had hoped for; the log just now cast gives us but twelve and a half miles an hour, when this morning we were making fourteen.

I wonder not that the sailor rejoices in the ocean, for never have I beheld anything so exhilarating, so wildly exciting, as this stormy presence of the sea. Each wave, as it rolls foaming on its way, seems winged with gladness, and woos you with smiles to a seat upon its breast. A mysterious and multitudinous power, so to speak, seems busy on all sides of you, stirring the great waters to their lowest depths. The voice, too, of the old monarch is harmonious and grand, breathing forth strains of triumph and of praise. Reader, you may have looked upon him from the beach, as he tumbled his peaceful wave to the shore, or rode upon his waters through the stormy Sound, but to see him as he is, and hear his heaven-born symphony, accompanied with the roaring winds, you must put yourself upon his heaving breast, midway between the two continents, see him lift his silvered crest and hear him chant his morning song. It is a song of liberty, untrammelled by human law, and made truly harmonious by its sweet concord with the laws of God.

How I wondered, as I saw the sad-hearted Cubans and the expatriated Frenchmen among our passengers, looking out upon this freedom broad cast over the ocean, if they did not long to hear that song ascending from the multitude of voices that now mourn upon their native land, giving free expression to the noble aspirations of free and freedom-loving hearts. No one can bathe his spirit in the strength of these stormy waves, without feeling his heart made stronger in its

devotion to Freedom and the duties she imposes. No one can accept the teachings of the ever-murmuring sea without finding his heart lifted yet higher and nearer to Him who sitteth King upon the floods, and who turneth the hearts of men as the rivers of waters are turned.

But lo! what are these upon the surge? A fleet of sea-monsters are in hot pursuit of us. They ride high upon the highest wave, leap from its crest, and glare upon us with their inexpressive eyes. What are they, and what do they seek? Why do they chase us in this hour of the coming storm?—for storm we shall have says the captain, and for three long days, unless the wind goes down with the sun. Are they harbingers of ill, and do they hope to feed upon our flesh, or are they mere attendants upon our stately ship, rendering sea-homage to her as she sweeps away from their pursuit, though swift as the pursuing waves. A passenger, on first seeing their shining bodies, called them "young whales," another "dolphins," another "seals;" but, says an old sea captain, laughing at the wisdom of his fellow passengers, "they are only porpoises, who follow us for the garbage that falls from the guards." Then let them follow on, and delight themselves with their chase. The passengers shout at them, but they are not alarmed; others cast newspapers on to their path, but they tarry not for their perusal, their noses are thrust against the floating object, and on they go. Some throw bread overboard, and others say they saw it seized and swallowed. See! as our vessel sinks into the trough of the sea, a score of them are on the top of the wave, and with impertinent eyes look down upon our very deck, and seem to possess themselves of our secrets. Anon they are engulfed and disappear.

But how the sea rages! How the winds blow! How the poor steamer storms along her mountain path! In port she was a monster, now she is a mere cockle shell. Worse and worse swells the gale, higher and still higher come the waves; they break over the bow, they dash themselves over the bulwarks, they climb the very pipe of the steamer! If this is but the beginning of the storm, pray what is to be its conclusion? How rough, too, is the motion of the boat! No position is comfortable; no part of the boat is quiet; there is no retreat from the dawning distress. The wind, instead of lulling with the setting sun, only pipes the louder. The sailors are running all over the vessel, closing down the dead lights, and preparing for rough weather. The courage of the passengers begins to falter, at length to fail, and soon, with countenances ghastly as criminals doomed to death, down they sink into the miseries of a close and prison-like state room, overcome by some magic power which works against their will and conquers them to submission.

Among the vanquished multitude is myself. I had struggled to the utmost verge of resistance, clinging to the deck and open air until the ship seemed one moment to navigate the waves, then the clouds, then the sea again. My head was swimming; my feet were staggering, I knew not where, so sinking at last upon some friendly arm, I bade "good night" to Ocean, and flung myself upon the lounge of my state-room, a wretched victim to those stern requirements that Neptune exacts from all those who seek for the first time to look into the secret places of his dominion. While I was on the deck and beheld the sea in its stormy glory, I almost expected to see this old monarch of the floods sweep forth from his cave, and in his dolphin-dragged car ride forth majestically into our presence. But although he did not thus show himself, he made us feel ourselves the subjects of his power, and we bowed beneath the scepter of his sway. The abject misery of the three days during which I lay at his feet, need not here be recorded; suffice it to say my sensations were very much like those of a man who has been sent to sea in rough weather sealed up in a barrel, and tumbled about at the pleasure of the waves. Nothing in my apartments remained in any one position for more than a second at a time. Every thing on the sides of the room partook of a pendulous motion, and had to be stripped from its place; while the dashing of waters overhead, the harsh beating of the waves outside, and the creaking and groaning of the vessel, as she labored along through the sea, added to the cries of sick passengers, exceeded in confusion and distress anything ever heard before. The vessel's creaking was *immense* in its expression;—all the gig and harness shops of Boston, condensed into one, and the shaft of Bunker Hill on top applied, with a variable and undulating pressure, could not begin to equal it.

But the days of my probation were ended, and ere long I was assisted to the upper deck, where I spent one entire day prone upon a buffalo robe. The sea was growing gradually tranquil, but the marks of its turbulent frolic were all over the ship; even the steamer's great pipe had changed its color half way up from red to white, and the vessel looked as if she had been travelling under the sea instead of over it for the three preceeding days. The night slowly rolled itself away, and with pleasure I hailed the retreat of her hours, as they fell from the ship's bell over my head; and now, on this our tenth day out, we were drawing near to our first sight of land, the beautiful shores of Ireland.

## TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY GILBERT HATHAWAY, ESQ., OF LAPORTE, IND.

PALESTINE, TEXAS.

DEAR K—:

You will readily perceive from the above, that I have progressed some distance from where my last communication was addressed; in which I have had the varied fortune incident to traveling in this new country, much of which I will now attempt to give you in detail.

If I remember correctly; my last letter was brought to a close by giving you some account of mine host at Sherman. During my stay at his house, of two days duration, I experienced a visitation from a "Norther," of which I had received most fearful accounts before visiting the state, leading me to dread an exposure to its freezing effect, and in fact, this feeling was not much modified by what I had heard since my arrival. You must know, that the weather here during the winter months, is generally mild and very agreeable; not so warm as to make it necessary to change one's woolen coat for linen; nor so cold as to require an overcoat of any description; but of that delightful temperature when one feels neither too hot or too cool, but in that sort of blissful state, when he would not change a degree, even if he had the power to do so, being perfectly satisfied as it is—when suddenly, *tout un coup*, while in perfect enjoyment of this tranquil and agreeable degree of warmth; while all is hushed in the sweet stillness of quiet repose; when there is not a ripple on the sea; so still that the oblique rays of declining day sink, without shadow, into its motionless bosom, and when not a leaf rattles in the grove, with the sun's light as mildly serene, as in the bright mornings of June, with atmosphere as bland as imagination can picture to a fancy alive with enjoyment; when the delicate wild flower first throws out its tinny petals for the dewy kiss, amid the green spires of neighboring grapes: then, in the twinkling of an eye, as it is were, the whole scene is changed: The north wind rushes from its mysterious chambers, as if impelled by some demon in the rear, hastening forward to entrap its prey; angry clouds skirt the horizon and fly before the gale. You hasten to put on your overcoat, and order a fire made on the hearth. You shiver with cold for the wind is sharp and piercing in its touch.



Your house is open. When the wind did not blow, it was not necessary to have your rooms plastered, and now the cold is so great, that it can not be done. You have also neglected to have the crevices filled up; then, go where you may, this piping wind will find your retreat. The fire blazes high, yet the cold chills run down your back, for the Frost King has made his appearance, and is encircling you in his arms, and nipping at your shoulders.

The wild bird which sported so gaily in the ambient air, or sailed on the silvery surface of the water, is now seen tossed to and fro, sweeping headlong before the blast. The numerous herds of cattle, so recently feeding on the tender herbage, or lazily ruminating the "cud of their contentment," beneath the shade-giving branches of the oak, now rush stark mad, with the wildness of fury, to seek shelter from the storm in the bottom-lands, some miles distant; for Boreas, in his rage is pursuing them, and with hail and sleet dashes against their unprotected sides. Fiercer and more fierce he comes rushing on — deeper and more shrill are the notes of his voice; it is the wild anthem sung by maddened Nature, whose organs stretch from the mountains to the sea, and the tones of which reach to the clouds; all things bend before him, for there is no withstanding the terribleness of his mighty power.

The grass is stiffened by his touch, and the budding flower shrinks from his chilling embrace. The small branches of the trees are encased with cemented particles of his breath; a sombre shade, as a pall, is cast over the face of the scene of his visitation, and you wish — tremblingly wish — for his departure. Your prayer is granted! He tarries not long; he has swept by; his fury is broken, and all again is calmness and repose. The jeweled particles with which he bedecked the trees and herbage, have loosened their hold, and dropped to earth. The little flower again rears its head and opens its arms to the sun's welcome ray. Birds are heard singing amid the branches, and the affrighted cattle return from their shelter in the woods, to nip the tender blade which comes spontaneously forth for their entertainment.

These storms of wind generally continue from one to three days, and occur at intervals from ten to fifteen days, during the months of December and January. Sometimes they are very dry, which many persons deem the most severe; at other times they are accompanied with hail or sleet, and sometimes a little snow. This is a Texas winter. There are generally from four to six of these northers in the course of the season. At other times the weather is remarkably pleasant. In the coldest weather the thermometer does not sink much below the freezing point. But from the suddenness of their appearance, and

consequent transition from heat to cold, they produce a very chilling effect, and woe to the hapless traveler, who, in crossing a large prairie, happens to be overtaken by one of these blasts, if he has not his overcoat or indispensable blanket. He will be chilled through, and in most cases pay for his carelessness by a fit of pneumonia, which, under the present state of medical science in most districts, will, in a large percentage of cases, terminate fatally.

A dry norther blew the day I reached Sherman, but as my road lay in a southerly direction, it gave me but little inconvenience. The next day it reached its height, but that being Sunday I was not exposed to it, only as I felt its penetrating influence through the numerous crevices of an open house. On Monday I drove thirty miles across an open prairie country, but experienced it only in a moderate way, as by this time its fury had abated. The next storm of the kind, about ten days later, I had full opportunity of testing. I was crossing a prairie. It was said to be the coldest storm of the season: the mercury stood at 25° Fahrenheit, but the weather seemed to be much colder than that degree indicated, yet I found little or no inconvenience in traveling, and therefore concluded that much more was said about their severity than truth really warrants. But this sentiment may be owing to the fact that I have not been in the south much. When I have been here longer, perhaps my system will be in a state to appreciate them more fully.

As is my custom in setting out from a place in the morning, I "take the road" for the day from the landlord, or some person who pretends to understand the route I wish to take. So the morning I bid farewell to the Sherman Hotel, the keeper thereof informed me that I would take the second right hand road, "then," said he, "you will pass the bottom; as you ascend the bank, you will take to the right again, and keeping the main traveled road, you will reach Dallas." As I ascended from the bottom, I discovered a road "taking off" to the right; this, of course, is the road I am to pursue — and so I did pursue it, when, in a short distance, I observed a second "right hand" road, which, to all appearances, was the "main traveled road;" but from certain indications, not easy to define, I hesitated about taking it. Its direction, as seen crossing the hills in the distance, did not seem to indicate the direction I should go, according to my pre-conceived notions. I hesitated for some time as to what I should do—halting between two opinions, one based on my own judgment, the other on the directions I had received, which were positive and readily understood, and being so plain, I decided, against my better judgment, and went to the "right." But in this case, as in all others, when I now transgressed that dicta-

tion I erred ; which error cost me several unnecessary miles of travel and consequent delay.

I have oft times been amused at the instruction received from persons on my route, when inquiring my way. "Yon will take down by that fence yonder, you see there," says an old man to me one day, "till you reach yon corner of the field. You will not turn there, but keep right on. You had better take this way on account of the creek. When you reach the point of timber, keep it to the left, and not take the right turn in the road, that will take you to Smith's saw mill, and I reckon you do not wish to go to the saw mill. You have a buggy, and you had better not go by Mercer's, for the crossing is not good there. I think you had best go by Ned Jones', and when you get there you had better call on Ned, or his wife, if he is not at home, and get the road from her." Poor man ! He supposed I knew where Mercer lived, and which road led to the mill, and that I could go to Ned Jones' just as well as he could ; telling me much that I should not do, and nothing that I should do, to find my way. I left him, with a very confused notion of the road. I drove on, trusting to my own judgment to find the house of Ned, where he thought I had better call. When I had driven five miles, I came to a house, and to my inquiry of the woman at the door, "Is this the direct road to Mr. A——'s plantation?" I received the following laconic reply : "Ye-es sir. About a quarter. Take to the right. You'll see his house in five miles." This was intelligible and to the point. I drove on with much confidence, but I never learned whether I was indebted to Mrs. Jones for the intelligence.

The country from Sherman to Dallas is of similar character to that I have been traveling for several days — rich and very productive prairie, interspersed with streams of water, skirted with timber. The first day's drive brought me to the town of M'Kinney, the seat of justice of Collin county. This place boasts of two public houses, but if the one at which I did not stop, is not better than the one I was at, I most sincerely pity all persons who are compelled to put up at either.

It was cold that night. I was chilled by my ride, and found it utterly impossible to better my condition in regard to warmth, by the approaching of a fire where three sticks of green wood lay smouldering. The house was crowded with persons who had something to do with a horse race, which was soon to come off in the neighborhood, who entertained each other by recounting their exploits at the gaming table, and their encounters in the deadly fight, interlarded the while

with the most horrid oaths possible for man to utter, and occasionally enlivened with a vulgar tale.

I was compelled to listen to all this, for there was but one room in the house, save the dining room, and one or two miserably dirty bed rooms. I spent a doleful night, and bid farewell to the town in the morning, and the gambling inhabitants thereof, with a hearty good will, greatly rejoiced that I had met with no mishap during my stay. The situation of the place is pleasant, and being the center of a large and rich country, will at some day become, I doubt not, an orderly town. After the gamblers have lessened their numbers by the usual means, the revolver and bowie-knife, the remainder will seek quarters in some places more remote, where their arts can be practiced with less molestation. This result will probably be more speedily brought about, than persons not acquainted with the killing propensities of this class of people, would at first imagine. The news arrived in town this night that a chum of one of the leaders there, had two days before been killed in a brawl. And even there a fight occurred, in which their weapons were freely used, by two men in an encounter, which ensued from a quarrel at the gaming table. But when I left neither of the parties were dead.

These desperate characters congregate in frontier towns and hamlets to practice their nefarious arts, but are dispersed by the coming of a better class of people, those who settle on the lands for the purpose of cultivation. In the progress of the settlement of a new country, as soon as the Methodist preacher, on his itinerant mission, makes his appearance, and school houses find a lodgement in the village, this class of desperadoes take their departure for more congenial quarters, on the frontier beyond. And thus it has been from the earliest settlements of the country—from the north to the south, from the east to the west. First comes the trapper and hunter; next the hardy pioneer settler, who erects his cabin on the banks of some stream, and cultivates its rich soil, amid the loneliness of surrounding nature; then comes the renegade from civilized life, to practice his arts on the unsuspecting; soon the man of God, of the persuasion above mentioned, makes his advent, with broad-brim hat and sanctimonious look, on his sleek, well fed horse, having a care for the wanderers in a new land. Then the teacher—when soon thereafter all the concomitants of civilization are ushered in.

The town of Dallas is situated in a large grove of oak, on the east side of Trinity river. The site is high, dry and sandy, with high bank on the river; while, on the opposite side, is an extensive bottom, covered with a rich growth of vegetation, subject to overflows in rainy seasons. This place is said to be unhealthy. From its position, and

the number of persons I saw "shaking," the truthfulness of the remark I am not inclined to dispute, in fact it is difficult to conceive how it could be otherwise. The malaria arising from the decay of vegetation on the low land, settles on the town, producing disease among its inhabitants.

The country near is very fertile, and beautifully situated, producing corn, oats, wheat, and other products, in great abundance. It is not an unusual yield to harvest from thirty to thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre, weighing seventy-three pounds per bushel. All these products find a ready market at home, and must continue to do so as long as emigration is as it now is. Owing to the remoteness from market, cotton is raised only in limited quantities, but there is much land that is well adapted to its growth, and when the time arrives affording transportation facilities, I presume that branch will be carried on to profit.

This place is a kind of out-fitting post for the emigrants who settle the new lands beyond, consequently it has become a fine place for selling goods and merchandise of all descriptions. The merchants are doing a good business, and, what can not be said of any other town in the state, they receive on their sales about one-third cash. The emigrants, who are their best customers, are usually quite well supplied with money, and not having been long enough in the country to establish a credit, are necessitated to use it freely in their purchases.

In all cotton regions a system of credit prevails, which does not obtain where the people are dependent on any of the other great staples. There is but one day in the year when it is presumed that a planter—and consequently no one else—has money; that is the first day of January. At that time a settlement is presumed to take place, and running accounts of the year previous, whether put into notes or not, bear interest. By common consent, this is made the pay day, and credit runs on all purchases to that period. A merchant does not expect his pay, for an article sold in January, till the first day of that month the year following; but he also expects his pay on the same day for all articles sold in December immediately preceding, and so of all intermediate periods.

This system of credit works disastrously, in very many instances, to both seller and buyer—the one not being able to realize on his sales only at the beginning of the year, is subject to many annoyances in making and remitting his liabilities, which often proves detrimental; while the buyer, having a long credit with his merchant, is many, many times induced to make his bills much larger than he otherwise would, or, in fact, his necessities require. Trusting to his year's crop

to meet all demands, he is sure to fall short of that object when the season is unpropitious and this resource fails; the consequence is, he is compelled to have his account carried over to another year, when, should there be a succession of failures in his crops, in most instances bankruptcy ensues, bringing with it the usually attendant disasters. For the cotton planter has no resources when this calamity befalls him. His whole aim is to "make cotton." He makes cotton to enable him to buy negroes, and buys negroes to make cotton! This seems to be the sole idea of his existence; he acts upon no other. The real cotton planter does not raise the corn necessary for his own consumption, preferring to buy what he needs from some person at a distance, and incur all the risk and cost of transportation. His "meat," too, on which his "hands" are fed, by which his cotton is made, is grown in a free state, more than fifteen hundred miles distant.

It seems as though he never would learn that there may be a good crop of corn raised, when the cotton may fail, or that he can raise about the same amount of cotton, with the same hands, and all the corn and meet his plantation requires, without additional cost. He learns no wisdom by experience. He pursues the same course pursued by his father before him. He makes use of the old fashioned heavy wooden plow and ponderous hoe, that was in vogue before Whitney invented the gin. Although he has fine native grass growing in great abundance on his own plantation, and which, if properly cured, at the right season, would make most excellent hay, yet he suffers it to go to waste, preferring to buy hay grown near Boston, brought to the coast in ships, and hauled to his door, one hundred and fifty miles from a seaboard, on which he feeds his working oxen and mules during the winter. As before remarked, he has but one idea, and that is a cotton one. This is no overwrought picture. I have seen, on former trips to the country, again and again, the long ox teams returning from the coast, after having taken down cotton, loaded with bundles of hay, raised and packed in Massachusetts; and corn and bacon, and even butter, from Ohio and Indiana; and sometimes it is brought as high up the country as Dallas, being more than three hundred miles from Galveston.

It will be readily seen from the above, that those years when the crop is short, or price of cotton low, or when it cannot be gotten to market at an early day in the season, the numerous accounts must go unpaid till the next year, and then take their chances of the crop. Hence large dealers in the north find trade with the cotton regions so exceedingly precarious, the country dealer cannot pay his merchant, unless he realizes on his sales to the planter; hence the many mercantile disasters, both here and elsewhere—a legitimate result of such a system

of doing business, the credit system. And so long as this method prevails, there will be frequently recurring periods when great stringency will be experienced in all monetary matters, leading to embarrassment and bankruptcy. Why not return to the cash principle? When a farmer needs an article let him pay for it. If he has not sufficient money, let him do without the article until he gets it.

"Pay as you go," is one of the safest mottos ever acted on, and if more persons would adopt it, far less distress and poverty would be experienced among men. This principle, if strictly carried out, will bring a man safely through. What property he at any time had, would be his own. He would rest with a contented mind. Have no false hopes raised of riches, and ease, and grandeur, only to experience the bitter draught of disappointment. A merchant, under such circumstances, would rarely, if ever, fail. The planter would be an independent man, being the owner of what he possessed, having no fear of collecting agents, or minions of the law.

I can readily perceive that this system would be less likely to build up those colossal fortunes we sometimes see suddenly accumulated. But it must be recollected that these riches so acquired, have been realized by the few—the very few—from the sweat and toil of the many. And while one has been successful in running the race, ninety and nine have fallen on the wayside, to reap the bitter fruits of extravagant habits, engendered in the flush of credit. There would be a general prosperity throughout the land, a general diffusion of the property of the country, and intelligence also, and consequently virtue and happiness. Now, do not look upon this as an Utopian idea; it may be realized; and who is there dares to say, that, in view of the many, many evils attendant on the credit system, the world would not be better and happier if this system was abolished. But in as much as it is not my purpose to write a dissertation on finance, or a moral lecture, I will dismiss the theme to resume the thread of my journey.

Wax-a-hachi is a new village situated on the prairie, near the creek of that name, exhibiting much more taste and neatness than is usually met with in towns of its size. A neat little court-house stands in the "square," which they are now inclosing with a substantial board fence. An unusually large building is going up, designed for a public house, which, it is hoped, will be well kept.

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## NOTES OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY REV. GEO. DUFFIELD, D. D.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

*Rome—Its Government—Her Campaigna—Embarking from Civita Ciuhia—Arrival at Naples, etc.*

We left Rome about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, in voitures, and traveled as we had done when we went there. Our experience had taught us, however, to provide for our repast by the way. We should have fared no better at the half-way house, if we had not done so, than when we stopped there the week previously. Cold fish—that miserable popish dish, which the arrogant bishops of the Romish church allow sometimes during lent, etc., to the poor slaves of their tyranny, on whom they inflict the pains and penalty of their fasts—and nothing better would have been all that we should have found. Wretched country—degraded people! If the world is never to be enlightened, reformed, and purified till Rome does it, the results of her experiment for the last twelve hundred years, forbid all hope for the future. She has been well described in the 27th chapter of Revelation. If in any place on the face of the earth, her system and forms of religion should be able to commend their influence and demonstrate their efficacy, it should be in the great fortified centre of her Idolatry, where there are some thirty cardinals, more bishops, fifteen hundred priests, more than two thousand monks, and nearly as many nuns, in a population of some one hundred and seventy-five thousand. Here she appears in all her grandeur and glory. Her cardinals are not allowed even to appear on foot abroad in the streets, or come in close contact with the vulgar herd, and endanger themselves of being jostled by their involuntary disrespect. Her Bishops live in ease and honor, and her Priests, etc., all thrive upon estates and wealth the church has amassed. Yet, is there nothing physically or morally to commend her government or religion. Cleanliness belongs not to the place or its people. The facilities afforded to it by the numerous

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fountains seem not to be appreciated. There is but one street (the Corso) that has sidewalks, and they very narrow. Various arts, occupations, and vending employments have their functionaries at work and entirely at home, in their avocations upon the streets. The place is polluted with fleas, from which you cannot altogether escape, even in the elevated and splendid apartments of the hotels and higher orders. In the Piazza Navona, especially on the market day, Italian life and manners may be seen in characteristic variety, amid shops and stalls, in which all kinds of second-hand articles, in prodigious quantities, abound, and stores of higher pretension, where loungers and idlers, and those who have time for the business, sometimes find great bargains of pictures, cameos, engravings, intaglios, gems, antiques, etc. In the hot summer months I learned that it was customary, on Saturdays and Tuesdays, to inundate the whole piazza from the three fountains it contains, which affords great amusement for the people, and attracts curious spectators to behold Italian life and manners. But for the admirable means of drainage—for which the ancient Cloaca, yet existing, laid the foundation—the filth of the city would become a source of pestilence much greater than the malaria around it, and which sometimes penetrates its walls.

The government of Rome, and that of the papal states, is a Theocracy, and yet has to be sustained by military force! The pope, as its "infallible" head, with his college of cardinals, when complete, seventy in number, and his army of archbishops, bishops, priests, and secular clergy, monks and nuns, present a spectacle, at this day, of one of the very worst and most odious forms of tyranny ever exercised over men. In criminal proceedings, there is no bound to imprisonment on mere *suspicion*, and the trial often is postponed indefinitely, the accused having no power to bring his case before the judges. The absence of liberation on bail, imprisonment for all kinds of offences, etc., keep the prisons full, to the great shame and reproach of the papal administration. The net revenue is estimated at about seven millions of dollars of our currency, one third of which goes to pay the interest on debt, and the rest is absorbed by the expenses of the State government, and Ecclesiastical congregations, allowances and salaries to cardinals, the maintainance of the court and the papal dignity. About three-fourths of the poor youth in Rome are gratuitously educated, but throughout the papal States the government provides education for but one in thirty. Notwithstanding there are six universities, Episcopal and commercial schools, academies, and other institutions, the state of education is said to be generally very low, and chiefly of an ecclesiastical character.

The government of Rome is sustained by the French soldiery, of whom there are now fourteen thousand employed for that purpose.

The population, of all classes and grades, except the priesthood and the army, are dissatisfied with it and opposed to it. Were this foreign army withdrawn, it is confidently said, that a day would not pass before Rome would again be filled with the turmoil of revolution.

The pope and his government are endeavoring to form an army to protect the States of the church, it is said, against Austria. Until this is done, France claims to occupy it by her troops for its preservation. The present pontiff is said to be a kind-hearted, benevolently disposed man. His cabinet, however, exclude him almost wholly from a participation in civil and political affairs. He is full of chimerical and Quixotic projects for the amelioration of the condition of his people; but they are utterly impracticable, and, while he can accomplish none, he is allowed by his cabinet to amuse himself with his fancies. The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and wonderful and horrible things are done in the land.

I looked, as I walked through the streets of Rome, in vain for the cheerful sportive youth so abundant in other cities, especially of our own beloved country. Here and there, occasionally, a dull formal company of lads, led by priests, in procession, and dressed in gowns of different colors, designating their schools, might be seen at particular periods of the day. No spontaneous gatherings and sportive groups of boys, full of activity and mirth, enlivened the streets; and, as for the girls, you might have thought that the sacerdotal celibacy had almost banished the sex. Upon inquiring where are your youth? I was told that they were under the close and constant inspection of the priesthood, in their different schools.

The taxes here are enormously oppressive. Government bills are passed at a heavy discount, and nowhere beyond the city limits. There are but few incentives to industry, and nothing like large extensive manufactories or works that generate wealth. Not a tree can be planted without a license from the authorities and a fee paid for registering it. Every calf, pig, or domestic animal must be registered, directly after it comes into existence, for which, also, a fee must be paid; and before an ox or sheep, etc., can be killed, a license must be obtained and a fee paid. Take away the military disbursements and those of the numerous English, American and other travelers, and the fees derived from passports, and there would be little to cause any circulation of money. The great trade here is in the souls and sins of men, of which the church has an imperial monopoly. The

nobles, the middle class of people, the peasants and the lower orders universally hate the government, and such is the state of things, so complicated and burdensome, as I was informed, that it was by no means an uncommon thing for one man to own a piece of land, another or several, the trees upon it, a third party the fruit, and that sometimes mortgaged to a fourth.

The agricultural territory around Rome, the *Agro Romano*, is owned by a comparatively small number of large proprietors, princes, nobles, and corporations, of which the Chapter of St. Peters is among the most heavily endowed. The owners of these immense estates do not manage them on their own account. They are worked or rendered productive, by a class of men called *Mercanti di Compagna*, whose interests being similar, and whose numbers being limited, find it most profitable to combine together and thus control the market of their products. These merchants reside in Rome, and only occasionally visit their lease-holds, which are committed to the care of agents, or overseers. Under them, again, are various subordinates who are occupied with the immediate direction and watch of the laborers who do the work. One class and another are paid for making the remainder work. But poor accommodations are afforded in the way of dwellings, even for the agents or higher class of *ministros* and their subordinate assistants—a stone house, a storehouse, and stable—while the laborers have no provision made for their permanent shelter or accommodation. Herdsmen, and shepherds, and *waggouers*, as they would be called in Pennsylvania, are employed by the year; ploughmen and reapers by the day. The breeding and rearing of animals is said to be more lucrative than the tilling of the soil. The horse is not used in breaking up the soil, but cattle universally, both oxen and cows. The herdsmen and shepherds are generally attached to the estates, and their habitations, exceedingly rude and coarse, furnish a mere shelter from the winds and storms, and places for lighting fires. Not unfrequently they are mere huts with thatched roofs and sides covered, or plastered, with mud, in which some straw has been mixed. A ruined building, or desecrated and neglected tomb, or mere natural cavity, common in volcanic regions, afford places of retreat during the summer. There are no rich and attractive dairies, nor do they understand the art of making good butter; but small, round cheeses, made from the milk and a preparation of curd, are sold in the market at Rome. The shepherd has one or more large whitish yellow colored 'dogs, who serve him faithfully, and are of great service in protecting his flocks from the wolf. While he reclines at his ease and exercises an over-sight, they do the work of guarding,

etc., The same lazy, listless habits, characterize still, as in the days of Virgil, the somnolent shepherd who reposes under the shade of a tree and regales himself with the unmusical drone of his dolorous bagpipe.

Tityre, in patulce recubans sub tegmine fagi  
—lentus in umbra  
Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida Sylvas.

The love and the music may have been more interesting in the days of the poet, but it requires more imagination than I possess to work up anything attractive out of such coarse materials.

The condition of the poor laborers is wretched and degraded; their food is meagre and unwholesome; they are not attached to the estates, but are led and moved to the sphere of their labor by the principal man or chief who has bargained for their work; and they live like wandering tribes or families, suffering greatly by exposure to the hot sun and cool nights, insufficiently clad and uncomfortably sheltered.

These are some features of the state of things under the papal government—a government proudly and blasphemously claiming to be that of heaven—in and of the divine right, administered by the Vicar of Jesus Christ? Assuredly, if they wished to make a reasonable pretext on their behalf, or at all conciliate our respect or attention to their lofty claims and pretensions, they ought to produce and show a better state of things! How palpably does the providence of God, by the misery and degradation of the people, contradict the impious pretence that this Pontifex Maximus is the representative of God on earth, and as such exercises his authority! You look in vain for some memorial of these priestly sovereigns that may be traced in the comforts, happiness, social, moral, and political improvement of the people. But, while your eye meets, almost in every direction, tablets bearing inscriptions of the *munificence* of this and the other pope, it is to be seen chiefly, if not wholly, not in works of general improvement, but in palaces, statues, pictures, tombs, shrines, and the like. Scarcely has an instance occurred of any old broken statue of value, having been restored, and placed in a museum, or some choice and new objects of the fine arts, having, through their instrumentality, been exposed to view, but what you read—*ex munificentia*—by the munificence of Sextus V., or Pius VI., or Clement XII., or Gregory XVI., etc., etc. The great care of these self-styled successors of the Apostles, seems to have been, before all else, to leave their names inscribed on some marble memorials of their proclaimed munificence! The priests of Rome are to be held responsible for such a state of things; for the government is theirs. Wretched work have

they made of it. No wonder that a foreign army is found necessary to prevent such a government from being utterly overthrown by the poor people on whose necks it has been laid.

During my stay in Rome I have visited or passed through several times the Jews' quarter, called the Ghetto, where dwell the descendants of that wretched people, brought by Titus, from Jerusalem, to adorn his triumphs. How abject is their condition. The iron is indeed driven into their souls. It comprises some narrow and crooked streets on the Tiber, near the island, and is entered by eight gates, which, till the accession of Pio Nono, were closed from early in the evening, till sunrise. Poverty, filth, wretchedness and desolation are the characteristics of the quarter. The Jewish population here is from four to five thousand, chiefly petty shop-keepers, pedlars, and dealers in old clothes, and second-hand articles. Their condition is a striking comment on the literal fulfilment of the predictions concerning them.

October 23—I had engaged to preach on Sabbath, for Mr. Baird, but am sadly disappointed by the determination of my company to go to Civita Vecchia. The French steamer for Naples is expected to arrive there on Monday. It therefore became needful to leave Rome to-day, in order to prevent traveling on the Sabbath and detention beyond the time proposed to reach Naples.

We took our departure in private voitures, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, by the same route we had entered. Our way lay along the Campagna. This immense irregular and undulating plain, in many respects possesses the deepest interest. It spreads in every direction around Rome, and includes a portion of both the ancient Latium and that of Etruria. From Terracina to Civita Vecchia is about one hundred miles, which is estimated by some to be its length, while its greatest breadth is about forty. The low lands of the Tiber, more generally among tourists, and in popular language, bear the name of the Campagna. The valley of this stream is bounded by the Sabine and Volscian hills; the former surround, like an amphitheatre, the whole of its northern expanse. There is but little picturesque in the scenery of this monotonous plain. The eye ever rises for relief to the hills, and distant peaks along its coasts. The whole region shows the action of volcanic forces, of which the Alban Mount and Monte Cimino, seem to have been the great foci. The geologist can trace, proof of the action of both salt and fresh water in the deposits and strata of the region, as well as of the ashes and scoriæ, discharged from volcanic rents, in the varieties of piperino used for building purposes in Rome. Sulphurous springs, occurring in different places, and other indications convinced me, of what I have long believed, from

the prophetic pages of Scripture, that although the volcanic forces, which were once here so active, have been for centuries kept in check by the hand of the Almighty, they have not been destroyed, and can soon, when the time comes, be marshalled again, to accomplish His wrath in Rome's destruction and turn the whole into "a lake of fire burning with brimstone."

*October 24—26, At Civita Vecchia.*—On our arrival here, last Saturday evening, we obtained comfortable apartments at Orlandis hotel. The steamer Languedoc had been expected, but had not yet arrived. As it turned out, we might have remained at Rome till Monday, or even Tuesday morning, had we known all beforehand, and been sure that we could both have started early enough in the day to have passed through all the annoyances of the custom-house officers and police inspectors. *Obstacles*, rather than facilities, are thrown in the way of travellers here. We were relieved, however, from the necessity of travelling during the prevalence of a heavy storm, which has raged here since Sunday evening. I should have had the opportunity of preaching on the Sabbath in Rome, and of being "presented" to the pope, on the day following, through the attention, and at the request, of Major Cass. This is about all that would have relieved the monotony of our stay there during a period of very wet and uncomfortable weather.

I enjoyed the rest we have had here, and the opportunity afforded for writing letters to friends. The Rev. Mr. Barnes and lady and daughter; Miss Paul, of Philadelphia, who travelled with them; Rev. Dr. C. Hall, whom we had hoped would have accompanied us to Naples; and my friend and travelling companion, Mr. Wells, were all on their way to the United States, expecting a steamer from Marseilles. Mr. B. was discouraged, and led to think his health would be better by returning home. Dr. Hall had improved somewhat, but feared to retard his return, though very anxious to visit Naples; and Mr. W., by the advice of the physician at Turin, and the intelligence of the death of his sister, had concluded to hasten to the United States. Dr. H. and myself are henceforth to pursue our journey together. I felt a strong desire to accompany them; but having thus far been graciously upheld and protected by a kind Providence, and being somewhat improved in health, a sense of duty, urging me to pursue my journey, has overcome my longings after home and the pastoral labors from which I feel it a great trial to have been, of late, suspended.

On the Sabbath, all our company, with the courier of Mr. B., numbering eight persons, met in the largest apartment occupied by Mr.

Barnes' family, having arranged it among ourselves to appropriate parts of the morning and afternoon to the worship of God, after our own simple Presbyterian form. It was insisted that I should preach in the morning, and Dr. Hall in the afternoon—which we did, the brethren taking part in the other services. It was a day long to be remembered. We felt as if possibly some of us had met for the last time. We knew not what results the perils of the ocean or of travel might produce, or how soon the progress of disease might number one or the other of us among the dead. Our communion was sweetened by Christian affection, and we felt that there existed bonds of friendship which neither country nor clime, time nor distance, life nor death, could sever.

I attended the afternoon or evening service in the principal Roman Catholic church here, which seemed rather better frequented than those I had seen in Rome. I witnessed, also, immediately in the rear of our hotel, the ritual services, usual among Romanists, at the laying of the corner stone of a new place of worship they are about erecting here. The crowd assembled was by no means great; nor were there many that seemed to take any special interest in what was going on, other than to look with curious eye upon the priestly mummeries and the parade of the bishop and his attendants, adorned with their splendid vestments, and performing their genuflexions, processions and chantings. A military band, near to our hotel, was playing lively airs and marches within hearing of the bishop and his attendants, in the area immediately adjoining. The music was intended in honor of the French General Thiere, who lodged in the same hotel with us—who also had made his head-quarters at Rome in the same hotel in which we abode, and who had arrived, on Saturday, at *Civita Vecchia* a short time before us, though we had no intercourse with the gentleman, nor did any of us, I believe, even see him.

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#### CHAPTER XIX.

*Naples.*—*Castle of St. Ermo.*—*Church of St. Martini.*—*St. Januarius and his miraculous blood.*—*John the Baptist's Relics.*—*Santa Clara.*—*Museum.*

*October 27th.*—The storm raged violently during Monday, and the steamer did not, as was expected, make her appearance. On Tuesday it began to abate, and the French steamer *Languedoc* arrived in time for us to embark, in the afternoon, for Naples. I could hear the roar of the agitated sea beyond the mole, and anticipated a rough time. Different boats received us at the quay, one conveying the passengers for

the Languedoc, and the other those for Marseilles, who embarked at the same time in a steamer about to sail for Leghorn. We experienced no inconvenience from any motion of the water while we lay in the harbor—glad to exchange a few last looks and salutations while the crews of the respective vessels were weighing their anchors. But we had no sooner passed outside of the mole—apparently with some peril, and much skill on the part of the captain,—than we encountered the heavy, rolling surges of the troubled deep. I tried to act a valiant part and remain on deck, if possible, to prevent sea-sickness. The deck passengers, male and female, quickly rolled themselves up in their cloaks and coverings, and laid themselves quietly down to endure it. An English gentleman and myself, both about the same age, had sought a resting-place on a settee, under lee of the life-boat hanging over the gunwale, on the quarter-deck. The vessel rolled and pitched occasionally with great violence, until a wave struck her on her broadside, and, mounting over the life-boat, poured down its torrent upon us, sending us rolling and drifting, and thoroughly wet, to the other side of the deck. Whereupon I gave up all thought of fighting sea-sickness any longer, having had two or three sharp contests with it before this unexpected defeat; and, retreating into the cabin, and ridding myself of my wet garments, threw myself down in my berth, indifferent to everything but the incessant and nauseating motion of the uneasy vessel. Nor did I care to lift my head till we entered and were gliding over the placid waters of the Bay of Naples.

We arrived in the Bay of Naples at four, A. M., in the steamer Languedoc; but did not get ashore, and through the custom-house and the searching of its officials, till 12, M., when we found ourselves comfortably quartered in the Hotel de Rome. The night was stormy. The wind, which blew violently as we left the mole at Civita Vecchia, continued through the voyage unabated. The tumult of the waves soon deprived me of all ability to move about, and I had to give way for hours to the distress of sickness, confining myself to my berth. But, after having partaken of some nourishment, upon our arrival at the Hotel, I felt ready, by one P. M., to commence movements for viewing Naples. We first called on our worthy consul, Mr. Hammil, who received us courteously. Dr. H. had got into trouble in the custom-house—some of his books, especially a few numbers of Champollion's grammar, excited great suspicion, and were detained by the officials. A few *carlini* rescued mine, although among them was the "*Histoire de L'Eglise Vaudoise par Antoine Monastier*," which was far more at war with the rites, doctrines and policy of the Romish church, than anything to be found in Champollion, or in Dr.



H.'s collection. They had no hieroglyphics, however, to excite the suspicions and fears of the terror-stricken menials of a base despot, lest blood and treason lurked under them.

After leaving the Consul, who promised to look after the detained books, we ascended, under the conduct of a guide, the lofty hill that rises immediately back of the city—on whose sloping sides it is built. The castle of St. Ermo, so named from a chapel near it dedicated to St. Erasmus, crowns one of the summits of this hill, and overlooks the city. The monastery of San Martino is a little lower down, in front of it,—to enter which you must pass through military guards stationed around the castle. From the balcony of this monastery, you have a superb panoramic view of Naples and the surrounding country, Vesuvius, Portici, Resina, and Torre del Grecco along its base, and the Island of Capri in the splendid bay that spreads its bosom so calmly and majestically before the city.

The Castle of St. Elmo was originally a tower built by the Normans, and converted into a fort by Charles II. Charles V. made it a citadel, and Philip V. added to its works. It is a Hexagon, one hundred toises in diameter, with mines and countermines, and contains a well of immense size. The King of Naples keeps it well garrisoned.

The Church of San Martini, belonging to the monastery, was once the royal villa of Robert, Duke of Anjou, which Charles induced him to convert into a sacred building. In 1325, a church and monastery were erected and richly endowed by the king. It is decorated with paintings, marble work, precious stones and gilt stucco. The altars in its chapels are decorated with costly marbles, verde and joane antique, breccia, porphyry, etc., and precious stones, such as amethysts, agates, lapis lazuli, etc. Its paintings are large and greatly prized. One, called "the deposition," or taking Christ down from the Cross, containing the figures of the Virgin, St. John, and St. Bruno, is generally much admired. An English Lord, we were told by the guide, lately offered for it as many gold sovereigns as would cover it; but it was refused. It is said to be two hundred and fifty years old. I noticed near it portraits of Moses and Elias, well executed paintings. On either side of the altar are niches or cases, highly adorned, and closed in with glass doors, through which are to be seen, ranged on shelves or supports, human bones interlaced with jewels. The bones are exhibited as the veritable relics of ancient saints, whose names are attached. It was to me a disgusting sight, notwithstanding they were so arranged and decorated with glittering gems and work of gold, as to make a display at some distance, as of filagree work on

a small scale. The court of the monastery was divided into four large parts or beds, one of which was used as a cemetery for the monks, in which a recent interment had taken place; the other three were used for the cultivation of lavender, which seemed to grow in them very luxuriantly. The dress of the monks was that of white robes resembling flannel. Their heads were wholly shaven, but their beards were allowed to grow. It is a very wealthy establishment, and supports numerous monks. Immense expenditures have been made in the mosaic and polished pavements, and other costly decorations of the Church and its chapels. A crowd of idle drones are supported there, who render no service whatever to society, and whose only value is claimed to be the recital of prayers for the benefit of the Church and souls in Purgatory. What a perversion of the religion of Jesus Christ, who went about doing good!

*October 28th.*—Visited the Church of St. Januarius. It is of the order of the Jesuits, and one of the principal, if not the most important, of the ecclesiastical edifices in Naples. It is the cathedral, and the theatre of some of the grossest impositions which popery knows how so adroitly to practice on the superstitious credulity of her votaries. At the hour I visited it, the bishop was performing mass, and the canons, with the choir, were in their places, taking part in the chanting. The organ was over it, and formed a part, as it were, of the main altar. Like all other large edifices for papal worship, it contained a variety of different chapels, one of which is specially distinguished. It stands on the site and ruins of an ancient temple dedicated by Pagan idolators to Apollo, and is itself dedicated to St. Restituta. St. Januarius is the great patron saint of Naples, who is honored with special and signal tokens of worshipful respect. It is in the chapel that bears his name, the lying wonder of liquifying his blood takes place. The legend concerning him is, that he was beheaded at Naples, A. D. 289, during the Pagan persecution waged against the early Christians, by the Emperor Domitian. I copied the following inscription over the entrance to this chapel: "*Divi Januarii e fame, bello peste a vesagline miri ope sanguinis erepta Neapolis cive, patre, vindice.*"

There was a priest celebrating mass at one of the altars in this chapel, and at the same time services were being performed at the main altar in the church. Intimation being given of a desire to inspect their chapel and its sacristy, a priest was soon in attendance for the purpose. Some six large and very fine paintings, adorn its altars, arranged on the sides of the octagon, in which form the chapel is constructed. A servitor was commanded to raise the curtains, which are

dropped over them for better protection and preservation. We were shown all, except the one before which the priest was immediately officiating, and that also we saw after he had withdrawn. These paintings represent different scenes or events in the life of Januarius, such as the multitude affected with horror on beholding him escape unhurt from the flames into which he had been cast—his martyrdom by actual beheading—his miraculously healing the sick, etc., etc. A closet behind one of the altars, they tell you, contains his head and two vials of his blood. It has two silver doors, which are locked by two different keys, one being kept by the King and the other by the Bishop. His body, they say, reposes beneath the high altar, in a sarcophagus, covered with arabesque bas reliefs. Thrice a year the relics of his blood are produced, the King and Bishop being present and concurring, viz: during the first eight days of May and September, and on the 16th day of December, which last is the day of this saint's anniversary festival. On this occasion the wondering multitude gather to witness the miraculous liquifaction of the blood in the vial. Their joy is said to be excessive when this effect takes place speedily, but their lamentations are incessant if the process be tedious. It is related as an historical fact, that while the French General Murat was King of Naples, the priests who were displeased with his sovereignty, were disposed to excite the apprehensions and alarms of the populace by retarding the process of liquifaction, and thus producing the impression that this "Mahuzzim," (see Daniel, xi., 48,) the tutelary and patron saint of Naples, had withdrawn his protection from the city. Hearing of the excitement and the consternation produced, and understanding the reason of the tardiness of the miracle, that intrepid warrior sent word to the priests, that they should be held responsible for any mischief from the excited fears of the people, if the miracle was not speedily consummated—which had the effect very speedily to liquify the inspissated blood.

The chapel of St. Januarius is very rich, and on these occasions, extravagantly ornamented. It contains seven altars and forty-two brocatello columns of the Corinthian order. Between them are bronze statues and busts, representing the holy protectors, "the gods of forces;" and niches beneath the busts. Some thirty-seven large silver images of saints are arranged with other striking ornaments, in different parts of the chapel; and candelabra, also of a splendid character, give the place a most striking and dazzling appearance. A large bronze statue of Januarius himself is placed over the high altar, and above the closet with silver doors, in which they tell you are the head and vials of coagulated blood, said to have been collected at his mar-

tyrdom some fifteen hundred and sixty-three years ago, by a pious woman of Naples. The high altar of this chapel is a block of porphyry, intersected and adorned with silver cornices and gilt bronze. On the great "fete" days, silver candlesticks, silver vases of flowers, a cross of lapis lazuli, and a silver throne and tabernacles for the host; and an assemblage or brilliant display of candles and lamps are produced, to give dazzling effect to this pompous "Lying Wonder," on which the superstitious idolatrous multitude of Naples believe turns the weal or the woe of their city.

I saw, and handled, and tested the weight of these silver saints, and found them hollow. In many, or most of them, I noticed small cases or niches, covered with glass, in which were little pieces of human bones with printed labels, from the bones of St. Joseph, St. Mary Magdalene, St. John the Baptist, St. Ignatius, St. Augustine, Santa Clara, and others, whose names I did not care to minute down. Poor John the Baptist, how his remains are scattered about! According to the showing of these worshippers of relics, his head is in Turin, his body in Genoa, and here, in Naples, are some of his bones. His right hand had been in Constantinople, but was given, by the Sultan, Bajazet, to the Grand Master, D'Aubersson, in Malta, to bribe him to betray his brother Tigim, who had taken refuge with the Knights of Rhodes; but which Bonaparte robbed of its solitaire of brilliants to put it on his own finger, and then left the other part of the relic with the Grand Master Hopesch, in the Island of Malta, where it still remains! But all these things help the swindling practices of those who make merchandise of the souls of men.

The Church of Gesu Nuovo, or Trinita, is one of the principal places of papal worship in Naples. It has eleven altars in its various chapels, one of which, that of St. Giorlano, has been distinguished by the present Pope, in consideration, and as a memorial, of his own visit to it, April 27th, 1849, by a notice on a printed placard, of full indulgence for three hundred days being granted to every one who should visit it. Whether such heretics as myself and my companions are included in the benefits of this signal act of favor from his holiness or not, I know not, nor cared to inquire, being perfectly satisfied that the poor fugitive who so ingloriously deserted his palace and capitol, and the cathedral where it is claimed they have the chair of Peter, has no power or benefits of a religious nature to extend to any one, and that the whole system is a tissue of mendicity and mendacity. The Lord save my country from being imposed upon by its pretensions to be the Church of Christ.

The Church of Santa Clara excels it, however, in many respects.

It contains the tombs of several royal and illustrious persons, and two remarkable columns, which the authorities declare once occupied places in Solomon's Temple. They are now used as candelabra, and stand on either side of the main altar. On the pedestal of one is a bas relief of Melchisedec, offering bread and wine to Abraham when he returned from the slaughter of the kings; and on the other, of Abraham's offering up his son Isaac. Like all the chief churches in Roman Catholic cities, its ornaments are very splendid and costly. There is a convent connected with it, which contains from four to five hundred nuns. In both the short transepts of this church, and around both sides of the Nave, are galleries concealed by lattice-work, behind which these female recluses may enter and be present during the ritual services, the nearest point of their approach to the world, which they claim to have renounced, by immuring themselves in a convent, as though that were in the letter and spirit par excellence, obedience to the divine command to "come out from the world and be separate." The royal family of Naples have made this church their cemetery.

The Chapel of Pauli de Sangro San Severo Principis, attached to the palace of a distinguished noble family, is appropriated exclusively as a cemetery for its members, and has ceased to be used for religious services. I noticed before one of the altars in this chapel, a piece of statuary, exhibiting the wonderful power of the chisel and the skill of the artist. It is designed to represent the corpse of the Saviour, after having been taken from the cross, laid out and prepared for interment. The main excellence and peculiarity of this statue, consists in the successful attempt of the sculptor to exhibit in marble the person in death, as covered with a shroud, and a thin veil thrown over the face, which conceals not the features or expression. The workmanship is truly wonderful. I observed a striking resemblance in the features and expression, to those of the beautiful statue representing the body of the dead Saviour resting on the lap of the Virgin Mary, which I had noticed in the crypt below the Corsini Chapel, or that of Clement XII., in Rome. Indeed, I have been struck with a general and remarkable resemblance in all the more finished productions of the chisel of this description, in a few admirable paintings, and in some prized and costly cameos, as though they all had the same original, or were copies of one and the same ancient production. On inquiring into this thing, and expressing my surprise at the circumstance, I was made acquainted with a traditional history, accredited by many in Rome, as religiously true, and the solution of this circumstance. The story is, that Pilate, shortly before the Saviour's cruci-

fixion, being deeply impressed with the sweetness and beauty of his ingenuous and lovely countenance, employed an artist to take a portrait of him—that copies of that portrait had been afterwards taken in cameo, and that one especially, the property of the pope, had been preserved with great care in the Vatican, which cameo had been the model or admired cast from which these splendid copies had been taken, combining all of beauty, sweetness, intelligence, innocence, virtue, and transparent purity, benevolence, and yet manliness, that could be exhibited in the form, features, and expression of the countenance of a young man of some thirty to thirty-five years of age. I give the story as I got it, regarding it myself as one only of the many like legends which popery finds it ever easy to bring forth from her treasury of marvels.

Having visited the churches above named, we passed to the museum of paintings.

The child and his guardian angel, by Domennichini, the repose in Egypt, by Corregio, and St. John the Baptist, a shepherd youth of fifteen, and in perfect nudity, by Guido, principally attracted my attention, as specimens of art. There was in one of the halls, a copy of Michael Angelo's judgment, and of the marriage of the infant Christ with St. Catharine. This last picture seems to be a favorite. It is certainly a very strange picture to be preserved, and respected, by the votaries of a religion which forbids its priests to marry. Impious as is to me the picture in its pretensions, I could not help thinking, that there was a gross inconsistency in the Romish celibacy, when they preserve memorials of the *Saviour's* marriage, and it cannot be denied that Peter, their idolized saint, had a wife. But consistency is not to be expected in this Babel of corruption.

The picture of the marriage of the Saviour to St. Catharine, represents the infant Christ on the knees of the Virgin, while she is assisting the child to put the wedding ring upon the finger of his bride. It has been denied in the United States, by apologists for the Romish idolatry, that such impious pictures had ever existed, or were honored. But here you see the proofs of the debasing influence of this demoralizing religion. I noticed a very beautiful painting, by Raphael, called "the holy family," in which John the Baptist, and Christ, are represented as boys, and the virgin putting her hand on the Baptist's head, while he is kissing Christ. As a painting, disconnected from its idolatrous uses, it commended itself greatly.

Leaving the picture halls, we passed to the museum of antiquities from Pompeii and Herculaneum, and took a view of the statuary. The statue of Hercules, and the Farnese Bull, are admirable works of

art. The relics in this museum possess deep interest, furnishing, as they do, such perfect specimens of the life of the inhabitants, of those wicked cities, so many centuries since overwhelmed with destruction. There is another museum in this city, where are preserved the memorials of corrupt life in Pompeii, and representations of things too shocking to modesty to be even named. Formerly it was open to privileged visitors, but the present Pope, who entered this museum when in Naples, during his flight from Rome, was so shocked at what he saw, that he required the king to have the doors forever closed. No person now can obtain access to it, nor have the doors ever since been unlocked. I honor greatly Pio Nono's sense of propriety, and the exercise of his authority in this way.

We concluded our visits for the day, with an entrance into the Catacombs. They are immense excavations, in the rock of which the hill to the north and west of Naples consists. You enter them from the rear of an hospital, founded by private munificence, for the support of the aged and infirm. These excavations are much larger than those of Rome—that is, wider and more lofty. Like the latter, they are excavated in three stories, but they are by no means as extensive. The bodies of the common people, who died by the plague, and were not interred by their friends, were cast into, and it is said, filled the lowest story.

A tunnel for a railroad has obstructed the passage into these catacombs, so that it is only a small part of them, comparatively, you can enter. They are said to extend some six miles into the body of the hill.

Here, they tell us, the body of their tutelar saint, Januarius, was first buried, when the city of Naples got possession of his relics. The Normans removed them thence, but in 1497 they were brought back. The people of Naples ascribe many preservations to the care of this saint—especially that from the fiery eruptions of Mount Vesuvius. A large and finely executed statue of this saint, stands in a chapel on the centre of the bridge as you pass out of Naples, on the way to Vesuvius, which with hand outstretched and face directed toward the fiery mount, seems to forbid its devastations. So the Neapolitans believe. Poor superstitious idolators! How degrading the thought that a lifeless, marble memorial of a dead man, could prove a barrier against the ravages of earthquakes and volcanos!

# CARAVAN JOURNEY

OF FORTY DAYS

ACROSS THE LONG DESERT.

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BY WARREN ISHAM.

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## CHAPTER VI.

On the third day from Sinai, as we neared the gulph of Akaba, the scenery presented an aspect of the wildest grandeur and sublimity. For the greatest part of the day, we went creeping along the narrow defile beneath the ledges, which shot up their heads sometimes to a height apparently of two or three thousand feet above us. Then the defile expanded, here and there, into amphitheatres, whose walls seemed to sustain the very arch of heaven, and which were entered and left by passes which no human eye could detect a few rods distant. The rocks were of different colors, and intersected, by metallic veins.

"Like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." None can understand the significancy and force of this beautiful allusion who have not traveled in the parched and treeless desert, exposed to the heat of a burning sun. Often, when wilted down at mid-day, have I been refreshed beneath the shadow of a "great rock" by the wayside, and then resumed my journey with renewed vigor. During a portion of the day, so intense is the heat from the direct and reflected rays of the sun, as to induce a sense of languor and fatigue, which could scarcely be endured, but for the refreshing coolness of these welcome retreats.

The heat here of course is more intense than in the open desert, as it is reflected from the rocky mountain sides, on either hand, as well as from the sand and stones beneath. But this I suppose to be the geographical distinction between this and ordinary deserts. Those who understand the geography of the earth, need not be informed that the northern portion of Arabia, embracing this peninsula, is denominated Arabia Petrea, or Rocky Arabia; the more central portion, Arabia Deserta—Desert Arabia—and the southern portion, Arabia Felix, or "Happy." The distinction between Arabia Petrea and Arabia Deserta, I suppose to be, that the latter is a wide waste of sand heaps, and bare flinty plains, with perhaps occasional ledges; while this consists of a constant succession of rocky heights, alternating with barren inter-



values. The qualifying term *Felix*, or "*Happy*," as applied to southern Arabia, implies fruitfulness of soil, as contrasted with the barrenness of the two other divisions.

And not only is the reflection of the heat greater from the rocky heights, among which "the weary" traveler winds his way in Arabia Petrea, than in an open desert, but the circulation of the air is much interfered with, and often entirely obstructed. In many situations, not a breath of air sheds its reviving influence upon the drooping spirit, whereas, in an open desert, there is nothing to obstruct its circulation.

At the same time, these heights afford protection from those fearful blasts—the simoons—which sweep over the open desert with such desolating effect. Not only do they break the force of the winds and neutralize their power, but the moveable sands at their disposal are much less abundant, and often almost entirely wanting.

I have spoken of the narrow intervalles which wind about between the ledges and rugged peaks, as presenting the aspect of deserted river channels, and looking as though they had recently been swept by mighty torrents. I learn that they have abundance of rain here through all this region during the winter months, but at no other time. The Greek priest at Sinai, who is quite an intelligent man, told me that the climate in this respect is precisely similar to that of Greece, and most parts of the south of Europe. It is wonderful indeed that there should be so great a difference, in this regard, upon the two sides of the Red Sea, which is so narrow as to be seen across. I noticed no appearance of rain upon the other side of it, whereas the inclined plain which intervenes between the mountains and the sea, on this side, is cut up with channels at frequent intervals, which have been plowed by the waters, as they came rushing down from the mountain heights, in their progress to the sea.

I often find the surface of beds of sand, which have been drenched with rain, baked hard, to the depth of several inches, which shows, I think, the presence of calcarious matter, which has thus been reduced to a state of solution.

At night I encamped on the western shore of the Gulf of Akaba, which is the eastern arm of the Red Sea. The beach, along which we now journeyed, was strewn thick with sea shells, many of them more beautiful than any I had ever seen before. Our way was a narrow one. Sometimes we were crowded into the sea to get around a ledge, and once or twice we had to climb the rocky heights, and then descend to the beach again, as our only alternative.

This arm of the Red Sea, like the other, is a very beautiful sheet of water, clear and pellucid to its greatest depths, even when lashed

into fury by the tempest. I should judge it to be from four to six miles across. Two days' travel along its margin brought us to Akaba, at its head.

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## CHAPTER VII

We were now fairly across the rocky peninsula of Sinai, after fifteen days' travel (from Suez to Akaba), a portion of the earth, the ownership of which has never yet been claimed by any human being. The Greek priest at Sinai, mentioned this fact to me as a reason why it should be regarded as, in a peculiar sense, God's country. Here, he said, God had ever remained sole and exclusive proprietor, and here he had made varied and wonderful displays of his glory, as, in the burning bush, dividing the Red Sea, in his descent upon Sinai, passing before Elijah in the cave, in the pillar of fire and of the cloud, bringing rain from the smitten rock, and in his forty years of daily miracles in behalf of Israel. It seemed clear to him, that there was thus something peculiarly sacred and divine pertaining to this desolate region. How far the fact, that nobody has yet ever been willing to accept the ownership of land here, ought to impair this devout impression, I shall not undertake to say. The scattered nomadic tribes migrate from place to place, with their flocks, as their necessities require—the usual cause being exhausted herbage.

And here I am at Akaba, the site of Eziongeber, the famous port of Solomon, which was "*upon the shore of the Red Sea, in the land of Edom,*" and from which his ships departed "*once in three years,*" for the land of Ophir.

But where was Ophir?—is a question which has puzzled the wisest heads. Because the ships departed only "*once in three years,*" it is inferred that it must have been a far off country, outside the straits of Babelmandeb, and away somewhere in the East Indies.

But for this equivocal expression, "*once in three years,*" there would have been no difficulty at all in identifying "*the land of Ophir*" with Ethiopia (only a few hundred miles distant), as this latter country was famed for the productions which were brought to Solomon, both by his own ships, and by the queen of the South, as gold and silver, spices, precious stones, ivory, apes, peacocks' feathers, etc.

This difficulty, however, may be more apparent than real. It is not said, that the ships were absent three years, but that they embarked once in three years.

But this arm of the Red Sea is so shoal that none but small craft

can navigate it at all, and it is by no means probable that it could ever have been navigated by vessels large enough and stout enough to stand a three years' voyage upon the ocean. And, besides, the ships brought "almug trees," but, that timber should be brought from such a distant country, for building purposes, is preposterous to suppose. I would sooner suppose that the crew were three years in collecting the cargo, than that the ships passed the Straits.

It may be added, that there seems to be a strong probability, that the curiosity of the Queen of Sheba, or of the South, was excited by the accounts she had from the persons sent in Solomon's ships. "When she heard of the fame of Solomon, she came to prove him."

From Eziongeber to Jerusalem, the materials thus imported were transported upon camels, the caravans consuming eight days by the shortest rout.

Eziongeber seems to have been supplanted by Elath, which was still flourishing in the time of the Romans. In rambling over the site of these ancient Jewish towns, I have picked up a most singular fragment of a vessel, which must have been moulded on a potter's wheel, but resembles granite in hardness and general appearance.

As a site for a town, this can scarcely be surpassed—rising gently, as it does, from the head of the gulf, and overlooking its silvery expanse, flanked on either hand by precipitous heights. It is partly occupied by the Arab village, Akaba, which is skirted by a palm grove.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

Here ends my contract with the Sheik Salim, and I now come under the protection of the great Sheik, Houssein, who has sons seventy or eighty years old, but who is yet as vigorous as the most athletic of his grand children, now at the age of fifty, or his great grand-children at the age of thirty. He is the terror of the desert, the most powerful of the modern "dukes of Edom," and, at the head of a tribe so numerous and war-like as to inspire all other tribes with a dread of his power. He even hurls defiance at the Pacha of Egypt, and pilgrim caravans, on their way to the tomb of the Prophet, have to propitiate his favor by presents, or (good Mohammedan as he is), he attacks and plunders them without mercy. He is rich—partly from plunder, and partly from camel-breeding—and can furnish camels enough to send forward an army. In stature he is not large, but he has an eye like an eagle, a countenance set as a flint, and a voice and manner which mark him as no ordinary man. He is generous, hospi-

table, and kind, magnanimous and noble, sensitive upon points of honor, and scrupulous in matters of conscience—is loved as a father, and revered as a saint, by his tribe—and yet, he is a bandit and a robber. Such is the character of “Old Houssein,” and such I am constrained to write him down.

Nor can I dismiss my Sheik Salim, without paying some tribute to his memory, and I know not how I can better describe his character than by citing the testimonial I gave him at parting. Treacherous and faithless to his trust, as he knew himself to have been, he yet had the impudence to ask of me a certificate in attestation of his fidelity, that he might avail himself of it to secure the patronage of other travelers. I was amazed at the fellow’s assurance, and hesitated to comply with his request; but, upon reflection, I sat myself down to the task, and the following testimonial ran off the point of my pen: “This is to certify, that the Sheik Salim, who entered into a written contract with me, before the vice-consul at Cairo, to transport me, with my baggage, upon camels, from that city to Akaba, has violated all his pledges, and is unworthy the slightest confidence. Having persuaded me to lay in my stores as lightly as possible, upon pretence that his camels (for whose services I had paid) would be over-loaded, he made purchases of corn, and piled huge sacks of it upon them, saying that it was provinder to be consumed by the way; but which, after a ten days’ journey into the desert, he conveyed aside, and left at his own village, for his own private use, in the night—but very little of it having been consumed—and this is but a single instance of the deception and abuse he has practiced upon me.”

He received it with evident tokens of satisfaction, and doubtless many a traveler smiled as he read it, without notifying him of its contents. By this time, he may have learned, “that honesty is the the best policy.”

These sheiks are shrewd operators, and they are not slow to appropriate everything to themselves, while their dependents, who do all the drudgery, are often left to suffer for want. Men are cheap things with them—their camels are everything, and their men nothing. You engage a given number of camels at a stipulated price, say five camels five or six pounds sterling each, and you get an armed attendant to each camel *gratis*. The camels only are paid for, the men are *thrown in*, not of their own free will, but by the sheik, and thrown in keeping and all. Nor does their *keeping* come out of the sheik. They have to keep themselves; but what they live on no mortal can tell. For many days together, my attendants seemed to be entirely without provisions, and yet they appeared cheerful, hale and vigorous, and

whence they derived their subsistence, I could not imagine—unless they drew milk from the camels, or watched their opportunities to slip into the villages among the ledges, and claim the rights of hospitality. Any mud hole, however filthy, sufficed to satisfy their thirst. For aught I could see, they had all the power of enduring the privations of the desert which the camel himself has.

I sometimes thought, that this throwing in *gratis*, of the services of the men, and magnifying the importance of the camels, at their expense, was designed by the sheiks to operate as a plea for withholding from the former their dues—for what could they claim, so long as the camels earned all the money, and they nothing?

Their wants indeed are few, and easily satisfied. To this end no kind of manual labor is submitted to. That would be an irreparable disgrace in their esteem. They look with contempt upon those of their own race who settle down to a life of manual labor for a subsistence. They neither plow, nor sow, nor reap, nor indeed touch their fingers to any branch of productive industry. They simply brouse their sheep and goats, camels and asses, upon the miserable herbage of the desert, breed camels for the market, and use them to transport from adjacent countries their breadstuffs, their only necessary, their coffee and tobacco, their only luxuries.

Their habits and mode of living, are almost as simple as were those of "John the Baptist," and, like him, they wear a leathern girdle about their loins, which confines their loose dress, and they say, too, that it braces the muscles and strengthens the body. Hence, I suppose, the scripture allusion, "Gird up the loins of your minds," "Let your loins be girt about with truth," etc.

Intoxicating drinks have been but little introduced, and are scarcely known among them. To their temperate and simple habits is doubtless to be ascribed their robust constitutions, their elasticity and vigor. They are habitually cheerful, but do not, like their degenerate brethren in Egypt (as they regard them), give expression to their feelings in the melody of song. They seldom sing at all.

Some of these wandering tribes are comparatively well ordered communities, subsisting upon the fruits of their pastoral life, while others are professional robbers.

This old hive has sent out many a swarm to overrun and scourge the nations—the most notable of which was the eruption of the Saracens in the seventh century. They may be found, at this day, scattered over the countries away through central Africa, on the one hand, and central Asia on the other, and they are always found in squads, with a sheik at their head, and are always robbers.

## CHAPTER IV.

Our next place of destination, and the next stage in our journey, was Petra, by way of Mount Hor. And, having been fitted out anew by Sheik Houssein, all things were now ready, and we started on our way, entering at once a wide plain, or valley, called Waddy Musa, or "Valley of Moses," skirted on the west and on the east by lofty mountain ranges. This valley seemed to be but an elongation of the bed of the Gulf of Akaba, and continues northerly, with little interruption, all the way to the Dead Sea. Upon our right towered the craggy heights of Mount Seir. There were occasional breaks in it, and also in the range upon the western side of the valley, through which other mountain peaks could be descried, in the blue distance.

Two days and a half of travel brought us to a rough rising ground, and opposite to it, upon our right, rose a cluster of rugged mountain heights, in the midst of which, and high above them all, towered the lofty summit of Mount Hor, to which Aaron, the venerable High Priest of Israel, went up to die, while the hosts below, whose spiritual leader he had been for forty years, gazed after him with yearning solicitude, as he climbed, with feeble footstep, its rugged steeps, to return to them no more. Hither we directed our course, entering and following a winding defile, which was beautified by the oleander, the poppy, and a charming variety of the pink, in full blossom, "wasting their sweetness on the desert air." Winding hither and thither, we were brought to the base of a mountain which uprose between us and Mount Hor, and but little inferior to it in altitude. The ascent of this rough mountain height, and descent from it to the foot of Mt. Hor, along and between shelving rocks, was effected in safety, without once dismounting from my camel. When part of the way up, I was much amused, as well as wonder-struck, to see a flock of wild goats scaling the opposite ledge, which was nearly perpendicular, skipping from rock to rock, and from cleft to cleft, several feet, apparently right upward, at a leap, with an agility and precision of which I had no previous conception. Flocks of tame goats and sheep were also to be seen here and there.

The ascent of Mount Hor was effected without difficulty, the sides not being very steep. And here, again, we found mountain piled upon mountain, three in succession, the topmost one appearing, at a distance, like a dome. Upon the summit is a stone building, with a dome, which is called "Aaron's tomb." The mountain itself is called "Gebel Harroun," the mountain of Aaron.

The view from the summit is very extensive, variegated and sublime, embracing the spacious valley we had come up, with the moun-

tain ranges beyond, running northward and southward, as far as the eye could reach, and bringing within the scope of vision the Gulf of Akaba, on the one hand, and the Dead Sea on the other—the latter being five or six days' travel distant—while, right down before us and around us, precipitous heights shot up in wild magnificence, flanked by the principal range of Mount Seir, their bald and ragged peaks contrasting magically with the patches of living green, interspersed here and there, between and around them, and which fell upon the eye, so long unused to such a spectacle, with enchanting effect.

Reluctantly, and slowly, we descended, often pausing to take a last lingering look of some particular feature in the clustering objects of beauty and sublimity, strown so thickly upon the vision. Reaching the point where we commenced the ascent, we started for Petra, now only three miles distant, over the ledges.

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## CHAPTER X.

### PETRA AND ITS WONDERS.

And this is Petra, which my eyes behold, the once proud metropolis of Idumea, and I wonder not at the sublime language of the prophet, "O thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill, though thou shouldest make thy nest as the eagle, I will bring thee down." etc., uttered, as it was, of a city, whose edifices, wrought in the solid ledge, are often to be sought for, like the eagle's nest, amid the wildest crags of the mountain, crags around which the eagle is often seen circling on his wing—of a city, too, which, apparently secure within its rocky barriers, was then culminating at the height of its power, as the great central point of commercial intercourse between the East and the West—to whose bazaars converged the caravan trade of Persia, through Bagdad, of India, through the Persian Gulf, and of Southern Arabia through the intervening desert, and from which it diverged to the valley of the Nile, on the one hand, and to Tyre, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, the Grecian Isles, and various parts of Europe, on the other.

The area within these rocky barriers, which constituted the main, central portion of the city, and which is scarcely a mile across, is tumbled into inequalities of surface, while its exterior boundary is rendered very irregular, by means of the deep gorges which penetrate from it into the surrounding ledge, insomuch that many of the finest edifices, excavated in the rock, are to be sought for in these wild recesses in the mountain, some of them a quarter of a mile distant

from what was the city proper, and none of them in view from it. But this, so far from detracting from the interesting features of the place, only adds an additional charm. There is a wild grandeur thus imparted, which contributes not a little to the grand aggregate of impression. In traversing its sinuosities, and scaling its ledges, you are constantly stumbling upon some startling exhibition of human art, in a situation where you least expected it, often amid the wildest solitude of the mountain. These edifices, located any where, would excite wonder, but located as they are, wonder rises to ecstasy.

Outside of this enclosed area, with its gorges, are to be seen what constituted the suburbs of the ancient city, consisting of similar structures, wrought in the ledges, strung along a distance of two or three miles, particularly towards the south, and, to a greater or less extent, in other directions; but all defended by passes easily rendered inaccessible.

The ledge which surrounds the central area, is by no means uniformly perpendicular, or uniformly wrought into edifices. On the south it has so crumbled away, that I found no difficulty in making my entry into the place over it without dismounting from my camel.

Anciently, there was but one inlet to the place, and that an almost subterranean one, right through the heart of the mountain, on the east, a mile or more in length, and on a level with the area within. It still exists, just as it did when caravans crowded their way through it, and looks almost as though cut out by the labor of man.

Having taken this general view of the locality, let us transport ourselves to the eastern extremity of the inlet above described, a mile distant from the city, and, making our way through it, enter upon a more minute and detailed examination.

At its eastern terminus, this inlet flares out, the ledges on each side retiring. And here quite a number of edifices, wrought in the rock, present themselves to view, one, upon our right, adorning the ledge at least a hundred feet above us, ornamented with pilasters, and surmounted by four small obelisks, in a line; and directly below it is another, adorned with six columns. A little further east, upon our left, are three square monolithle structures (formed of single detached stones), each, as I should judge, about thirty-five feet high, and of lateral dimensions to correspond. They are ornamented with pilasters. These massive monoliths are quite a spectacle. A little further east still, is another structure whose portico is supported by Doric columns. There are still others here and there. The interior apartments of these edifices are square, unadorned rooms.

Let us now reverse our footsteps, and enter the narrow way. How



rapidly its perpendicular walls draw in upon us as we advance. And, lo, here is a triumphal arch, of solid masonry, and, of very ancient construction, spanning it a hundred feet directly over our heads. Higher and higher rise the walls, until they attain to the height of two or three hundred feet, shutting out the light of the sun, being apparently no further apart at the top than at the bottom, say fifteen or twenty feet, and festooned and beautified with creeping ivy. You are shrouded in twilight, and must look up, up, up, directly over your head, to see the light of day. As you grope your way along, you notice a groove, or channel, cut right into the perpendicular ledge, along which the stream that gurgles at your feet, was conducted into the city. A slight turn or two shuts you in before and behind, and you look anxiously forward. After thus traversing this dark, winding passage way for nearly a mile, you are brought to an involuntary pause, and you stand gazing with wonder and admiration, as though you were entranced. A turn has opened to you the light of day at the western end, and the most admired edifice in all Petra, bursts upon your vision. One of the gorges, of which I have spoken, as penetrating into the mountain from the main central area, takes a southerly direction, and the passage you are traversing westerly, comes out into it nearly at right angles, about a quarter of a mile from its mouth, or expansion into the central area. Upon the western side of this gorge, which thus comes up from the site of the ancient city proper, stands what is called the Kasne, or Treasury of Pharaoh its beautiful portico looking right down the narrow passage-way in which you are advancing, and no wonder you are entranced. It is a spectacle to entrance any one, under any circumstances—but, under such circumstances, it is overpowering.

Long and intently did I gaze upon this exquisite product of the chisel, upon its chaste design, its beautiful proportions, and its perfect finish, still constituting, as it does, a part of the mountain rock, just as it did before the superfluous matter which concealed it from view, was removed by the tool of the workman. There is a platform before it, overhung by a crag above, and this latter protects the entire front from the weather, both the platform and the projecting crag being the result of excavation. Six large columns (only five now) adorn the lower story of the portico, which is very high, and six smaller ones support and adorn the second story, all beautifully wrought, somewhat after the Corinthian order. The latter six stand in pairs, each pair adorning a miniature temple, and constituting its front. These miniature temples are beautified with ornamental work similar to that of the main structure—such as capitals, cornice, frieze, sculpture,

etc., and add greatly to the beauty of the building. I believe they are designed for statues. With slight exceptions, there are no signs of decay about the building. I marvelled to see so fresh a red, or rose color, to the stone, and such sharp corners to the cornice, and the capitals retaining the very form in which they were wrought. The ledge is sandstone, but very hard. The whole is surmounted with an urn, or ball, nearly a hundred feet, I should say, from the platform below. It is simply the front of the building, with the portico, which is thus wrought. Through the portico, entry is gained to three plain, unadorned apartments. On one side of the building, steps are cut in the rock, by which to climb to the higher parts of it, but the climber must look well to his foot-hold.

Descending the gorge, we find the ledges, on either hand, adorned with the fronts of edifices, many of them ornamented with pilasters.

At the mouth of this gorge, on the left, just where it opens upon the central area of the ancient city, at its south-east corner, are to be seen the seats of a magnificent theatre, cut in the solid rock, and in a good state of preservation. There are thirty-three of these seats, rising one above another, and retiring as they rise. They take a semi-circular sweep, and lengthen as they retire, the lowermost one being twelve, and the uppermost thirty-one rods in length, making more than two miles of seats, all looking right down upon what constituted the platform of the speakers, while, in the cliffs which rise in rugged masses above and back of them, are to be seen excavations, which are supposed to have been appropriated to persons of rank. But I have not the slightest idea that people of rank ever occupied these awkward holes. The people of the old world have their heads so bedizzened with such things, they are constantly on the look-out for something to distinguish the grandee from the vulgar herd.

Across the mouth of this gorge, directly opposite the theatre, are a number of magnificent structures, many of them high up in the ledge. Mounting up a hundred feet, you arrive at the base of an edifice, whose summit towers another hundred feet above you, surmounted by an inaccessible urn, the whole being overhung by crags of the mountain. Exquisitely wrought pilasters, forty or fifty feet in height, and, above them, rich sculptured scenes, still twenty or thirty feet higher, adorn the front. It has but a single interior apartment, but that is sixty feet square, and has a number of recesses. This apartment, like the others I have described, is unadorned by the hand of art, but no touches of the pencil can equal the delicate commingling of colors with which nature has adorned its walls. The stone composing these ledges, generally red, is occasionally pervaded by almost every

variety of colors—red, white, black, purple, blue, and yellow—and here they all meet and mingle their tints with magic effect. The clear blue sky, the purple cloud fringed with gold, the dark lowering of the tempest, lit up by the lightning gleam, and many other scenes, are here depicted with a fidelity which is amazing.

In front of this edifice is a platform, originally flanked at each end by galleries, and underneath it are two tiers of spacious arches, the one resting upon the other, all cumbered with ruins, while back of them are excavations in the mountain.

But many structures must be left undescribed. Descending to the base of the mountain, and passing along northerly, at the foot of the ledge, which bounds the site of the ancient city on the east, we soon arrive at two majestic edifices, carved from the rock, much defaced, but retaining their original beauty and finish sufficiently to show that they were once not inferior to any edifices in Petra; and, located as they are, overlooking what was doubtless the most populous portion of it, they must have been regarded as the pride of the city.

One of them is called "the Corinthian tomb." Its front is a hundred and fifty feet in width; twelve immense columns adorn the lower story, and eight smaller ones the upper. The spaces which span the building between the two sets of columns, and above the upper tier, are occupied with well executed sculpture. I should deem it a hundred feet high. Four rough apartments, with recesses, constitute the interior.

Side by side with this edifice, is another, of very similar construction and general appearance. The upper story, however, is more like that of the Kasne, the columns standing in pairs and serving as fronts to miniature temples, which, with their elegant finish, lend a bewitching charm to the whole structure. From the place where I am encamped, these structures present a most imposing appearance, their defects from decay not being sufficiently visible, at that distance, greatly to impair their beauty.

But we must hasten. I have spoken of an edifice whose base was a hundred feet in the air, but here is one whose foundation is two hundred feet above the world below, ornamented also with pilasters, etc., while high above it, other edifices still, peer upon the view.

I have spoken of the plain, unadorned character of the apartments, even of edifices whose exteriors are of the most exquisite finish. But, in all Petra, there is one, and but one, exception to this. Arriving at the north-east corner of the ancient city, we enter a gorge, and here we find a structure, in which the order of things is entirely reversed, the exterior being plain and unadorned, while its single interior apartment, forty feet square, is beautified with ornamental work of the highest finish, only, however, on three of its sides, the front wall being plain. The three sides are adorned with four finely wrought fluted pilasters each, besides two double ones, which stand in the two corners, making fourteen in all, or sixteen single ones, and these are surmounted by capitals and a cornice of superior finish. Neatly executed recesses and niches occupy the space between the pilasters.

Many other edifices in this gorge, are worthy of notice, but we

must not linger, for we have not yet paid our respects to the temple El Deir, perched upon its aerial height. Directing our course then to a broad flight of steps upon the opposite or western side of the valley, let us climb the steep and difficult ascent, to accomplish which, an hour of laborious effort will be required. And there it is, rising in solitary grandeur, as by magic, upon the vision, but entirely protected by the wild crags of the mountain, from the vulgar gaze below. Its front is to the west, opposite the town, and is about one hundred and forty feet wide. Before it, is spread out a level area of two or three acres, excavated from the rock, and covered with green. The building itself is regarded as second to none in Petra—not even to the Kasne, either in its style of architecture, or its state of preservation. Indeed, its architecture is very much like that of the Kasne, and that of the edifice next the Corinthian tomb, which I have described, the portico being sustained by large columns below, and smaller ones above, the latter standing in pairs, adorning the fronts of miniature temples, and upon its summit is pinaced a beautiful urn, the whole presenting a look of freshness and beauty, which surprises and captivates the beholder. It contains but a single apartment, and that a simple quadrilateral excavation, with recesses.

And here are numerous tombs cut in the rock, but I cannot stop to describe them. Indeed, go where we will, within an area of three or four miles north and south, and one or two miles east and west, we shall find the ledges, to a greater or less extent, faced down, and wrought into beautiful facades. Flights of steps, leading from below to the elevated sides and tops of the mountain, are also to be met with at frequent intervals.

That many of the largest and most elaborately wrought of these edifices, were temples for idolatrous worship, and that others of them, particularly those with niches, were tombs, there can be no doubt. But, to maintain that they were all, or mostly, designed for one or the other of these purposes, would be to suppose the existence of a city, whose population would be out of all proportion to the extent of the area on which alone it could be built. At present, some of the finest edifices are occupied by the Bedouins as sheep folds.

But we must not leave unexplored the central area walled in by these ledges. Returning, then, by the way in which we came, let us see what traces we can find of the works of art which once adorned it. I have spoken of a stream which trickles along the narrow inlet to the ancient city. This stream, though it is quite small, and sinks in the sand now, is, a great portion of the year, much larger, and flows directly across the site of the ancient city, passing out at the western side, having united in its way with another, which comes in through the gorge from the northeast, of which I have spoken.

I have spoken of the theatre located at the south-eastern corner of the city proper. Let us commence at that point, and follow down the stream above spoken of, which passes near it. As we proceed, we discover traces of bridges which once spanned it, of a paved way running along its banks, and of sites of important public edifices. Then

we come upon the remains of what was manifestly a triumphal arch, and below it, in the south-western portion of the city, are to be seen huge piles of ruins, hewn stone, prostrate columns, pedestals, etc.

There is but one edifice still standing, and that is in a decayed state. It is called "the house of Pharaoh," and is located just south of the stream, in the western part of the valley, doubtless a palace. It is about a hundred feet square, and in its present dilapidated condition, retains many vestiges of its former magnificence. Four of the large columns which adorned the front (facing the north), are still standing. The principal of these apartments was entered from the piazza under a lofty arch, which spans the entrance, say thirty or forty feet high. The walls are in a crumbling condition, but the eastern side presents a beautiful cornice, still entire.

Upon the northern side of the stream are also many remains, but they diminish, both in number and interest, as you go north, and finally disappear, that portion of the ancient city having manifestly been occupied by inferior dwellings.

But by no means the least interesting among the marvels of this marvellous place, are the contrivances for collecting and preserving the rain-water which fell upon the ledges. Everywhere upon the sides and tops of the mountain, may be discovered little channels cut in the ledges or conducting the water, in tiny rills, into some reservoir. Some of these reservoirs are found high up on the shelving rocks. One on the eastern ledge, is one hundred feet long, by twenty-five wide, and twenty deep. Most of the water was conducted down for the use of the city below, but much of it was doubtless used for irrigating little gardens, constructed, here and there, between the ledges. But there is a still more extraordinary display of hydraulic achievement here. In the eastern ledge, near a hundred feet from its base, a channel is cut, running along its whole length, and following all its tortuosities, which collected the water falling upon the mountain, and conducted it into the city. And another channel, running, first north along the eastern side of this same ledge, its whole length, and then west along the southern side of the gorge I have spoken of, until it met the one above mentioned, and the united stream was thus conducted into the city at its north-eastern corner. I have spoken of the channel cut in the perpendicular wall for conducting into the city the small stream which flows through the narrow inlet from the outside world. This was doubtless to save it from sinking in the sand, as it now does before it emerges from the dark defile. High up on the opposite ledge, are the remains of an earthen aqueduct, designed for collecting and conducting into the city the water which fell upon the rocks above. And thus were these mountain heights traversed in every direction, and girt all around, with channels, and scooped into reservoirs, for collecting and preserving the precious drops as they fell from the clouds.

Such was Petra in the days of its glory, and such is it now; and yet, astonishing as are these stupendous remains, *no less* astonishing is the fact, that they should have been lost, and remained unknown to the civilized world for a thousand years, their discovery by Burckhart,

and re introduction to notice no longer ago than the year 1811, being one of the greatest achievements of modern travel. And the main element in your astonishment is, that a people should be found upon the face of the earth, so unintellectual, groveling and boorish, as to have no appreciation of remains whose discovery electrified the whole civilized world—not even appreciation enough to mention the fact of their existence.

Here is desolation indeed! The physical desolation of the country, its sear and barren aspect, is dreadful enough, and one cannot but sigh for relief, as he passes over the arid waste. But what is this to the moral and intellectual desolation, the desert of mind, of mind sear and barren as the rocks and sands it calls its own! It is a paradise in the comparison.

Of the general history of this wonderful place, but little is known. We learn, however, that, strong and impregnable as it was deemed, it was taken by Amaziah, King of Judah, and ten thousand of its inhabitants slain "in the valley of salt," when its name was changed from Selah, which means *a rock* (as does the Greek name Petra), to Joktheel, signifying *obedience to the Lord*. But it was far less a place of strength at the era in which it flourished, than it would be now, for then the use of gunpowder and heavy ordnance was unknown, the main dependence being upon light missiles—as arrows, javelins, etc. Heavy guns planted upon the various heights which command all approaches to the place, would have rendered it impregnable secure. With the weapons then in use, it was a place of extraordinary strength.

We know, moreover, that, centuries later, in the time of Alexander and his immediate successors (some three centuries before the Christian Era), the place was in a highly prosperous condition, and that even when Jerusalem was taken by the Romans, it was still flourishing. We know, too of Idumea, or Edom (so called because peopled by the descendants of Esau), that it rose to great power, and was famous for the cultivation of the arts and sciences, long before the Israelites (descendants of the twin brother Jacob) had attained to any consideration as a people. Not only do these remains, but the remains of scores of other ruined cities and strong-holds, especially to the north and east of this, attest its former greatness. "Thy terriblest hath deceived thee," said the prophet, when announcing its doom. "Terrible" was its power in the eyes of all surrounding nations, and its people, filled with the pride of power, vainly imagined that there was none to "bring them down." And, in proof of their superiority in the arts and sciences, it is only necessary to adduce the fact, that Sir Isaac Newton has traced the rise of letters, and of the sciences of astronomy and navigation to the Idumeans. Hence the expression of the prophet, "the wise men out of Edom, and men of understanding," (who were doomed to destruction) becomes intelligible.

Another prophetic declaration, that, "From generation to generation it shall lie waste, and none shall pass through it forever," or, rather, the latter clause of it, has been a fruitful source of speculation. The literal fulfilment of the first clause, "from generation to genera-

tion, it shall lie waste," the present condition of the country, and its condition for ages, strikingly demonstrate, and not only so, but the fulfilment of the further prophetic declaration, that "of Edom there shall be a full end," is equally striking, there being neither Edom or Edomites at the present day, both having long since ceased to exist, all traces of nationality having been obliterated in the fusion of the Edomites and the Ishmaelites, through intermarriage, from which fusion sprang the vagrant tribes of the country—the Bedouin Arabs.

But those other words, "None shall pass through it forever," as they have been understood by many, and some learned commentators would make it rather a perilous business to visit this place. But what sort of passing through the country had there previously been, to which the prophet referred? Was it not the caravan travel, which alone had made Petra, and, to a great extent, Idumea, what they were? And in order to the fulfilment of the threatened desolation, was it not necessary that that travel should cease? As much as that was implied in the prophetic threat, for it could not otherwise take place. The prophet first mentioned the effect, "it shall lie waste," and then very naturally reverted to the cause, "none shall pass through," etc.

Three days had passed joyously away, amid these interesting ruins, and as many doleful nights—nights rendered frightful by the yells of a hundred or two of these half-naked savages, who were forced upon me as a guard—for which I had to pay roundly—a *guard of professional robbers!* Notwithstanding the fascinations around me, I hailed with delight the rising sun which was to light me on my way. But I did not get off without a demand upon my purse, and I verily believe they would have robbed me outright, had they not been favored with a glimpse of my little, *unloaded*, percussion-capped pistols, which seemed to frighten them terribly, although armed with match-lock guns.

Making our way out through the passes by which we had come, into the spacious valley we had left (*Waddy Musa*), we proceeded on our way, not following it up, however, to the Dead Sea, but leaving it to the right, and passing through "the wilderness of Kadesh," we scaled a high mountain ledge, and entered "the hill country of Judea," and, after five days' travel from Petra, we found ourselves in close quarantine at Hebron.

Never before did I endure such raging thirst, and never before did I taste anything half so delicious as the "cup of cold water" which quenched it on my arrival. My faithless attendant, whose duty it was to fill the skins with water, instead of repairing to the clear-running stream, had filled them at a filthy hole, which was full of live creatures, and I could not drink it. For five *long* days I had endured this burning thirst.

## JOURNAL LEAVES OF EUROPEAN RAMBLE.

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

## CHAPTER VIII.

ON BOARD STEAMER "ASIA," }  
July 24, 1855. }

With the early hour of morning I was out upon the deck, and on the larboard side of the steamer, were faintly discerned the low mountains of Ireland. The sight was grateful to the eye of a storm-beaten, sea-sick passenger, but, as emblematic of poor Erin's condition, her blue hills were veiled in storms. The clouds were on her mountain brow, and their tempests breaking upon her rugged head, but occasionally a beam of sunlight fell into her valleys, and illumined their verdant fields. This, thought I, is also the political condition of Ireland. A lovely isle, sleeping in beauty far out upon the sea, worthy to wear the laurels of freedom, but with a storm hovering over her, and the thunder scar of oppression on her beautiful brow. Yet the sun is shining through the thick clouds, and who knows but the day is not distant, when those clouds shall be rolled far off into the deep, the voice of that bellowing thunder be hushed and the sun go down in the light of heaven's own freedom, blessing as a free and independent nation, the people who dwell upon her lovely hills. Alas! lovely Ireland! Nature has done much, if not every thing for thee! Why is it that thou wilt not arise in thy strength, and putting on thy beautiful garments, redeem thyself from the thralldom of thy oppressors; whether they be the men clothed in scarlet and enthroned in the seats of power across the channel, or those who stand in the holy place, and in the name of the very Incarnation of freedom, rivet thy chains yet more closely. Thy liberty once achieved, it will remain to thee an unconquerable possession; for then these mountains that look out upon the sea, will prove like strong bulwarks to guard against every foe from without, and shelter the coming glory already bursting within!

All day we glided along these lovely shores, crowned alternately with ruined castles, and smiling farm or manor houses. Occasionally our vessel ran so close to the shore that we could distinguish the heather upon the hills, and I longed to stoop from our steamer's side and snatch away a branch as a poetic memorial of this gem of the



sea, whose soil, though so close, was yet untrodden. As we passed Cape Clear, a lonely rock was discerned rising one hundred and fifty feet above the ocean, and crowned with a lighthouse. It is named "Fossil Clough," and the captain says, that in rough weather the waves, sweeping in from the sea, overleap its highest summit. In consequence of its exposed situation, it was a very perilous and expensive work to build, the ocean billows occasionally rolling in and bearing off all that had been done, and compelling the workman to begin *de novo*. But it is now completed, and stands like a genuine lighthouse,—such as have haunted our imaginations from boyhood,—washed by the billows and shaken by their power, yet, still like the good christian, letting its light shine, so that the tempest-tost mariner may safely battle his way into the haven of Peace.

The captain pointed out to us, upon the coast, the little town of Crook Haven, and also the site of the old Baltimore family, from which subsequently sprang Lord Baltimore, the founder of the city of Baltimore, in our own country. The family is now extinct, and the dreary looking region of the old family nest in Ireland, contrasts strangely with that polished and beautiful monumental city which still preserves the name. Soon we reached another point crowned with a lighthouse, stretching far out into the sea, but whose name has escaped me. From this point off to the west, a wide bay curves in, at the head of which is located the famous City of Cork, which, although ludicrously associated with that Hibernian gentleman who buttoned his coat the wrong way, is nevertheless reputed as one, if not the most beautiful of Irish cities. In a clear day its white walls are observable from the steamers running on this route, but it was too remote and too cloudy for my eyes to reach, and I was not blessed with a sight of its towers. Our vessel now turned her prow towards England, and Ireland began to fade from view in the midst of a violent storm of rain, which suddenly descended like a flood upon us, compelling a general retreat under cover. But, after two or three hours, we were agreeably surprised to see the clouds roll away, and Ireland once more appear in view. Her black hills hung in our rear for some time, draped in the beautiful clouds of a summer night, gilded and glorious in the hues of the sinking sun. For the first time on our voyage we beheld the sun go down, not in the waves of the ocean, but behind the mountains. Slowly and still slowly he sank toward the hills, amid a pavilion of storm-fringed clouds, until at last he hid himself beneath Erin's wild heather, and bade us "good night." By the glow that still lay in his pathway, we drew forth our watches, and found that our friends at home were just about rising from the dinner table. With them it was only half-past two o'clock!

Soon another lighthouse, rising from a rocky islet, and known by the poetic yet mournful name of "Tara's light," turned in our presence its various colored beams. It was far removed from land, some ten or more miles, and, as we retreated from its vicinity, watching its kindly beams, we could say in all truthfulness, that the last we saw of Ireland was a ray from Tara's Hall. On we pressed through St. George's Channel, running west of Cardigan Bay, for Holly Head, the stars blinking sweetly upon us and the gentle waves wooing us kindly to the classic shores of England.

About ten o'clock at night, lights were seen descending the channel, and the captain thought them the lights of the steamer "Atlantic," on her way to the land we had left behind us. The officer on duty was ordered to touch off a blue light or two, the first of which scud circuitously over the deck, to the great consternation of the ladies. Then several rockets were discharged into the sky, which were almost immediately answered, assuring us that the outgoing vessel was in sight the "Atlantic," and that she was fairly under way for New York. And yet, one other thought was in our minds; she bears no letters from the "Asia's" passengers, yet will she report to their friends at home, that we are thus far safely over the perils of the great deep—and with the consoling influences of this thought, we all cheerfully sought our beds for the last time on board the steamer. But it was almost impossible to sleep. The state-room was hot and my brain excited; for on the morrow I should look upon that famous land so throned with power in the midst of the sea, and whose story reaches back for thousands of years. In my dreams (for dreams sometimes come without sleep) I was already treading the soil where Rome had once unfurled her banner and marched her legions; where Good King Alfred propounded good laws, where William the Conqueror had flashed his sword, where the stout old Barons had won their Magna Charta, where Cromwell, with his iron hand and heel, had dashed down and trampled under foot the precious relics, and finished decorations of consecrated cathedrals; where Milton had tuned his harp of gold, and Shakspeare had sung the thousand voices of the human heart—the land of bloody Mary, of chivalrous Bess, of Harry Bluff, of the noble Cranmer and Latimer, and scores of christians whose names and whose glories are well preserved in the Lamb's Book of Everlasting Life. All these were before me, and over all and through all gleamed the meteor flag of England, which for centuries had heralded her name and fame through all lands and over all seas.

As the first streak of day trembled down through the bull's eye window of my state-room, I pushed out upon deck, and there, sure

enough, *there was* OLD ENGLAND! Never before did her name seem so great as I now read it sculptured in colossal characters on the broad forehead of Holly Head, so boldly uplifted from "the gray old Sea." My heart was full of joy, and somehow or other, I seemed, for the time at least, to have left all national prejudice amid the billows behind me, and lifting my hat I greeted the good old land as the glorious and honored mother of "Young America."

Holly Head is a beautiful and bold promontory of rugged basaltic rock, on the coast of Wales, a splendid natural rampart against the stormy assaults of the ocean. Between the more exposed cliff and the main range swings a delicate suspension bridge. Upon the cliff towers Holly Head light, nobly situated, and casting its beams many miles out to sea. The rock is gray in color, and on the inner side well exposed to examination, by extensive excavations made for the new harbor now in process of construction, and on which the British government are expending some £2,000,000 sterling. It stretches inward with a beautiful curve, and on the back-ground, *Snowden*, one of the finest mountains to be seen on the coast, lifts his towering head some three thousand five hundred feet above the sea; I needed no introduction to *him*, but unfortunately his face was not to be seen, in consequence of the clouds which were folded about his summit. The houses of the town lie, for the most part, back of the cliff, and out of sight, though a few of them were observed, as, also, a fine monument towering up on adjacent grounds, to the memory of Captain Brock, who was long in command of one of the British mail steamers, and drowned in a great storm off this point not many years since.

Soon we came to Skerry's light, which is seen on the next high point to the right, on the Island of Anglesea. It now belongs to government. The few rough and barren rocks on which it is located, were originally granted to the Anglesea family, in the days of Queen Anne, on condition they should maintain a lighthouse upon it, accompanied with a right to collect a certain tax on every vessel going into Liverpool. The trade of Liverpool was then quite limited, and the revenue accruing from this grant remained comparatively small until the late rapid and wonderful increase of her tonnage. The tax then became onerous and the government sought to possess and own all the lights on her coasts, and this among others. They therefore purchased these few naked rocks from the Anglesea family for the enormous sum of three hundred and forty-four thousand pounds sterling (£344,000)! The family, notwithstanding these figures, grumbled at the price, but the government was satisfied, as it only amounted to eighteen years' revenue on the tonnage, as it was estim-

ted at the time of the purchase. Wales, as is well known, possesses the largest iron works in the world; those of Dalgely, belonging to Lady Guest, and employing upwards of eight thousand persons. Large copper mines are also worked there.

Thus were we running towards the broad mouth of the Mersey, on a lovely Sabbath morning, the sun just risen from his bed, and a fine air blowing out, our signals to their fullest dimensions. Eight or nine vessels were perceived in the offing, and five steamers, whose long wreathes of smoke unmistakably indicated their character. When, as yet, some thirty-five miles from Liverpool, a lovely little Pilot Boat (No. 11) dropped down along side and bestowed upon us a pilot. The passengers were exceedingly anxious for his arrival, that they might learn the additional news from the Crimea, which we failed to receive at Halifax. They thronged around him with innumerable questions—the principal one being, “Is Sebastopol taken?” which fell from a score of lips as he leaped down upon the deck. “No!” was the reply, “but Lord Raglan is dead with the cholera—Sir George Simpson is appointed his successor—Sir George Browne is on his return from the Crimea on sick leave, and Lord John Russel has resigned.” The report was delivered with as much terseness as if it had been a telegram (as the English express this style of message, and I think correctly.)

The English passengers stood bewildered and solemn for a few moments, expressed their regrets that “the gallant old fellow” should have fallen by so inglorious a foe, and then wondering what could again be the matter with “Lord John,” they passed into a discussion as to the merits of Sir George Simpson as Raglan’s successor, and who, in their respective and respectable opinions, among the English officers, were best entitled to the honor which ultimately carries with it—the fall of *Sebastopol*.

About nine o’clock, on a delightful Sabbath morning, we reached our anchorage in the Mersey. But who are these in black suits with white cravats, climbing up the sides of the ship? You might think them a deputation of ministers, coming on board to welcome home a returning missionary. But, as they advance, in stately gravity, towards those formidable rows of trunks, ranged along the decks above and the cabin below, you soon learn, that they are none other than the grabbing officials of her majesty, the queen, on full scent for tobacco and cigars, with a sharp lookout for books, periodicals, etc., and while they snatch at some, you wonder to see them pass by others which are equally their lawful prey.

While this scene was being enacted, waiting patiently my own turn, I seated myself high on the gunwale of the ship, when suddenly the finely toned chimes from the bells of a massive stone church which peered upon my view from the heights of Burkenhead, began to peal forth upon the pure air, and seemed to woo me to its sacred altar. I thought of home and the church of my kindred, now far off beyond the three thousand miles of stormy water. But comforting, indeed, in this foreign land, was the sweet assurance I felt, that, at their own home altar, the absent one would not be forgotten.

## TRAVELS IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

BY GILBERT HATHAWAY, ESQ., OF LA PORTE, IND.

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An almost universal practice prevails in this country of seating you at table on long wooden benches, such as I have seen in the western country, where the boarders were employed in building a railroad, or digging a canal, and this too in a country where splint and cowhide bottomed chairs are abundant, at a few shillings apiece. These latter form a feature in the picture, to the unpracticed eye, very noticeable. Upon the usual frame, the raw hide, cured in the sun, being in a damp state is stretched, by means of thongs cut from the same, and secured beneath. The hair of the animal is left on, and in its position is uppermost, forming a sort of cushion on which to sit, presenting for a seat the varied colors with which the animal was decked when living. I think the benches made for seats at table must be the taste of the people.

A man traveling in this country must not be scrupulous about what he sits on, or what he eats, or in what kind of bed he sleeps. For my own part, I can accomodate myself to all other conditions and circumstances, better than I can to be put into a bed which perhaps has not been changed for four weeks previous, and that too, with some person as a bedfellow whom I have not seen before, whose appearance gives evidence of not having performed very thorough ablutions within the present quarter.

Some little time before the hour of retiring, I noticed the landlord take one of the guests a little one side, and after whispering with him a few moments, returned to where I was standing, near the fire, saying to me that I might occupy such a bed in the corner of the room, with Mr. B——, the gentleman with whom he had had the secret confabulation; to which I replied, that I was not a very good bedfellow, that I feared that I might disturb his slumbers; that if he would allow me, I would sleep on the floor, before the fire; that I had plenty of blankets, and by using my carpet sack as a pillow, I could pass the night very comfortably. This being said in the hearing of Mr. B——, he replied that he did not think I would disturb him at all; that when I had been in Texas a little longer, I would get accustomed to the thing, and care not who I slept with. The landlord seeing the unchangeable

ness of my purpose, said that I might occupy the bed by myself, and that his friend would "crawl in" with the man already "at rest" in the other corner of the room, and thus it was arranged. I learned that the recent conversation between the parties, had been in relation to myself, in which Mr. B—— was assured he need have no fears of me as a bedfellow, not for once dreaming that I could have any objection to him.

The day I left Wax-a-hachi, I crossed the largest prairie I had yet met with in the state. Twenty miles were driven without a house by my pathway, and almost without sight of a tree. A few nez-keets were seen during the drive; other than these naught was in view but the sky above, and the ever-changing billowy wave of the tall grass, as I passed over the successive undulations in this vast plain.

The first house I came to, was that of a cattle grower; a more fitting place he could not have selected for his vocation. He was in an almost boundless prairie, of the finest fertility, with a rich, luxuriant grass on all sides of him, about ten miles from a grove of timber, affording protection for his cattle when needed, and furnishing the necessary rail timber for his ranch. A stream of clear, pure water ran near his door, dividing his vast possessions into nearly equal parts. He had an eighty acre field inclosed with a suitable fence, composed of rails from the cedar brake in the distance. There he raised what corn was necessary for his own consumption. His garden, which was extensive, furnished all the vegetables he needed, fresh and fine, nearly every month in the year. He had a comfortable house, and plenty of out-buildings. His steers he sold, in the spring, to the cattle drovers, who paid him an annual visit, by which means he obtained all the money necessary for domestic purposes, to increase stock, or to accomodate a friend when he should ask for a loan. His gun furnished his table with all the venison he desired, for it was abundant about him. When he wished sport by way of hunting, he had to but sound his horn, and his hounds came bounding about him, ready for the chase—to mount his mustang, and his away to the cedar brake, where old bruin was sure to be found. He failed not to find the sport he sought.

His nearest neighbor was ten miles distant, and that was near enough for all practical purposes; nearer than that would interfere with the range of his three thousand cattle and his three hundred horses, which pastured thereabouts.

I left this place with some regret, for an air of neatness and comfort and ease seemed to pervade the premises. A more independent person it would be difficult to find, and when it is known that this inde-

pendence has been acquired within a few years from the smallest beginning, it leads one to conclude that the cattle business is profitable in the extreme.

The tales that are told of the wealth acquired in that business are really astonishing, and this too without the outlay of much capital, simply by the natural increase of the stock, with very little attention from the owners. I have met several persons in my travels through the state who are realizing an annual income of from three to five thousand dollars from this source, who but a few years since commenced with a few dollars worth of cows and calves.

But I will not detain you with further uninteresting details about cattle, but will take leave of Mr. Smith and his ranch, and drive to his nearest neighbor, ten miles on my way, at which point my next letter will begin.

It was not far from night-fall when I approached the grove of "Post Oak" which I was told I would pass through in order to reach the point of destination for the day.

As I have before remarked, the roads were not only good, but *very* good and smooth. It had been dry so long that they had become fair and hard. The road is but a single path across the prairie, and, although long without rain, yet, from the peculiar character of the soil, it was not dusty. My horses were quite fresh, and trotted very briskly over the even surface. The buggy was light and my weight was no load for them at all. Yet, from the dull monotony of the scenery, one becomes very tired. Constantly looking upon the same unvaried scene, with no object to rest the eye upon, save the same boundless sea of grass, as it was spread out before me, on the plain, and gently undulating swells of the prairie; with no human being, to whom I could say a word, or whose voice I could hear sound in my ear; with profound stillness reigning, save, it may be, the low rumble of my wheels, or the clatter of my horses' hoofs on the well-beaten path, without a living thing to cross my way—not even a hawk, or crow, whose undulating, or sailing motions on the wing, I might watch. With this lonely stillness which reigns in the chambers of the dead, I plodded my way along, wearied and sick of life. When suddenly, on rising the summit of a hill, a sight at once beautiful and enchanting, burst upon my view. I wish I could properly describe it to you, as it then appeared to me, and, as I drank it in.

I had ascended to the summit of a ridge, extending a long distance both to the right and left, with a deep valley before me. My pathway led down the hill, its winding sinuosities I could distinctly trace to a great distance. At the foot of the hill wound a stream of bright pure water, glimpses of which I caught through the clumps of trees and shrubbery which most of the way lined its banks. For the most part, it was confined to a narrow bed, but here and there, in the range my position enabled me to take, it spread into pools, lit up with a peculiarly pleasing brightness, as the declining rays of a receding sun fell aslant its surface. A few cottonwoods reared their majestic limbs above the surrounding growth, and occasionally might be seen a pecan,

with the hull of the nut still on the end of each bearing twig, the fruit having fallen to earth to fatten the swine which nestled at its roots. But, the most attractive feature of this sight was the tall cedars, scattered along its banks, or stretching away in clusters of many acres, many of which must have attained the length of an hundred feet, shooting their waving heads high in the air, and casting a dark shadow on the beautiful picture before me. Just beyond this stream rose a hill of peculiar loveliness, of easy ascent, with transverse ridges, or waves, thrown across, till the eye rested on the summit in the distance. It had been recently burned, and the young grass appeared above the blackened surface, presenting the appearance of an emerald carpet spread upon a ground of jet, through which its dark shades were distinctly seen, and on which an immense flock of sheep were feeding.

I gazed upon this scene with great delight. My eye followed up the hill-side to the summit, where was a grove of post oak, not in the most picturesque order possible for the imagination to define. In a moment I caught the inspiration of the place, and was transported to new scenes, with hopes afresh. My horses seemed to receive a portion of the same inspiration, and dashed away, down the descending path, with a speed indicating an influence from spirits of the air.

Directly I crossed the stream, which was accomplished on a rickety sort of bridge, composed of cedar poles, I had mounted to the summit, where, in the midst of this grove of post oak, I found the residence of the gentleman, I was seeking.

The labor of the day was over, and although it was a winter month, yet I found him, with a neighboring friend, sitting on his spacious porch, enjoying the cool of the evening.

His house, a double cabin, was surrounded by the native oaks, in all the beauty of pristine grandeur. His inclosures were ample, and and although a new place, yet I could see that the hand of woman's care and cultivation had been there, for many were the tree and flower bearing bush, scattered around, adding gems to the many natural beauties of the spot.

A broad prairie stretched away for many, many miles in front of his home, while at the right and the left, the grove obstructed the view. This is the abode of a man of wealth, who, by a long course of industry, in trade, in a distant state, having acquired sufficient of this world's goods, to live in rest and ease, the number of days Providence may vouchsafe to him on earth, had sought this bright spot, on which the sun of his ambition might set, when earthly visions should be shut out in his departure to the spirit land.

Ah! me-thinks it would be an easy thing to die in so lovely a place as this: with the many charms of life around one, the transition to the spirit-world could not be great. "He might wrap the drapery of his couch about him, and lie down to pleasant dreams."

The sun had gone to his rest, below the western horizon.

"Now comes still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad;  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests;



Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale,  
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
 Silence was pleased; now glowed the firmament,  
 With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest till the morn  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

If you have never seen a post oak grove, you have missed one of the most pleasing sights in nature. I wish I could fully describe it to you, such an one as bears the name of Chatfield—above mentioned.

The trees are all nearly the same size, with bark of a light texture, and scaly surface, and without limbs, till you reach some fifteen feet from the ground, growing in clusters, scattered here and there, in five, ten, or, may be, a dozen. The limbs all coming out about the same distance above the earth, interlacing with twig and foliage, form a canopy of beautiful net-work. There being no under-growth, the grass has formed a sward of great compactness. The ground is generally a little undulating, or may be a long and gradual descent, so gradual that the eye is pleased in resting upon it, as you look through its vista of trees, beneath the various canopies scattered around, where the view terminates, at a distance of a half a mile or more, in the gently rippling stream, winding its way at the base of the slope.

O, to see the startled deer, dash, with antlers on high, through this "opening" land, as he seeks protection in the cane or cedar brake beyond; or may be, the wild turkey, with head erect, going from you with the speed of the wind, fills one with the wildness of romance, causing a rapidly pleasing pulsation, unknown, except in Texas. You should come here, and see all this, for yourself—to describe it adequately, is utterly out of the question.

A copious spring gushes from the hill-side, and runs in pleasing cadences, till its bright waters mingle with those of the stream already mentioned. May the hopes of the proprietor of this place be fully realized—may his days pass with the peace of a voyage on the sea of Halcyon—may he have no difficulty with his land titles—may no person poach his cattle—and the residents near by be neighbors indeed. When I left this lovely spot, I took leave of the good land in this section of the State, a drive of eleven miles brought me to Corcicana, the seat of justice of Naruro county.

This town is situate on the prairie, without trees, and is has recently been the scene of some desperate thefts and murders. Much excitement prevails throughout the country, a recital of the cause of which, would cause the blood to curdle in one's veins, and the heart to revolt at the deep depravity, and moral degradation of human kind. This day's drive was fully forty-five miles. A little before the shades of evening set in, I reached the house of a planter, who had formerly resided in Illinois. He caused particular care to be taken of my horses, and would, I doubt not, have given me comfortable fare, if the house had been under his control. I soon ascertained that a different sort of genius presided in doors from the one outside. All matters here were in a most slatternly state, notwithstanding the the building itself was much better than those usually met with.

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